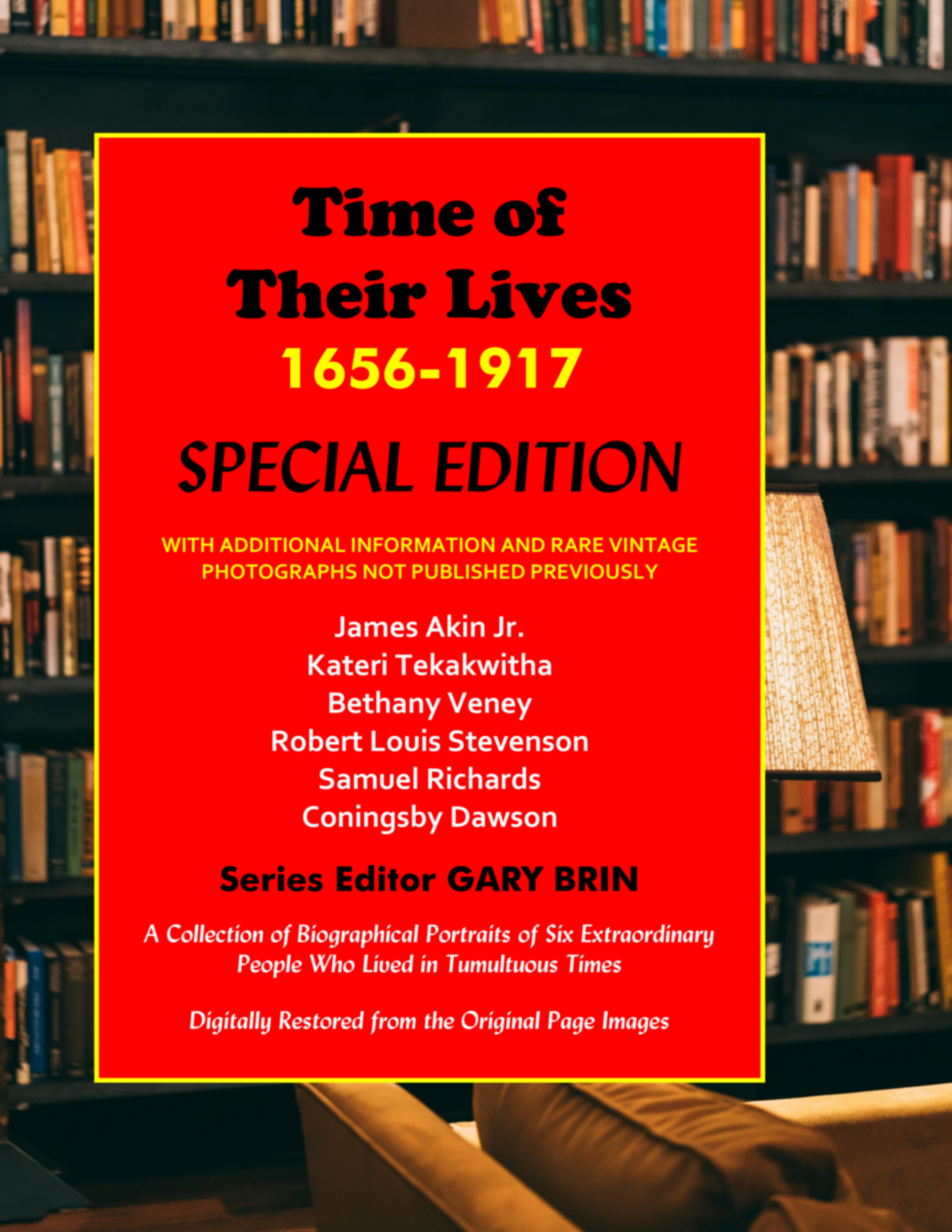

Time of Their Lives
1656-1917

SPECIAL EDITION

WITH ADDITIONAL INFORMATION AND RARE VINTAGE PHOTOGRAPHS NOT PUBLISHED PREVIOUSLY

James Akin Jr.
Kateri Tekakwitha
Bethany Veney
Robert Louis Stevenson
Samuel Richards
Coningsby Dawson

Series Editor GARY BRIN

A Collection of Biographical Portraits of Six Extraordinary People Who Lived in Tumultuous Times

Digitally Restored from the Original Page Images

Time of Their Lives

PORTIONS OF THIS BOOK WERE
PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED
IN THE FOLLOWING EDITIONS

Time of Their Lives
1656-1854
Time of Their Lives
1809-1915
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Time of Their Lives
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Time of Their Lives

1656-1917

SPECIAL EDITION

Series Editor GARY BRIN

Standish Press

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

In Remembrance

James Akin Jr.
Kateri Tekakwitha
Bethany Veney
Robert Louis Stevenson
Samuel Richards
Coningsby Dawson

Contents

Page 11
Introduction
Page 19
James Akin Jr.
Page 57
Kateri Tekakwitha
Page 97
Bethany Veney
Page 149
Robert Louis Stevenson
Page 253
Samuel Richards
Page 377
Coningsby Dawson
Page 523
Epilogue
Page 528
About the Authors
Page 530
About the Series Editor

Introduction

The biographical collections in this volume are of people who lived exceptional lives in extraordinary times. The pages from this book are actually six books that were published separately in 1919, 1922, 1889, 1911, 1909 and 1917. In order to retain as much of the historical accuracy of each title, each book was reprinted from page image scans of the originals. The text pages of each book in this edition were not changed or corrected in any way from the original publications. It should be noted however that page images from the books featured were digitally restored and renumbered in order to be merged into this present volume. Original copies of all four books featured in this volume can be found online at the Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library.

James Akin Jr. may not have been well-known nor did he accomplish anything worth remembering today in terms of inventions or political leanings—but he left behind something that was far more important—a memoir about travels across the Plains by covered wagon. His simple words immortalized a brief moment in his life that has allowed for him to live forever. His journal has been frequently reprinted in books about pioneer life during the nineteenth century and has been widely read by scholars and general readers alike wanting to relive yesterday. A

lot of the journals written about travels across the Plains during the middle of the nineteenth century were written by adults who already had families. This account written by a teenager offers a look at covered wagon living from someone who hadn't been subjected to raising a family or experiencing the loss of a farm but nevertheless faced the reality of losing loved ones firsthand.

The brief biography featured in this volume about beloved American saint Kateri Tekakwitha by John J. Wynne gives a straightforward account of her brief life as a way to tell how her life impacted others following her death. Told in a simple way it remains one of the most memorable accounts about the short life of one of the most important people in American Christianity. Her story has often been overlooked in accounts of the history of America—but yet she remained a focus of many who believed that if they prayed to her their prayers would be answered.

Bethany Johnson Fickland Veney was born a slave in 1812 in Virginia at a farm owned by James Fletcher. He died when she was a child and from there Veney's early life was a nightmarish experience. Throughout the next few years Veney would endure many hardships with cruel owners. She then married an enslaved man named Jerry Fickland only to lose contact with him when he was sold. She gave birth to their daughter shortly afterwards and was sold to yet another slave owner. Later when she became aware she was about to be sold again—she faked being ill to avoid her fate. She married a man named Frank Veney and had a son—but when she and her son were purchased in December 1858 by George James Adams of Rhode Island—a well-known abolitionist—she lost contact with Veney. She and her son were later freed by Adams upon her arrival in Rhode Island in August 1859—though Veney continued to be employed by him.

Following the end of the American Civil War she brought her adult daughter and son-in-law as well as their family to Massachusetts where she had been living while still in the employ of George James Adams. Bethany Veney died in November 1915 at the age of 103. She was buried at Hope Cemetery in Massachusetts. Well over a century after her death her memoir

about her life as a slave remains one of the most important accounts about what it was like to be held in bondage in the United States of America before a history-making war put an end to human beings being able to own other human beings.

Robert Louis Stevenson grew up in Scotland dreaming of distant lands and later as an adult he was able to visit many of the countries he had dreamed about—of which inspired him to create stories that he wished he could have lived himself. His most popular novel *Treasure Island* gained him international fame and through his imagination readers could transport themselves back to the past and imagine that they were on a ship with cutthroat pirates just as Stevenson had imagined himself when he was a boy. Stevenson died in December 1894 at 44 in his beloved Samoa surrounded by family. Death put an end to his writing career but it couldn't end the fascination with the man he was and of those he knew and loved. His beloved stepchildren remained his biggest cheerleaders—always talking about him with glowing words. It is said you are remembered by not what you achieved but by what is said about you. Stevenson was one of the lucky few of whom is remembered by what he achieved as a writer as well as what people he loved thought about him. He once remarked to someone that he wondered if people would remember him after he was gone. I think he would be amused knowing how much he is revered today by adults and children alike over a century following his death because of the joy he brought people with his stories where anything was possible.

Samuel Richards could never have imagined that his experiences in the American Revolution would hold so much historical value over two centuries later—but through his simple words what he saw firsthand has allowed for readers to witness in vivid detail what was often blandly described in history books by people who were not there and were terrible at writing. What he saw occurring before his eyes changed history—and though he thought of himself as just a simple soldier—he was an eyewitness to a war that today still fascinates over two centuries later. His comments about Nathan Hale are especially revealing—given the

fact of how Hale became the epitome of what a hero should be but is rarely found in society today. His views of other well-known historical individuals are also interesting given how some of them figure into early American history following the end of the war amid the creation of a new country. Richards was probably no different than other citizen soldiers of his time—except that he kept a record of what he saw and experienced as it happened.

Coningsby Dawson somehow survived one of the most important eras of history with incredible bravery unaware of how his intimate letters to his family would one day prove to be fascinating reading. Reliving history through his letters can best be described as history coming alive. Most novels about the First World War tend to be overly dramatic or seemingly written like a television miniseries from the 1980s rather than an accurate portrayal of what is was actually like to live through a war where the future seemed bleak. There's no substitute for reality. Before you read a story pretending to be realistic—read the real thing.

So many accounts in the form of letters, diaries and journals written by eyewitnesses to World War I are available online and in print—yet no two are the same. Every experience by a soldier, nurse, doctor or civilian tells a different story of what was seen firsthand. The intimate letters to his family by Coningsby Dawson brings to life what it must have been like to see war as it ugliest but also see the resilience of human beings in the face of tragedy. Dawson was a gifted writer of novels—but his war writings remain his most important contribution to literature. Firsthand account of war are always more vivid than histories written decades after. Writing something down at the time it took place captures the feeling of loss or joy felt at the moment and writing about it years later never has the same impact.

Series Editor
Gary Brin

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GARY BRIN

JOURNAL OF JAMES AKIN JR.

DIGITALLY RESTORED VERSION FROM
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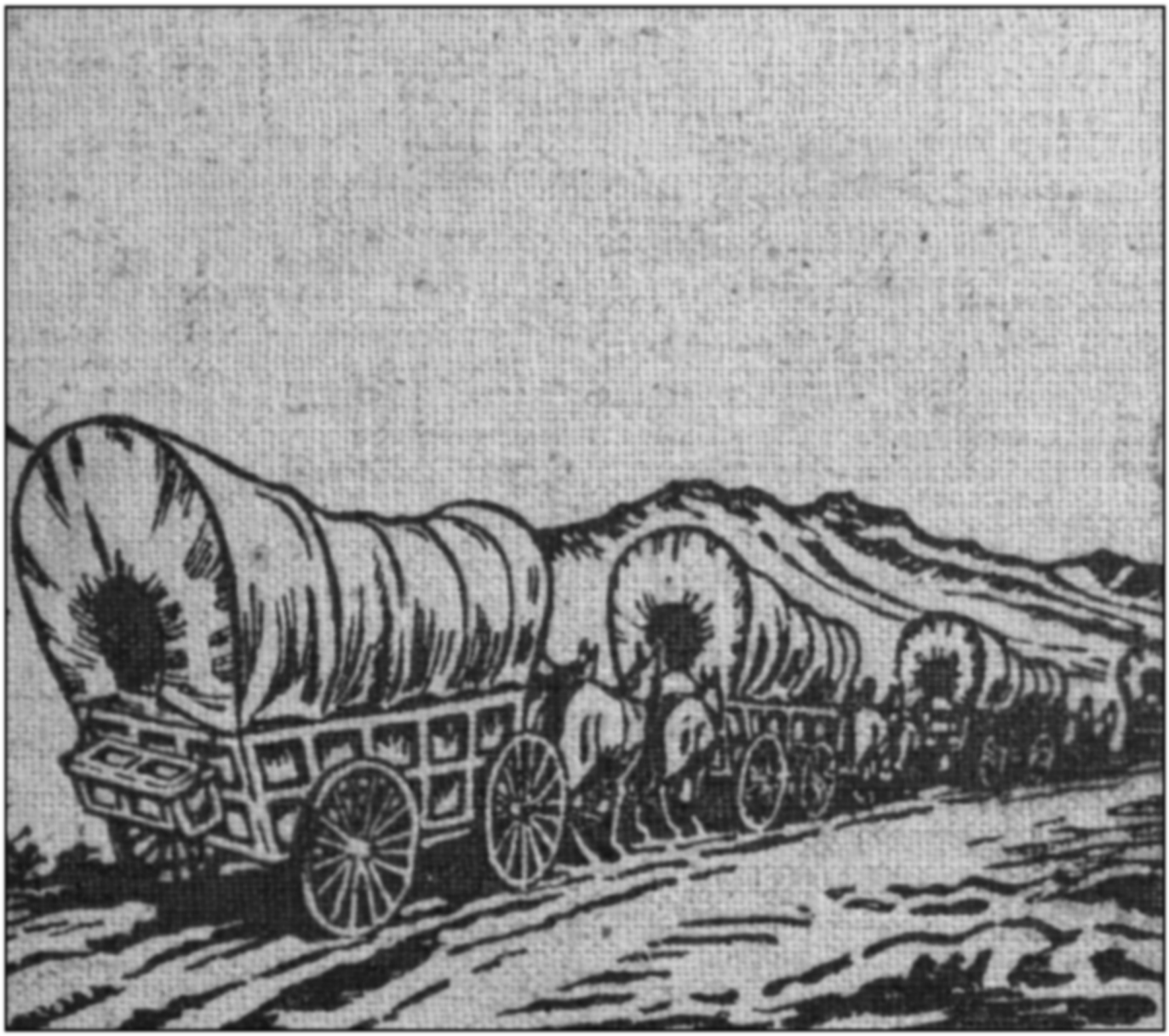

Enhanced image from the cover of a 1939 book titled
Oregon Trail published by Hastings House

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Enhanced cropped photograph of James Akin Jr. with his wife Mary Jane Kelly and daughter Flora Adeline Akin in the early 1860s

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JOURNAL OF JAMES AKIN JR.

JOURNAL OF JAMES AKIN Jr.

Edited by

EDWARD EVERETT DALE

1919

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

BULLETIN

PREFACE

This is the first of a series of historical studies, or leaflets, to be published by the University of Oklahoma. These studies are to consist of original documents of western and southwestern history, and are to be issued at regular intervals in the future.

In this document the original text has been preserved throughout. Notes are added when it has seemed necessary to explain statements, but the spelling, punctuation, and capitalization are given just as they appear in the journal itself.

The editor wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. P. C. Slack of Edmond, Oklahoma, who first told him of the manuscript and through whose agency it was obtained, and to Mrs. D. H. Hartley of Hillsboro, Iowa, for her courtesy in lending this journal, which she justly prizes very highly. He also desires to express his thanks to Professor Lyman P. Wilson of the University of Oklahoma for assistance rendered in photographing the specimen pages herein given, and to two of the editor's own students, Mr. Lanson D. Mitchell, and Mr. Morris L. Wardell, for helping to trace on the map the route followed by James Akin and his party.

INTRODUCTION

In the spring of 1852 a small party started from southeastern Iowa to journey overland to Oregon. The little group consisted of four families, all apparently related to one another. Stuart Richey was the leader. Besides himself and family there were Caleb Richey and family, James Ingram and family, and James Akin and family. The exact number of persons is unknown but was probably between thirty and forty. They were traveling in ox wagons with perhaps about five yoke of oxen to each wagon. With the party was a young man about eighteen years of age, James Akin Jr., who kept a brief journal of the trip in which he recorded the daily happenings.

It is not at all surprising that this little expedition should have started to Oregon about this time. This was the period of the "Oregon fever". For several years Oregon had been a veritable Land of Promise to the people of the Mississippi Valley, and even to many of those of the extreme East. The journal of Lewis and Clark published some forty years before by the great banker, Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia, had attracted much attention. Astoria had been founded by the Pacific Fur Company, had been lost during the War of 1812 and regained soon after the close of that war. Hall Kelly, the Boston schoolmaster, had organized in 1829 the American Society for the Settlement of Oregon Territory, and had urged migration to Oregon as a means of wresting that region from Great Britain, that still held equal rights there with the United States under the Joint Occupation Treaty. Nathan Wyeth and Ewing Young had visited the Oregon Country in the early '30's and their stories were well known. Also the Lees had founded a mission on the Willamette River in 1834. Others had joined them and in 1836 the Whitmans and the Spaldings had crossed over to Oregon to found the famous Wailatpu Mission on the Walla Walla River. In 1842 Whitman had made his ride to the East returning in 1843 in company with a numerous party of settlers. John C. Fremont, the "Pathfinder" had explored and mapped much of the route in 1842 and 1843, though it had long been well known to the fur traders.

All this had aroused a great interest in Oregon and the signing of the treaty of June 15, 1846 with Great Britain

making the forty-ninth parallel the boundary line from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific gave the United States complete title to all of the so-called "Oregon Country." Migration was still further encouraged by the acquisition of California and by the gold discoveries.

Then came the Donation Act of 1850 which gave to every citizen of the United States who had settled in Oregon prior to the passage of the act three hundred and twenty acres of land and to all Americans who should settle there before 1853 one hundred and sixty acres for each man and an additional hundred and sixty acres for his wife. Remembering that the Richey and Akin party left Iowa in the spring of 1852 and arrived in Oregon in due time to take advantage of this legislation, we can hardly doubt that this was one motive which led to the journey.

Moreover, it seems that the Richeys and Akins were pioneers by instinct. Their ancestors had left Culpepper County, Virginia for Boonesborough, Kentucky where they settled soon after the founding of that place by Boone in 1775. In 1808 they had removed to Pendleton County Kentucky where they again settled in the wilderness not far from the Licking River. From there they had removed to Illinois and located near the site of the present city of Peoria. A few years later they had again removed, this time to Iowa, settling in Henry County near Salem, at a time when the nearest post-office was Fort Madison, thirty miles away. Their next journey is the one recorded in the pages of James Akin's journal.

We may wish that the author of this document had been less brief in his entries. There were remarkable happenings on this journey the details of which would no doubt form interesting reading. And yet anyone who knows the West and life in camp and on the trail can read much between the lines of James Akin's meager record of events. Even the brief entry made August 19th at the ford of Snake River suggests many things:

"Try all day to get the cattle across and could not."

A simple statement of fact and yet anyone accustomed to the ways of the trail can fairly see that group of men pushing, pulling, hauling and sweating as they try in every possible way to get the stubborn oxen into the water and across the river, while the women busy themselves about camp preparing food or washing clothing. One can easily

imagine the shouts and cries; the new plans tried out; the councils of the leaders and the decision to try something else. An all day task and then at night nothing but failure! Very likely James Akin was too tired that evening to enter more than a single line in his journal. Or perhaps he thought the less said about that day the better!

The student of history may also find in this document many facts given unconsciously by James Akin. Facts in regard to the road, the edge of settlement at this time, the prices of various commodities, the eastern limit of the buffalo and the relations between the whites and the Indians. Above all the historian may find here the simple recital of hardships and dangers met in a fashion typical of our frontiersmen. Seven of the little party died on the journey, but apparently there was no thought of becoming discouraged or of turning back.

James Akin is a type. He and his little group of relatives and friends are but a drop in that great flood of migration that swept westward over the plains during several decades of the ninteenth century; a migration that peopled our Pacific coast states and builded magnificent cities and a splendid civilization beyond the Rockies in what had hitherto been a wilderness.

And so the creaking ox wagon rolling slowly along the dusty trail bore with it more than the family and the household goods of Stuart Richey or of James Akin. It was one of many thousands that were freighted with the hopes and dreams of a people, with the destiny of a nation whose watchword has ever been "Westward," until the most remote corners of our frontier empire have at last been penetrated and American civilization carried still beyond to remote islands of the Pacific.

EDWARD EVERETT DALE

Norman, Oklahoma.
February 1, 1919.

JOURNAL OF JAMES AKIN, Jr.

Original owned by Mrs. D. H. Hartley of Hillsboro, Iowa. (Obtained through the courtesy of Mr. P. C. Slack of Edmond, Oklahoma.)

Tuesday, April 15, 1852

first day crossed fish creek three-fourths of a mile roads good a plenty of watter and wood.

Friday 16

Rains till noon started came to Salem left Salem at 3 o'clock Traveled 6 miles a plenty of wood not much watter. (1)

Saturday 17

Start pretty soon rains nearly all day roads very muddy traveled 15 miles plenty of watter and wood.

sunday 18 1852

start at 9 o'clock-roads very bad. Pass Birmingham & Winchester. camp at libertyville. corn 55 cts. per bushel hay 50 per cwt—good place to camp. (2)

Monday 19

Roads better travel 15 miles passed through agency. camp in a good place—plenty of wood not much watter.

Tuesday 20th

Roads very good travel 16 miles passed altumira pretty cold day—camp in good place—plenty of wood and water overtook Caleb Richey. (3)

Wednesday April 21, 1852

bad roads travel 16 miles cold weather passed Eddyvill about noon bad place to camp plenty wood and watter.

1. Salem is in the southwest part of Henry County. The Akins and Richeys apparently lived a short distance east of Salem.
2. Winchester and Birmingham is the order in which he should have placed them, as Winchester was passed first. We shall note the steady lowering in the price of corn and other agricultural products as the party proceeds west, owing to increasing distance from market. Once they pass the farming frontier however and reach the Great Plains, we shall find prices increasing enormously in the fur-trading and mining region.
3. Apparently Caleb Richey had started a little in advance of the rest of the party. They were traveling nearly due west until they passed Winchester. They then turned north-west and traveled parallel with the Des Moines River.

Thursday 22

travel 15 miles Fine weather crossed the demoines river in the evening good place to camp on the bank of the river. (4)

Friday 23

Travel 3 miles and then stoped & stayed the balance of the day cool, dandy weather oats 40 cts a dozen corn 50 cts per bushel good place to camp. (5)

Saturday apr. 24 1852

Traveld 12 miles roads hilley and rough—cloudy weather. passed knoxville crossed white breast creek and camped on the bank bought hay.

Sunday 25 1852

Layed by all day cloudy weather Hearded all the cattle all day—good place to camp plenty of wood and water.

Monday 26th 1852

traveled 12 miles—cool weather—passed pleasantvill crossed South river & camped on the bank of the river—good place to camp.

Tuesday 27th

Traveled 16 miles—very good praierie road Palmyra-Indianola camp in the prairie—good place to camp a plenty of water not much wood.

Wednesday 28th

Traveled 16 miles—very good roads crossed big creek & camped on the bank of the same creek good place to camp plenty wood & water. (6)

Thursday April 29th 1852

Traveled 7 miles warm day & good roads crossed middle river & camped on the north side 2½ miles of wintersett good place to camp stop at noon.

Friday 30th 1852

Start at 9 o'clock—travel 3 miles and pass Wintersette roads very good—windy cold day stop & camp 1 mile west of

4. No doubt at the ferry southwest of Oskaloosa. Their route then led northwest to Knoxville; from there almost straight west to Winchester..
5. Forty cents a dozen for oats in the sheaf. It will be observed that corn is cheaper here than further east.
6. Probably a stream flowing into Middle River which they crossed seven miles further on. They were not far from the boundary line between Warren and Madison counties.

Wintersette camp in a deep hollow good place to camp 47 wagons on the same ground. (7)

Saturday 1st 1852

Start early travel 20 miles very good roads camped in the prairie—plenty watter—carry wood 3-4 mile herd the cattle till 9 oclock.

Sunday 2nd

Very cold windy morning start about noon & travel 8 miles camp in the prairie & haul wood with us—not much grass plenty water rains at night.

Monday May 3d 1852

Start early Travel 15 miles—cool weather camp in the prairie good place to camp—plenty wood and water—more grass than common mudy branch.

tuesday May 4th 1852

Start early travel 18 miles—pretty day—plenty of grass a plenty of watter camp in the prairie—drive the cattle a half mile to grass. (8)

Wednsday 5th

Start earley—travel 15 miles—good roads—warm day—rains at night—camp in the prairie—plenty of watter & grass Good place to camp—no timber.

Thursday May 6th 1852

travel 16 miles. good roads but muddy. rained part of the day camp in a beautiful place on the bank of the creek grass plenty.

Friday 7th May 1852

Start early and travel 2½ miles to the creek & wait 4 hours to cross & the boat Sunk good roads in the prairie. camp in the prairie plenty water & grass no wood. (9)

Saturday 8th 1852

Travel 15 miles—good roads camp in Kainsville bad place to camp—plenty wood & watter but no grass beautiful day great many camped around. (10)

7. The number of wagons camped here shows the extent of the migration westward this spring.

8. It will be observed that they are making long daily drives for ox teams; an average of sixteen or seventeen miles a day. The fact that they must drive the cattle half a mile to grass indicates that many others have passed over this route recently and the grass near the camping places has been eaten down.

9. Probably the West Nishnabatona not far from the present town of Oakland.

10. This was at the site of the present city of Council Bluffs, a well known crossing on the Missouri at this time.

Sunday May 9th 1852

Travel 3 miles and camp on the banks of the Missourie river beautiful day good place to camp plenty wood water & grass.

Monday 10th May 1852

Camped in the Same place corn 20 cts per bushel new boat started Fine day—many Indians around tents. (11)

tuesday 11th May 1852

beautiful day Fery boat sunk 2 or 3 drowned heard the cattle plenty of grass—flour 16 dollars per lb. (12)

Wednsday may 12 1852

camped in the same place rains in the evening a man killed by the wagon running over him Teams coming in all the time.

Thursday 13th May 1852

camped in the same place beautiful day—a great many teams on the ground—not much grass river raised a little.

Friday 14 May 1852

camped in the same place—boat Bought flour at 16 dollars per barel beautiful day—pack up the wagons.

Saturday 15th May 1852

Start early and travel 14 miles up the river to another ferry warm day—camp in 2 miles of the ferry—good place to camp plenty wood water & gras rains at night.

Sunday 16th 1852

camp in the same place—cold windy day—good place to camp plenty wood and water and grass great many teams pass. (13)

Monday 17th May 1852

Start early & go to the river boat could not get to cross camp here and drive the cattle back about 2 miles to grass.

Tuesday 18th May 1852

commence crossing in the morning and cross nearly all day very windy cross till midnight get all the cattle cross except 10 yoke.

11. The great drop in the price of corn should be noted. This is the first mention he makes of Indians. They were probably from across the river and came to the camp to trade or to ask for food.

12. Barrel no doubt. The "two or three drowned" obviously refers to other emigrants encamped at the same place, as does the following entry; "man killed by wagon running over him." The next two entries also indicate the large number of emigrants who used this ferry.

13. Probably not far from the site of the present town of Crescent.

Wednsday 19th 1852

Fery the other 2 teams early in the morning Start and travel 12 miles heard the cattle twice camp in a good place. (14)

Thursday 20th May 1852

Travel 15 miles cross Elkhorn river—wagons 2 dollars a piece camp in a good place. (15)

Friday May 21st 1852

Start early—travel 10 miles rains nearly all day. camp at 2 o'clock get scard at nothing & went back a mile for company, camp on platte river. (16)

Saturday 22nd

Travel 16 miles warm weather—travel up platte river bottom camp & then leave on account of small pox drive on to good place to camp. (17)

Sunday 23nd

Traveled 15 miles up platte river bottom bad roads seen 30 Indians with their ponies loaded with buffaloe skins—good place to camp. (18)

Monday May 24th 1852

Traveled 18 miles to loup Fork Ferry then went up the river 6 miles in a very good place—plenty wood water & grass.

Tuesday 25th May 1852

Start early travel 13 miles up loup Fork to the ferry cross beaver river—camp near loup fork—bad place to camp.

Wednsday May 26th 1852

Travel 10 miles—bad roads warm day cross loup fork in the eavening deep fording with quick sand bottom good place to camp. (19)

14. Since the preceding entry says they have all the cattle across but ten yoke, this would indicate that they were working five yoke of oxen to each wagon.

15. Probably nearly straight east of Fremont. Nebraska. Many men who kept these ferries on the Oregon and California trails found them veritable gold mines.

16. They were now approaching the Indian country. His brief entry; "get scared at nothing" arouses one's curiosity as to the exact cause of their fright.

17. Small pox, cholera and other diseases were very prevalent along these trails. James Akin and his party probably encamped near other emigrants before discovering that these people had small pox among them.

18. This shows that they were nearing the buffalo country. The Indians probably lived further east and were returning from a hunting trip.

19. Apparently a short distance east of the present town of Fullerton, Nebraska.

Thursday 27th May 1852

Layed by all day—pretty good grass—watter and wood plenty camp near loup fork—good place to camp no indians about come to the sioux indians.

Friday 28th

Start early—travel 18 miles come to the buffaloe range sandy roads camp in the prairie plenty of grass no wood water scarce. (20)

Saturday May 29 1852

Start early travel 18 miles prairie roads some bad places to cross—saw the first antelope camp no wood

Sunday May 30th 1852

travel 16 miles—very good roads—pass no timber crossed one small creek camp near wood river plenty of wood and grass—not much water.

Monday 31st May 1852

Travel 15 miles—very good roads—travel in ½ mile of platte river all day camp in a good place drive cattle to platte river to water. (21)

Tuesday June 1st 1852

Start early—travel 17 miles—very good roads water the cattle at noon in platte—camp in good place—plenty water and grass no wood.

Wednsday June 2nd 1852

Travel 20 miles—very hot calm day—roads very dusty cros Elum and Buffalo Creeks camp—not much grass—drive them two miles to water—rainey and mudy night grand iland.

Thursday June 3nd 1852

travel 18 miles—muddy roads—cool day—came to platte river again—saw 5 graves—camp near platt no wood—some buffalo chips—came to alkali. (22)

20. A few miles east of the west line of Merrick County. This is an interesting entry as it indicates the eastern limit of the buffalo range in 1852.

21. The trail followed the Platte as there was little water elsewhere in this region.

22. Had it not been for buffalo chips and cow chips the plainsman would have had much difficulty in providing himself with fuel. Buffalo chips long afforded ready means for cooking his food and warming his camp.

Within recent years the editor has often seen a pioneer farmer driving slowly across the prairie, while his children gathered cow chips and threw them in the wagon. This was his only method for securing fuel for the winter.

Friday June 4th 1852

travel 16 miles—good roads saw 5 buffalo in the morning passed 1 grave—camped near platte good place to camp.

Saturday June 5th 1852

Travel 16 miles—good roads but sandy—crossed over a low sandy bluff extending to the river—rain and wind in evening—camp in a good place near platte.

Sunday June 6th 1852

Travel 20 miles—sandy roads—crossed skunk creek—three died with the cholera along the road camp on canion creek no timber. (23)

monday june 7th 1852

Travel 14 miles crossed canion creek—passed the last timber for 200 miles took a buffalo hunt—and wounded one—camp in a good place near the river buffalo chips.

June 8th Tuesday 1852

Laid by all day 13 of the boys went hunting and killed one antelope good grass and buffalo chips a great many wagons passing all the time. (24)

Wednesday june 9th 1852

Travel 19 miles—road ascends the bluff—very sandy roads cross north bluff forks and bluff creek camp in a good place —plenty of grass and chips—water scarce.

Thursday june 10th 1852

Travel 25 miles—cool day and sandy roads—platte river high—springs along the road—camp in a good place—plenty of grass—water and chips.

June 11th Friday 1852

Travel 18 miles over very sandy bluffs—very warm day—camp in a bad place—no grass not much water great many campers in sight.

Saturday june 12th 1852

Travel 12 miles—till noon—then stop and stay the balance

23. The "three died with the cholera" of course refers to other emigrants on the trail and not to members of the Akin party.

24. They have passed the forks of the river and are following up the North Platte. They are far out upon the plains, a long distance from civilization. It would be interesting to know the details of these hunting trips.

of the day—camp in a good place—a good spring—and plenty of grass—lone tree.

Sunday June 13 1852

Start early and travel 16 miles—good roads and warm day rains in the evening—good place to camp—plenty grass and water.

Monday June 14th 1852

Travel 14 miles—sandy road cool day—came in sight of chimney rock—bad storm in the evening—good place to camp water grass and chips. (25)

Tuesday June 15th 1852

Laid by all day—on account of sickness—not much grass Caleb Richey and his company overtook us—plenty water—not much chips.

Wednesday June 16th 1852

Louise Richey wife of Stuart Richey died at two oclock in the morning Started at noon and traveled 15 miles—good roads pleasant weather—camp on platt—not much grass. (26)

Thursday 17th 1852

Travel 18 miles—very good roads—passed chimney rock drive the cattle 2 miles to the river to water at noon camp near platte—plenty of grass.

Friday June 18th 1852

Traveled 16 miles—excellent roads and warm day—passed scots bluffs—camp near the creek—good spring burnt up one old wagon. (27)

25. This entry enables us to locate the party exactly. Chimney Rock is famous land mark in that region. It is in western Nebraska, a little west of where the one hundred and third meridian crosses the Platte. It rises about eight hundred feet above the river. Court House Rock, another well known land mark, stands some distance east of Chimney Rock and must have been seen by James Akin, though he does not mention it. A good picture of Chimney Rock is given in Birge, "The Awakening of the Desert" p. 74.

26. The first death in the Akin party. Apparently they had no great fear of Indians, or they would have been more careful to keep together. (See preceding entry)

27. Scotts' Bluff rise 4,662 feet above sea level, forming the highest point in Nebraska. They were so named in memory of the tragic death by starvation of a man named Scott who was deserted by his companions. He was ill and the party was destitute of provisions. He managed to make his way to this bluff, where his remains were found much later. These bluffs rise abruptly from a comparatively level plain and form a striking object, no matter from which direction they are seen. The "burnt up one old wagon" shows how scarce fuel must have been. (See picture of Scott's Bluffs in Birge, "Awakening of the Desert" p. 155)

Saturday 19th 1852

traveled 16 miles—good roads and grass—camp close to platte river—good place to camp—plenty water and chips.

Sunday 20th 1852

travel 16 miles—sandy and dusty roads—drive the cattle into the river at noon to water camp near the river—plenty grass and water. (28)

Monday June 21st 1852

travel 5 miles—camp within 1½ miles of platte river considerable sickness in company good place to camp.

Tuesday june 22nd 1852

travel 20 miles over the black hills—found no water till 2 oclock camp in good place—plenty of pine and cedar wood but no water.

Wednesday 23nd 1852

Travel 12 miles very hilly bad roads. pine and cedar bluffs—cloudy rainy weather—Elva Ingram daughter of James and wife died—camp in good place—plenty wood no water. (29)

Thursday 24nd June 1852

Travel 15 miles—good roads but hilly—very cold rainy day—some sickness in company camp in a good place plenty wood and grass—not much water.

Friday 25 June 1852

Travel 18 miles—good roads—road returns to the river warm weather—camp near platte—plenty wood and water—not much grass.

Saturday June 26 1852

Travel 16 miles—bad country platte river very small—not much grass eny place. camp near the river not much wood.

Sunday June 27th

Travel 17 miles—level sandy roads warm day passed no timber—camp near the river—drive the cattle 2 miles to grass not much wood.

29. This is the second death in the party.

28. They had now crossed the line into Wyoming, passing the boundary of that state about the forty-second parallel, not far from the present town of Pratt. It will be observed that the Richey-Akin party followed the practice of most other emigrants in resting about one day each week, though this day was quite as likely to be any other day as Sunday. They traveled all day on this Sunday, the 20th, but it will be noticed that they traveled but five miles the following day, while the preceding Tuesday they had "laid by all day—" he says "On account of sickness." They simply rested the day which was most convenient—that is, when they came to a good place to camp with an abundance of grass and water.

Monday June 28th 1852

Travel 18 miles—sandy roads met 6 men and 16 horses packing through from California passed considerable timber camp near the river-plenty grass. (30)

Tuesday June 29th 1852

Travel 18 miles—sandy road and windy day—get to the upper ferry—camp near the river drve—good place to camp—plenty wood and water—drive the cattle 3 miles to grass.

Wednesday June 30th 1852

Left the upper ferry on platte—and travel 18 miles without water—good roads camp near a spring—good grass the cattle got scattered very badley.

Thursday July 1st 1852

Travel 12 miles—good roads but dusty camp near platte river—pass no timber not much grass—drive the cattle three miles to grass.

Friday July 2nd 1852

Travel 18 miles—sandy road and dusty—pass Independence rock—cross sweet water—pass devils gate—camp near sweet water—not much grass. (31)

30. Many men returning from California carried their goods on pack horses. In some cases men walked the entire distance, dragging or pushing a small hand cart in which was loaded their food and bedding. The editor's father who crossed the plains in 1850 used to relate an incident of meeting a lone traveler dragging a hand cart who, as he approached them, whinnied like a horse and demanded to know if he would find grass further on!

31. Sweetwater joins the North Platte near the south line of Natrona County, Wyoming, a little east of the one hundred and seventh meridian. The valley of the North Platte, up which they had been following, here turns due south and the trail leaves it and follows up the valley of Sweetwater. Independence Rock was a famous landmark in this region. Its highest point is one hundred and fifty-five feet above the river and it covers an area of twenty-seven acres. This was a well known camping place. The rock is said to have derived its name from the fact that the first company of whites to go over this trail encamped here on the fourth of July and held a celebration in honor of the day. It is covered with the names of emigrants who have camped near it. The Devil's Gate, five miles further on, is a rift in the ridges of granite through which flows the Sweetwater. It is about four hundred feet deep with nearly vertical sides, less than three hundred feet apart at the top. (See Chittenden, History of the Fur Trade, Vol. 1, p. 471.

Saturday July 3nd 1852

Travel 18 miles—up sweet water—this river is about 40 ft wide—rattle snake mountains on the north side—snake indians—camp—not much grass. (32)

Sunday July 4th 1852

Laid by all day to let the cattle rest—cold and windy day and night—not much grass plenty sage brush for use many teams pass us wrote a letter.

Monday July 5th 1852

Travel 17 miles—sandy roads—windy cold day—cross sweet watter 4 times—bad to cross camp near the river on the south side—some grass and sage brush. (33)

Tuesday July 6th 1852

Laid by all day—good grass—sage brush—great many indians come and camp in 2 miles of us—trade some with us.

Wednesday July 7th 1852

Travel 17 miles without water—indians go with us—Joseph Mace overtook us—not much grass—near indian camp 1 mile above us.

Thursday July 8 1852

Travel 15 miles—drive the cattle 2½miles to grass in the morning—rough roads indians plenty—camp in two miles of the river good grass on the river. (34)

Friday July 9th 1852

Travel 15 miles—rough rocky roads—cross north fork of sweet water—passed some snow—camp on south fork of sweet water water good grass at camp.

Saturday July 10th 1852

Travel 13 miles—good roads crossed sweet water the last time

32. Sweetwater is a remarkably clear and beautiful mountain stream. The water in that region is usually alkaline, so the name "Sweetwater" seems very fitting. However the French name which was first given was Eau Sucree and not Eau Douce, and there is a tradition that it was given because some pack mules loaded with sugar were lost in this stream.

33. The trail continued along Sweetwater nearly to its source, crossing and recrossing it many times.

34. The Indians referred to may be Sioux, or possibly were Snake Indians.

passed over the summit of the rocky mountains—camp at pacific springs—pleasant day. (35)

Sunday July 11th 1852

Travel 20 miles—very good roads—camp on little sandy—drive cattle 2 miles to grass—poor place to camp plenty wood. (36)

Monday July 12th 1852

Start about noon and travel 6 miles to big camp 1½ miles above the ford—drive the cattle 6 miles to grass—good place to camp.

Tuesday July 13th 1852

camp in the same place and let the cattle rest—no more water for 40 miles ahead.

Wednesday July 14th 1852

Start at 10 o'clock and travel till night—stop for supper travel till midnight—stop an hour travel till daylight—grass plenty.

Thursday July 15th 1852

Travel till noon and reach green river. green river quite low. camp one mile below the ford—take the cattle onto an island and let them stay without guarding. (37)

Friday 16th 1852

Lay by all day—not much grass—warm weather green river low—plenty wood and water.

Saturday July 17th 1852

Ford green river—good ford but swift current 2 foot deep—travel 10 miles to bear creek good place to camp plenty grass water and wood.

35. They cross "over the summit of the Rock Mountains" through South Pass, the most celebrated pass in the entire continental divide. It is about 7,500 feet above sea level and as a mountain pass is disappointing. The ground slopes up so gently through a broad open valley that the traveler is in doubt as to which is the highest point. Tradition says that this pass was discovered by Etienne Provost in 1823. It is almost exactly half way between Independence Missouri and Fort Vancouver, so from here on our party must feel that they are on the "home stretch." Pacific Springs is the first water flowing toward the Pacific Ocean.

36. At Little Sandy they left the main trail, running by Fort Bridger, and took what was known as Sublette's Cut Off or the "Dry Drive." This rejoins the main trail near Bear River. It saved fifty-three miles but missed the supply point, Fort Bridger. Little Sandy is here flowing south. It is a tributary of Big Sandy which the next entry shows that they reached a few miles further on.

37. This is the Colorado Desert over which they have been traveling. Green River must have been very low. Birge, who crossed it in the summer of 1866, describes it as very swift and ten feet deep in some places. (Birge, "Awakening of the Desert," page 279.)

Sunday July 18th 1852

Lay by all day—good grass near camp—sold one ox and bought a cow and an ox—Gilliams left the Co—some rain and hail up the creek.

Monday July 19th 1852

Travel 20 miles—very hilly roads and broken country. windy day. camp on a small creek good grass—plenty wood and water—rains at night.

Tuesday 20th 1852

Travel 12 miles—very hilly bad roads—pass some quaken asps and some graves—camp on hams fork of bear river very good grass—wood and water. (38)

Wednesday July 21st 1852

Travel 18 miles—rough hilly roads—pass over the summit of the bear river mountains camp near a good spring good grass.

Thursday July 22nd 1852

Travel 14 miles—good roads on bear river—very dusty—camp on Bear river—very good grass on the island—plenty wood—musquitoes very bad. (39)

Friday July 23nd 1852

Travel 16 miles—very bad roads. cross Thomas fork on the bridge—paid $1.00 per wagon camp on bear river—good grass musquitoes bad. over take Caleb Richey (40)

Saturday July 24th 1852

Travel 10 miles—very good roads but dusty crossed several small creeks—camp near a good spring—plenty good grass and water.

Sunday July 25th 1852

Travel 10 miles—stop at 10 oclock and stay till night—very good grass—plenty wood and water—good place to camp—

38. Ham's Fork is not a tributary of Bear River, as James Akin seems to think, but joins Black's Fork some distance north of Fort Bridger and flows into Green River. It was an important stream in early days. They were approaching the line of the present state of Idaho, which they must have passed not far from the present town of Border.

39. Bear River rises nearly east of Salt Lake City and flows north through about two degrees of latitude. It then turns to the west, and swinging about, flows almost due south for over a hundred miles into Great Salt Lake. A few miles down Bear River the Sublette Cut Off, or "Dry Drive," which they had been following, joins the main trail.

40. This is Thompson's Fork and not "Thomas Fork" as James Akin writes it. The toll bridge shows how early some enterprising pioneer financier had begun to realize a profit by improving the difficult route. One dollar per wagon must have brought him in a golden harvest, if most of the emigrants crossed on his bridge.

Monday July 26th 1852

Travel 16 miles—very dusty roads—but good passed Soda and steamboat springs—camp on bear river—very bad watering cattle—grass plenty. (41)

Tuesday 27th 1852

Left bear river travel 18 miles—very good dusty roads—passed the forks of Oregon and California roads—plenty water good place to camp. (42)

Wednesday July 28th

Travel 7 miles—stop at 11 oclock—stay on account of sickness Parvekee indians plenty—camp on deep creek—good grass. (43)

Thursday July 29th 1852

Travel 18 miles—rough roads—passed plenty of spring—camp on a small creek—very good grass—plenty of wood—water and sarvis berries. (44)

Friday July 30th 1852

Travel 17 miles—very rough and dusty roads showers in the evening—camp on the creek—plenty grass—wood and water—no wagons in sight today.

Saturday July 31st 1852

Laid by all day—good grass—Miranda Jane Richey daughter of Caleb and Allice Richey died—rained some in the evening—wood and water plenty. (45)

Sunday August 1st 1852

Travel 16 miles—sandy and mudy roads—considerable rain—passed fort hall—camped on a fork of snake river—plenty of water—wood scarce. (46)

41. Soda Springs is at the great bend of Bear River. There are many hot springs here and one miniature geyser quite near. The noise of the eruptions of this little geyser has caused it to be named Steamboat Springs.
42. The Oregan and California trails fork just beyond the great bend of Bear River.
43. He may be trying to write "Portneuf Indians" here, as they are near the Portneuf River.
44. Service berries, of course.
45. This is the third death recorded by James Akin.
46. Fort Hall was on the left bank of Snake River about nine miles above the mouth of Portneuf. It had belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company and was the first station on Columbian waters.

Monday August 2nd 1852

Take an indian cut off and travel 10 miles—to the other road travel 7 miles farther cross snake river camp—grass plenty. (47)

Tuesday Aug 3rd

Travel 18 miles—very rough roads—passed the american falls of snake river—camp on Bench creek—grass very scarce—wood plenty. (48)

Wednesday 4 Aug 1852

Travel 12 miles—stop at 10 oclock and give the cattle grass rained considerable camp on river at the forks of the Oregon and California roads good grass.

Thursday Aug 5th 1852

Travel 15 miles without water—very rockey rough roads—camp on marsh creek—drive cattle two miles to grass.

Friday Aug 6th 1852

Travel 15 miles—good roads—passeda great many dead cattle—camp on goose creek—good grass—plenty wood and water. (49)

Saturday aug 7th 1852

Travel 25 miles—the last 13 without water—very rought dusty roads camp an hour after dark on dry creek water scarce—grass plenty. (50)

Sunday aug 8th 1852

Laid by all day—very good grass—great many camped around water very scarce—great many dead cattle on this creek.

Monday aug 9th 1852

Travel 8 miles—camp at 2 oclock—very good roads but dusty—camp on 2nd rock creek very good grass—water plenty. (51)

47. It is imposible to explain his entry; "cross Snake River" as the trail followed the left bank and his subsequent entries show that the Richey-Akin party continued down Snake River, following the left bank. Perhaps he means they cross a tributary of Snake River.

48. American Falls are said to be so named because a party of American hunters coming down the river in a canoe were swept over these falls and drowned. The next entry refers to a second fork of the California and Oregon trails. (See map in Chittenden, "History of the Fur Trade.")

49. The distance by the main trail from Marsh Creek to Goose Creek is seventeen miles. James Akin estimates it as fifteen which indicates that his estimates throughout may be taken as approximately correct.

50. This part of the trail was back some distance from the river. Dry Creek flows into the Snake River a few miles west of the 114th meridian.

51. Rock Creek flows into the Snake near the present city of Twin Falls.

Tuesday aug. 10th 1852

Travel 12 miles—very rough and dusty roads grass scarce—camp on 2nd rock creek—some grass—water and wood plenty—mother sick in the evening this is James Akins wife that is sick.

Wednesday aug 11th 1852

Travel 16 miles—start very early—very bad watering place at noon in snake river—stop at 4 oclock and take the cattle to grass—start at dark and travel 8 miles to water.

Thursday aug 12th 1852

Travel 3 miles—stop and camp on banks of snake river—Lay by the balance of the day good grass three miles off—wood and water plenty.

Friday aug 13th 1852

Lay by all day—good grass—wood and water plenty. (52)

Saturday 14 aug

Start and travel 12 miles—to salmon falls water plenty—indians fishing. (53)

Sunday 15th aug

Lay by till sun down start and travel till 2 o'clock—stop and sleep till day light.

Monday aug 16th 1852

Travel till breakfast—stop on good grass—start and leave the road and go to the river—very bad place to water—lay by till night—start and travel till 1 oclock. (54)

Tuesday aug 17th 1852

Start at daylight and travel 6 miles to the crossing of snake river lay by the balance of the day—emigrants going down the river in wagon beds. (55)

Wednsday 18th august 1852

Lay by all day in same place—very bad place to camp—preparing to cross the river.

52. Apparently they lay by so often partly on account of sickness. Also they have passed the worst part of the journey and no doubt feel themselves and cattle entitled to a little rest.

53. Salmon Falls River flows into the Snake a little above the present town of Austin.

54. It must have been much more pleasant traveling at night than during the day, since it was now about the middle of August.

55. Probably the crossing referred to is Glenn's Ferry, near the mouth of Little Canon Creek, which flows into Snake River from the north. The entry "emigrants going down the river in wagon beds" is most interesting. Surely it would be a long and hazardous voyage. There would be portages to make too but it would at least be a change from driving ox wagons over the dusty trail.

Thursday august 19th

Try all day to get the cattle across the river and could not.

Friday auguast 20th

Tow the cattle across the river between the wagon beds—ferry them over in the evening James Nicholson starts in a wagon bed. (56)

Saturday august 21st 1852

All cross the river except two and gone after them—cool weather.

Sunday august 22nd

Mother taken worse in the morning and died about 9 oclock in the evening we are about 30 miles below Salmon river falls on the north side of the snake river Eliza Akin is the wife of James Akin. (57)

Monday 23nd august 1852

Mother was buried about 10 oclock in the morning about 200 yards above the crossing of the river—travel eight miles to a spring.

Tuesday august 24th

Lay by till noon Moses Rhodes died in the morning travel 11 miles—good roads camp on dry creek—water scarce—grass plenty. (58)

Wednsday august 25 1852

Travel 15 miles—good roads but hilly. plenty grass all the time—wood and water plenty—passed boiling hot springs camp on beautiful creek.

Thursday august 26th

Travel 14 miles—very rocky creek camp at Charlotte creek no water for the cattle grass and wood plenty.

Friday august 27th 1852

Travel 15 miles—hilly roads but good—plenty of grass all the time—camp on white horse creek—wood and water plenty.

56. This day and the preceding one must have been trying. Perhaps James Nicholson's experience with refractory oxen during these days was what prompted him to risk flying "to other ills he knew not of" rather than bear the present ones any longer. We can hardly fail to admire his courage in starting out in such a frail craft.

57. James Akin notes the location here exactly, as the place where his mother died and was buried. This was the fourth death in the little party.

58. The fifth death recorded by James Akin. They left the river at the crossing, and are traveling northwest across the country in the direction of the present city of Boise.

Saturday august 28

Travel 20 miles—without water good roads and cool day—camp on Boise river—this is a beautiful river—wood and grass plenty. (59)

Sunday august 29th 1852

Travel 12 miles—down Salmon river—good grass all the time camp at 2 oclock good grass—wood and water hares plenty —got some fish of the indians. (60)

Monday august 30th

Travel 18 miles—down Salmon river—good roads. cool day camp on Salmon river—good grass wood and water.

Tuesday august 31st 1852

Travel 15 miles down Salmon river—cross the river—good grass—wood and water plenty.

Wednsday September 1st 1852

Travel 8 miles to fort Boise cross snake river in the evening—pay $2.50 per wagon good grass on the north side of the river. (61)

Thursday Sept 2nd

Travel 15 miles to a large creek—good grass—camp at 10 oclock in the night very dusty roads. (62)

Friday 3nd Sep 1852

T 2½ miles—down the river to a spring—good grass and water —wood scarce.

Saturday Sept 4th

Start at 2 oclock a m Travel 12 miles to Sulphur Springs—by 8 oclock p m Travel 12 miles further to Birch creek—not much grass water and wood plenty.

59. Probably a little above the present city of Boise.

60. It is difficult to understand why James Akin should call this "Salmon River" as he gave it correctly in the preceding entry. The stream is, of course, the Boise River which is here flowing nearly west. They travel down its valley some fifty miles to Fort Boise which is on Snake River eight miles below the mouth of the Boise.

61. The ferrymen's prices seem to increase as the emigrants approach Oregon and the California gold fields. Snake river forms the boundary line here between Idaho and Oregon, so they are now within the limits of the latter state.

62. The "large creek" must have been the Malheur River. The road has turned away from the Snake River but returns to it again about twenty-five miles beyond the Malheur, near Burnt River.

Sunday 5 Sept 1852

Travel 10 miles to burnt river—camp at 1 o'clock not much grass—herd the cattle on willows—wood plenty. (63)

Monday Sept. 6th

Travel 10 miles—Stop at noon and stay the balance of the day—windy and cold nights considerable sickness in the company—willow wood and water plenty.

Tuesday Sept 7th 1852

Travel 18 miles—leave burnt river—very rough hilly roads camp on a branch of burnt river—no grass—wood and water plenty.

Wednsday Spt 8

Travel 11 miles—rough roads—camp at noon on burnt river—grass—wood and water plenty.

Thursday Sept 9th 1852

Lay by all day on account of sickness, company, all left except uncle Stuart and Caleb Richey—not much grass—wood and water plenty.

Eliza Ann Richey daughter of Stuart Richey died at 9 o'clock P. M. (64)

Friday Sept 10th

Start at noon and travel 9 miles—good roads camp on small creek—not much grass—wood and water plenty.

Saturday Sept 11th 1852

Travel 23 miles—very dusty roads—camp on dry branch—not much water camp at 9 o'clock—grass pretty good.

Sunday Sept 12th

Travel 16 miles—very good roads—fine showers in the afternoon—camp on a branch of powder river grass—wood and water plenty.

63. Burnt River flows into Snake River a little below the present town of Huntington. They will now travel up Burnt River about twenty-eight miles to its great bend near where the present town of Durkee is located.

64. Apparently the company is becoming scattered again. This is the sixth death in the party. The roads are rough and, judged by measurements made on the maps, James Akin seems to be slightly overestimating the number of miles traveled in most cases.

Monday Sept 13th 1852

Travel 12 miles—good roads and cool day—noon at powder river—camp on a small creek good grass wood and water. (65)

Tuesday Sept 14th

Travel 16 miles to the west Side of grand round bought some beef at 20 cts per pound—excellent grass and water—pine wood. (66)

Wednesday Sept 15th 1852

Lay by all day—great many comped here on account of sickness—and to recrute their teams plenty of Kioose (Cayuse) indians with vegetables to sell

Abe Gilliam died.

Thursday Sept 16th

Lost 9 of our cattle—hunt for them all day and find them just at Sunset—considerable sickness in company.

Friday Sept 17th 1852

Travel 15 miles—cross the blue mountains and grand round river—roughest roads we have ever had—travel through pine timber all day camp.

Saturday Sept 18th

Travel 13 miles through thick timber and rough roads with out water—camp on a creek—plenty water and wood—some grass—tie the cattle at night. (67)

Sunday Sept 19th 1852

Start at 10 o'clock—travel 5 miles—through the timber roads better. camp in the timber—same grass—not much water.

Monday Sept 20th

Travel 10 miles—good roads—to umatilla river pass a Kioose (Cayuse) village— camp on the river grass scarce. the cayuse was holding a war dance when we passed them, they was in war custom. (68)

65. Following the main line of the Oregon Trail it is sixty miles from Burnt River to Powder River. James Akin makes it about sixty-five, assuming that six of the twelve miles traveled September 13th were made in the forenoon.

66. The word is Grande Ronde. This was a circular valley in the mountains, noted as an excellent camping place. It was at this point that the trail started across the difficult Blue Mountains which will explain his entry: "great many camped here on account of sickness and to recruit their teams." The price of beef must have seemed to them very high The next entry records the seventh death in the company, and the last one that occurred among them while on the trail.

67. They are in a thickly timbered region which, coupled with their experience of September 16th, causes them to "tie the cattle at night."

68. They must have reached the Umatilla River not very far from the site of the present town of Pendleton. "War custom" of course means war costume.

Tuesday Sept 21st 1852

Travel 12 miles down the river—good roads—rained in the morning—camp on the river—no grass—wood and water plenty.

Wednsday Sept 22nd

Lay by till noon—travel 11 miles dry camp—plenty grass no wood or water.

Thursday Sept 23rd

Travel 7 miles to umatilla camp, at noon—Lay by the balance of the day—plenty wood and grass.

Friday Sept 24

Travel 12 miles to Umatilla river and agency to butter creek camp on creek—good grass wood and water. (69)

Saturday Sept 25th 1852

Lay by all day—plenty of umatilla indians—about the camp all night plenty grass—wood and water.

Sunday Sept 26th

Start at noon—travel 10 miles—dry camp—no wood or water—grass plenty.

Monday Sept 27th 1852

Travel 12 miles to wells Springs—water scarce and not good—travel 6 miles further—dry camp— not much grass.

Tuesday Sept 28th

Start at 3 o'clock A. M. travel 9 miles to willow creek—water scarce—not much grass—wood plenty. (70)

Wednsday Sept 29th

Start at noon—travel 12 miles hilly roads—very windy day—camp—no wood—water or grass.

Thursday Sept 30th 1852

Start at day light—travel 18 miles—good roads camp on John daye river plenty wood and water—(71)

69. The main trail in early times followed down the Umatilla River about forty-five miles to the Columbia. The Akin party, however, evidently leave the Umatilla while yet several miles from the Columbia and turn nearly due west, traveling almost parallel with that river for eighty or ninety miles and not reaching it until they arrive at a point just above the mouth of the Des Chutes.

70. Willow Creek flows into the Columbia at the present town of Willows.

71. John Day River forms the boundary between Sherman and Gilliam Counties. It was named for John Day of the Astoria post.

Friday Oct 1st

Travel 12 miles—cross John daye river—camp 6 miles from river no water or wood—good grass—good roads. (72)

Saturday Oct 2nd

Start at mid night—travel 12 miles by sun rise get breakfast travel 5 miles further to columbia river—camp on the de chute river.

Sunday Oct 3rd

Cross de chute river before breakfast—start at noon and travel 6 miles camp on a creek—not much wood—plenty water and grass.

Monday Oct 4th 1852

Travel 10 miles—down columbia river—pass the dalles—flour wood—plenty water and grass—camp in two miles of the dalles.

Tuesday Oct 5th

Travel 10 miles—down columbia river—pass the dalles—flour 35 cts per pound camp in columbia river bottom— wood and water and grass plenty. (73)

Wednesday Oct 6th

Travel 2 miles—camp and go to preparing to raft down the river—haul some pine logs to the river grass plenty.

Thursday Oct 7th

Cut logs and cork wagon beds all day very windy evening and night plenty of wood water and grass. boats-canoes running up and down the river.

Friday Oct 8th 1852

very windy coll day—haul logs all day—no boats running cattle doing very well.

Saturday Oct 9th

Still preparing our raft to go down the river—blustering cool weather.

Sunday Oct 10th

James Nicholson and John T. Stewart and John Akin start with the cattle on the pack trail. (74)

72. The meaning of this entry is not clear. Perhaps they traveled down John Day some miles before crossing.

73. At the Dalles they are about sixteen miles below the mouth of the Des Chutes River. There was splendid pine timber here and it was natural that they should prepare to "raft down the river" as he says in the next entry since they were below the obstruction of the Dalles.

74. Once the raft of logs and wagon beds was ready it was expected that the journey down the river would be made quickly, so they sent these three men on with the cattle.

Monday Oct 11th 1852

Calm day—take our raft to pieces—put it togather again.

Tuesday Oct 12th

Start down the river about 10 o'clock travel 6 miles—wind up stream.

Wednsday Oct 13th

Travel 5 miles—high winds up the river—camp in a big willow thicket—plenty of wood.

Thursday Oct 14th 1852

Travel 5 miles—all leave the raft and go down the river in an indian canoe—except uncle Stuart and W. A. Coulter. (75)

(This is the last entry left by James Akin)

Friday Oct 15th

reach the cascades about 2 O'clock in the evening every one sick Stayed until my father and Coulter came with the raft and the cattle came and then we went to the lower cascades and camped there until the Steam Boat came from Portland. this is my rememberance—

EDGAR RICHEY.

Mrs. Nancy Hanson tells me that we paid the indians who brought us down in the canoe—twenty dollars in money and our big tent

our little Sister mary ann Akin died at the lower cascades and was buried their we were at the cascades about a week waiting for a steam boat to bring us to portland

our father James Akin died two weeks after we reached portland (76)

Frances Akin now Rowe

Stuart Richey, Caleb Richey, and James Akins children settled in Pleasant valley 10 miles east of Portland.

Settled in the Spring of 1853 and hewed our farms out of the timber which cost $100 per acer and more.

75. Apparently voyaging by raft was not as successful as they had hoped, partly due to the fact that high winds were blowing up stream. It can be imagined too that they were perhaps none too skillful either in making or navigating such a craft. The Indians along the Columbia had large canoes and found profitable employment in transporting emigrants down the river.

This is the last entry made by James Akin. There are three more entries in the little book, however, all apparently made many years later. One is by James Akin's sister Frances Akin-Rowe and the other two are by Edgar Richey. These entries explain themselves.

76. Mary Akin is the eighth member of the party that died before they reached their destination though only seven died while on the trail.

John Akin went one or two dys and gets sick and is taken in the canoe and i take his place with the cattle—we stayed in portland that winter and then moved out on the ranch flour 40 dollars per bbl pickled pork 60 dollars per bbl potatoes 5 dollars per bushel and every thing at the same rate—we paid common cows one hundred dollars one yoke oxen $250 one hog twenty dollars. (77)

EDGAR RICHEY

77. Stuart Richey took the Akin children to live with him on his homestead in Pleasant Valley, since their father and mother were both dead. Stuart Richey lived there until his death, and his daughter still lives (in 1919) on the old homestead. All of the older members of the party are dead but some of the children who made the journey are still living. James Akin Jr., died some years ago but his younger brother Frank Akin is still living. In fact there are many members of the Akin and Richey families still living in Oregon, all prosperous and respected citizens. They brought with them, or had sent over, many seeds and scions of trees and shrubs from Iowa, which they have planted about their home. It is commonly said in that community that you can tell where any member of the Richey family lives by the trees about the house. The sour elms and hard maples which they brought from Iowa are especially beautiful, having grown wonderfully well in the Oregon soil and climate. (Statement of Mrs. D. H. Hartley.)

KATERI
LILY OF THE MOHAWKS

DIGITALLY RESTORED VERSION FROM
AN ORIGINAL 1922 EDITION

19th century image of Kateri Tekakwitha by an unknown artist

Original photographic image courtesy of Archives de la Ville de Montreal
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1690s painting of Kateri Tekakwitha by Claude Chaucetiere

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LILY OF THE MOHAWKS

KATERI

CATHARINE TEGAKWITHA

LILY OF THE MOHAWKS

by

John J. Wynne, S. J.

1922

Auriesville
New York

The sources of information contained in these pages are the spiritual directors of Catharine, Fathers Cholonec and Chaucetière; the historians Charlevoix and Chateaubriand; the Sulpitian pastor of Lachine, the village near hers, Pere Remy; the late Oblate pastor of her own village, Caughnawaga, Pere Burtin; Father Devine, S.J., of Montreal, and the Life of Catharine by Miss Walworth.

In accordance with the Decree of Urban VIII, the words Martyr, Confessor, Virgin, Miracle in these pages are used without any thought of anticipating the decisions of the Church in regard to the holiness of the persons mentioned.

Permissu Superiorum

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The Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs
Auriesville, New York

KATERI TEGAKWITHA

ORPHAN AND PAGAN.

CATHARINE, or Kateri, Tegakwitha was born in 1656 in the Mohawk Indian village, or castle, Gaudaouaghe, or Ossernenon, which is now Auriesville, situated in the town of Glen, Montgomery County, New York, on the south bank of the river, about seven miles west of Amsterdam and four miles from the county seat, Fonda.

Her father was a Mohawk, her mother a captive Christian Algonquin, whose virtue so impressed her captor that, instead of killing or enslaving her, he made her his wife and thus a member of his Nation, as the divisions of the Iroquois were called.

Tegakwitha, or "the one who puts things in order," was only four years old when smallpox caused the death of her mother, and soon after of her father and brother, sparing her own life but leaving the usual disfigurement and a weakness of the eyes which lasted all her life.

She was adopted by an uncle, a former chieftain and still a man of consequence in the Nation. He took her to his cabin, because her relatives generally had discarded her, and, having no children of his own, he looked to her when grown up to be a help in his home, and eventually to bring into it a husband who would sustain him and his wife in their declining years. The village was then about a mile west of Auries Creek whither the Indians had moved from their plague stricken home.

There were as yet no missionaries in the Mohawk castle. Fourteen years before, in 1642, Father Isaac Jogues had been a victim of torture and a captive there with his companion Réné Goupil, who was put to death for the faith that year. Jogues himself met a like fate there in 1646 with Lalande, his companion. Other missionaries had also suffered there, Bressani, 1644, and Poncet as late as 1653, three years before Kateri's birth. These very Iroquois had destroyed the Huron villages in Canada (1647-1649) torturing and killing among others Fathers Brebeuf, Lalemant, Daniel, Garnier and Chabanel. The Iroquois were the sworn enemies of the French, and especially of the priests. Not until de Tracy had burned their villages in 1666, did they sue for peace and beg for Black Robes, as they called the missionaries, to come and dwell among them. Fathers Frémin, Bruyas and Pierren came in 1667. Gaudaouaghe then stood on the north bank of the river overlooking the present site of Fonda.

Kateri was just eleven years old, still unbap-

tised. She had, however, already been through her baptism of fire, for her uncle and aunts had tried to force and even deceive her into marriage, going so far as to introduce the young brave into their cabin. Kateri knowing that by the custom of her people, even to sit next to him was to consent to become his bride, at once left the cabin and refused to return until he had left. Though a dependent, she was in no sense servile. Young as she was when her mother died, she had learned something of religion and prayer. She could therefore take part in the reception of the missionaries and appreciate better than others the meaning of their coming, especially as they were lodged in the cabin which her uncle occupied with other families, according to Iroquois custom.

The Iroquois regarded themselves as supermen among all other Indians. They were particularly proud of their cabins and were known by other tribes as Cabin Indians. Even when hunting, part of the woman's task was to carry the portable makings of a cabin and put them together. These dwellings were constructed somewhat on the principle of a modern apartment house with accommodations for from five to twenty families, sometimes more. They varied in size, being usually about 35 feet in length, breadth and height; often as long as 140 feet, and sometimes exceeding 500 feet. A passage way in the centre divided the compartments on either side and served for fireplaces. Adults slept on mats placed on the ground or on a low platform, the younger members of the family sleeping on an upper tier. For privacy, such

as it was, strips of bark or skin were used. They were not all rude; on the contrary, some of them were neatly thatched with bark, and their crevices were covered with strips of skins.

While the missionaries remained with Kateri's uncle, she could observe them at prayer, listen to their pious conversations, notice their gentle and reverent demeanor, all of which, as she used to recall in later life, were her first inspirations to the love of God. She longed to speak with them, but naturally shy, and fearful of arousing the anger of her uncle against the missionaries she had to let their brief visit pass without opening to them the secret wishes of her heart.

There were many Christians in the village, mostly Huron and Algonquin captives, and gradually Father Frémin assembled them together for instruction and prayer. He used to engage the more fervent to collect the others. He considered it wiser to confirm these in their faith than to attempt to make new converts, though he did not neglect this, especially among those who were old or dangerously ill. Many sought baptism but they were kept on a long probation to make sure of their constancy among a people who lived in lust, believed in magic and sorcery, and indulged in orgies of intemperance on strong liquors procured from the Dutch and later from the English at Fort Orange or Albany. Still Pierron baptised 84, not a small number of the 400 souls in the village, many of whom were already Christian. He aimed at creating a general sentiment in favor of religion and a sincere desire for its ministrations. He soon succeeded in

getting even pagan Indians to help build chapels, one in each mission. In these he had impressive ceremonies. Visiting each of the three villages every three days, he kept the faithful on the alert studying the mysteries of faith. As they were accustomed to gambling, he invented a game of cards "From point to point" (from birth to eternity) the cards teaching the commandments, the sacraments, the virtues, the deadly vices, death, heaven, hell, judgment. Every variety of ministry fell to his lot, even that of army chaplain. Though the Iroquois had ceased for a time to be aggressive, they were not immune from the enemy's attack. Once the Mohicans attempted to take the village. Pierron during the engagement was in the front rank with his Christian warriors. After the enemy was repulsed he devoted himself to the fifty captives, all of whom sought baptism before they were put to death. Father Boniface, who succeeded him in 1670, followed his methods and gave them definite form.

Father Pierron could paint well enough to represent things graphically. Once when some stubborn Indians put their fingers into their ears so as not to hear him, he drew a picture of a demon making a dying woman put her fingers into her ears so as not to hear the priest. After that the practice stopped. He knew the charm of music for these savages, especially when their own children sang the hymns after morning and evening service over which he presided daily. He relied more on a Christmas crib than on his own words to appeal to the pagan Indians.

The growing Tegakwitha lost no opportunity of attending the instructions and devotions to which the unbaptised Indians were admitted, but as her uncle gradually became opposed to the missionaries, her liberty in this respect was restricted and she had to content herself with longing for the time when she could freely become a Christian. So things went on until in 1675, when she was nineteen years old, Father James de Lamberville came to succeed Father Boniface who had died the year before.

Meanwhile if she had to witness many scandals they made less impression on her precisely because they were so common. The impressive thing for one of her disposition was the occasional display of heroic virtue among those who had been for some time Christian or who were moved to become so, especially when the hand of Providence was clear in such instances. She must have witnessed the fervor of an Indian squaw attending the instructions, even summoning others to attend them, craving for baptism, insisting that her little son was worthy of the sacrament if she was not, soon after receiving it losing both husband and son by illness, driven into illness herself by the superstitious Indians, who blamed her for having brought on all these afflictions by being baptised, and yet recovering and holding her ground as a pious Christian.

That was a thrilling scene for the young girl before all the village when a captive woman of the Loups was brought in scalped and dying. There beside her was an old hag, like a sentinel of the devil, writes the missionary, encouraging

her to ignore his ministrations. A third time he had come to exhort the victim, but to no avail. Still a fourth time he comes to see her, and this time she changes utterly and receives baptism from him.

Catharine knew the chief who abandoned his wife six months after she became a Christian. She felt for the young woman when her only consolation, a baby daughter, died. She knew how to sympathise with her when the pagan Indians taunted her for adopting the Prayer, as the Faith was called. Just then, however, the husband himself returns a devout believer. He had visited the Indian village in Canada where the missionaries were gathering together the baptised Indians from many tribes so that they might live unmolested by their tormentors. Now he is back to rejoin his wife and to lead her away from the abominations of an idolatrous village. Catharine could see dimly at least the hand of Providence in all this. How her heart must have sunk within her when she saw this man depart followed by numbers of Christians whom she longed to imitate and follow!

With reason did she grieve. The departure made her feel more keenly that she was not yet one of them. It also embittered her uncle, who blamed the missionaries for diminishing his Nation and made it harder for Catharine to do as she desired. They had to avoid her cabin. She could not frequent their instructions. Even though she might have braved her uncle's indignation, she did not wish to rouse him to open hostility with Father de Lamberville.

For eight years Frémin, Pierron, Boniface and now de Lamberville had been working at Gaudaouaghe. All that time the young girl had been longing to become a Christian. She had been living on baptism by desire. Her own shyness and reserve, the antipathy of her uncle toward the missionaries, her frequent absences in the corn fields or on the hunt, the preoccupation of the missionaries themselves, their going and coming from one village to another, and as in Boniface's case, to and from the new Christian Indian village at Caughnawaga on the St. Lawrence, their special attention to Indians who were already Christian, their caution in admitting to the Faith men and women who were steeped in idolatry, by nature inconstant, and often morally corrupt—all this explains why Tegakwitha's longings were all this time unfulfilled.

What we call chance is really divine arrangement. The so-called chance that made de Lamberville one day enter the cabin of Kateri which he had passed by many a time was really God's way of answering her prayer. Though usually out working in the fields, she was in that day suffering from her eyes, and a very sore leg. Two women were visiting her, but she poured out her heart to the priest and begged for baptism. To no avail he warned her of the opposition of her relatives. She had made up her mind, and her courage and firmness carried the day. She was to continue at the instruction and soon she would be baptised.

CHRISTIAN AND EXILE.

Easter Sunday, 1676, was a gala day at Gaudaouaghe. De Lamberville regarded it as the most beautiful day in his apostolic career. The Christian Indians saw in it a triumph, that one whom all revered as exceptionally modest, charitable, industrious and prayerful, should now be admitted to dignify their own ranks. The pagans for once forgot their animosity to the Faith and attended the ceremony. The chapel was a revel of decoration, the sanctuary carpeted with fur of beaver, bear, fox and wildcat, the walls hung with beaded necklaces, bracelets, wampum and trinkets used to adorn the hair. Catharine, as the missionary named her when pouring the saving waters, was the ornament that riveted the attention of all by her modesty, peace, piety and rapture. She had already won admiration and reverence. That day she won, as she walked to the chapel under the avenue of trees her tribesmen had planted purposely for the occasion, a veneration which has never ceased.

Catharine did not need to go to the Christian village in Canada to live apart from the pagan practises of her people, their riotous festivals, superstitions, dances, and other assemblies of drunkenness, license and impiety. These she had instinctively avoided all along. Instead she was frequently in the chapel and, when not engaged in errands of charity, diligently at work in her cabin, or if need be employed in the woods or fields, but always with her mind on divine things. Because her conduct was a rebuke to the dissi-

pated young men and women of the village they did not spare her. They even laid snares for her chastity, but only to their own confusion. Her cabin companions reproached her with idleness, and deprived her of food. Opposition helped her to realise her dependence on God. When kept by illness in her cabin, the rosary was her constant companion.

The persecution continued and grew violent. She became the marked woman of the village, for drunkard and libertines to insult. Children taunted her and covered her with mud. Her uncle joined with her tormentors. A young savage followed her into her cabin threatening her with his hatchet if she would not renounce the Faith, to be told: You may take my life, but not my faith. An aunt seized on a flimsy pretext to impugn her chastity. She even insinuated that Catharine had sacrificed her honor during the hunt. Fortunately de Lamberville, to whom she complained, knew how commonly the guilty party is not the accused but the accuser, and could soon disprove the story and put the accuser to shame.

All things conspire for the welfare of those who love God. Had Catharine not suffered, de Lamberville would have treated her as a fervent but ordinary neophyte. Witnessing her heroism, he felt constrained to teach her the way of the counsels of Christ. Up to this she had been so far as any one can be, self-taught, or self-made, as we say, in the ways of grace. Now she was to have the special guidance of one who practised as well as preached heroic virtue. The more she

learned of the heights to which one might rise in the love of God and devotion to her neighbor, of prayer, and self-sacrifice, the more she yearned to live where her environment as well as her inclination would enable her to give herself unreservedly to the service of God and her own people. As visitors would come occasionally from the Christian village which the missionaries had established in Canada and tell of the fervor and devotion that flourished there, Catharine longed to go there to practise her faith and cultivate virtue in peace. The village then was at La Prairie, across the St. Lawrence from Montreal, where French and Indian Christians lived together.

Youth is fond of the day dream, and the young Indians usually found material for dreams in the hunt, the fishery, the trading excursion, the start or return of the nation's warriors when hostilities were on. At Gaudaouaghie a change had lately come over the spirit of some of the dreamers. They had witnessed numbers leave the cabin, some of them chiefs of the tribe, to begin life over on new soil and with altered surroundings. They had seen some of these return and heard them recount what to Mohawk imagination must have seemed like life in the happy hunting ground, where there was no laziness, no cruelty, no beastliness, no torture, no demoniacal spell or witchcraft, no drunkenness, no licentiousness, no mad orgy, but instead industry, kindliness, decency, sobriety, chastity and innocent pleasures.

In the loneliness of her cabin Kateri would

revel in the very thought of this celestial paradise. The more her craving for religion grew, and the more she was impeded or persecuted in her quest for it, the more she would naturally long for the haven where she could serve God with the liberty of His children. The missionaries themselves had dreamed of such a refuge for their Christian Indians years before they could establish one. Meantime they tried various methods of withdrawing the savages from their vices and superstitions. They had encouraged French families to raise Indians boys and girls in their homes; they had the nuns take young maidens in their schools; they had induced adults to live away from their own people and near the French settlements, so as to civilize at the same time that they Christianised them. All this was not enough. It could benefit only a few and it had no element of permanence. Even when they had acquired a site suitable for an exclusively Christian Indian settlement, they could not decide how to get any to come there and stay for any length of time. They were using the place as a rest resort for worn out missionaries when again an apparent chance, which proved to be a divine arrangement, brought about what they desired.

An Oneida Pierre Tonsohoten, Christian at heart, with his wife Gandeakteua, her mother, brother-in-law and five friends of his tribe accompanied the Jesuit lay assistant Charles Boquet to Montreal, partly to act as guide, partly to obtain remedies for rheumatism he needed. On witnessing the lives of the Christians at Mon-

treal, they were so entranced that they forgot all about the Iroquois country whence they came. Father Raffeix suggested that instead of returning to their homes they should live at St. Francis Xavier's, as the missionaries' retreat was then called. There they spent the winter 1667-68 under instruction, and in the following summer they went down to Quebec all to receive baptism from Bishop Laval, except Tonsohoten who was baptised some years later. This was the beginning of a religious settlement which has lasted to our day. By this time the Indians had their own village four miles above La Prairie near the Lachine Rapids.

Reports of this new venture captivated the imagination of the Indians everywhere. Attracted by curiosity many who were returning from hunt or fishery stopped aside to see what the new abode was like, and they were so satisfied that they remained there, or went home to urge their friends to go there. Christians from every tribe in lower Canada and what is now upper New York began to flock there. Never did gold fields lure more eager adventurers. Soon there were members from twenty-two tribes, all of them bent on living as Christians unmolested, many of them seeking to lead the Christian life in all its fulness. Tribes which had a respectable number like the Hurons, Oneidas, Algonquins, were permitted to name a captain or trustee to regulate the affairs of the canton under the direction of the missionaries. Garonhiagué, baptised Louis, with his wife Marie Garhio, was captain for the Oneidas. "Hot

Ashes," as he was nicknamed, was no mere political leader. He was catechist and apostle. At home he instructed and exhorted his fellows, and explained pious pictures. He made many trips to the Iroquois country to tell his former tribesmen of the new life at St. Xavier. It was on one of these expeditions that he became the instrument of Kateri's escape from Gaudaouaghe to the Christian reservation. It was no easy matter. Though her aunts consented, her uncle, who was on a political mission in Albany, on hearing she had left the village pursued her. On coming up with her guides, one a relative of Kateri, the other a Huron from Lorette, they feigned hunting whilst she hid in the thick of the woods, thus throwing their pursuer off the scent. It took them four days to reach Lake George, or Holy Sacrament, as Jogues had named it thirty years before. There they found the canoe of Hot Ashes. To cross this lake, and the longer one named after Champlain, and then reach the St. Lawrence, was a smart week's journey, but they made it without fear of hindrances with the prospect of a blissful biding place ahead, in the midst of the loveliest of seasons, the Indian Summer of 1677.

Thus read the letter of Father de Lamberville introducing Kateri to Father Cholonec, who with Fathers Frémin, and Chauchetière, was then in charge of the mission: "Catharine Tegakwitha is going to live at the Sault. Will you kindly undertake to direct her? You will soon know what a treasure we have sent you. Guard it well! May it profit in your hands, for the glory of God and the salvation of a soul that is certainly very dear to Him."

Their first care was to lodge her with a pious family and naturally they selected the cabin of the one who had guided her from her home on the Mohawk, her brother-in-law as she called him. His kindness was to bring him and his family many graces. In the cabin was an elderly woman Anastasie Tegonhatsiongo, who was like a mother to Kateri. She devoted her time to preparing women and young girls for baptism. What an entirely new environment it was, far from the scandals of the pagan village, free from the persecution of her own household, and brightened with the glow of an affection which she had never known. Gratitude added new incentive to her desire for an undivided service to God. She had long outgrown the disposition to know merely what she must avoid. Her sole thought now was to learn to do what was most pleasing to Him. The chapel became her rendezvous whenever she left her cabin, from four in the morning when the doors opened until all the Masses were over, often during the day, espe-

cially in winter and the rainy season when she could not work in the fields, and always for night prayers there in the evening. On Sundays she spent most of the day, with the rest of the Mission, in the chapel, at the usual Mass in the morning, the Rosary, and in the afternoon with the Confraternity of the Holy Family, and at Vespers. At this last devotion, instead of psalms, the Indians used to chant things which the Fathers wished them to learn, a form of morning prayer, a prayer for Mass, another to the Guardian Angel, a fourth for Faith, a fifth, the Commandments.

"Prayer" was the word all these Indians used to express religion, the Faith, the Church and its teachings. They seemed to grasp that the essence of all religion is union, or communing with God especially by prayer. When at all in earnest they were fond of prayer, especially of prayer in common, and even its solitary practice became easy for them. In Catharine faith enlivened every prayer and she soon realized that her relation with God was personal, that love of Him must be the only worthy motive of all she did for Him, that the slightest unfaithfulness was unthinkable, as it was a grievous offence in her eyes. It was this purity of heart that led the missionaries to admit her to receive Holy Communion the Christmas Day after her arrival at St. Francis Xavier's, whereas they usually kept others waiting a year or more in preparation. After this the Eucharist became her one desire, and when she received it so great was her recollection, and so attractive her piety that other

Indians liked to be near her as the sight of her increased their own devotion.

Winter was the hunting season for these good savages and the hunt lasted four months. Few even of the women remained at home. Out over the snowbound St. Lawrence and through the denuded woods the men tracked and killed elk, bear, beaver, wildcat, fox, porcupine, otter and seal, the women bringing home the quarry, dressing the meat, preserving the skins, setting up the cabins, and doing the household work. This was the Indians' fondest occupation and often an occasion of license. The missionaries had gradually accustomed them to follow a simple rule of life during the hunting season, and to meet daily as much as possible for prayer. They had calendars on birch bark marking Sundays, holydays and days of fasting and abstinence. Men were assigned to give the signal for prayer and to preside at it.

Catharine accompanied her adopted sister and husband doing her full share of work in camp and cabin. Not content with the prayers said in common, she made her own oratory in a glade of evergreens carving on one of them the cross. Little did she imagine that her journey to and from this solitude was to be misconstrued by a woman of her own cabin who was jealous of her. After the hunt this woman denounced Kateri to the missionary who, like all men of sense, insisted on getting the story of Catharine before forming a conclusion. Naturally he trusted her. In a short time the jealous accuser, unlike so

many more civilized Christians, recognised her injustice and deplored it bitterly.

It was a sharp transition from the excitements and irregular habits of the hunt to the services of Holy Week and Easter. Good Friday was for her a day of sorrow and a fresh inspiration to a life of penance. Easter Day, the anniversary of her baptism, brought her the singular honor of admission to the Confraternity of the Holy Family reserved for older and select members of the Mission. With her companion Anastasie, the more others regarded her as deserving, the more she appreciated the evil of sin, and sought to expiate her own crimes as she called them by chastising her frail body, after the examples she read in the stories of the saints and of the fathers of the desert. About this time when felling a tree, she was struck by the falling branches and knocked unconscious. She was picked up for dead but soon came to exclaiming: "O Jesus, I thank thee for having succored me in danger." She believed that God had spared her life in order that she might do penance.

This Indian village of St. Francis Xavier, though Eden compared with Gaudaouaghe, was not altogether without an occasional sinner and scandal. The missionaries had to fight the traders who were forever striving to introduce liquors into the cabins, for liquor would spoil in a day what had taken them months to accomplish. The savage though viciously inclined had some self-control when sober: when drunk he was more demon than man. Not all in the village precincts were Christians. Some had come

there with their Christian relatives; others were still awaiting baptism. Side by side therefore with marvelous examples of piety there were instances of depravity, as when on one occasion three young women determined to tempt some of the instructors of the Indians, and, failing in this, succeeded in misleading a young brave, until they were driven from the reservation.

A certain Mary Teresa Tegaiguenta had not lived up to the promise of her early life. She had come up from the Oneidas baptised but prone to intemperance. In the winter of 1675 she had gone hunting with a party of eleven, four men, her husband among them, three other women, and three children. Game failing, they were on the verge of starvation when her husband fell ill. Deserted by the others she stayed with him until he died and she buried him in the snow. Soon after she overtook her former companions now unable to proceed from hunger, and all awaiting death. They were debating the proposal to kill and eat one of the party, but they wanted to know what she as a Christian would advise. She was afraid to answer. When she saw them kill and devour first one then another of the party, she was struck with remorse over her past conduct and she determined, if God would restore her to her people, to atone for her sins with due penance. With four of her friends she survived and reached the Mission. Straightway she threw herself at the feet of the missionary repentant, begging his help to carry out her good resolutions.

Soon after this woman met Kateri near the

new chapel in course of construction, and their chance acquaintance ripened into a fast friendship. They used to meet with another friend Marie Skarichions and deliberate how they might live holier lives. Their rendezvous was under the great cross overlooking where the river widens round Heron Island. The cross was replaced from time to time until 1900, when the present monument was erected. After Kateri's death some ornaments which she left were buried beneath it. At the blessing of a new cross in 1844, her picture adorned it. There then these three studied how they might retire by themselves, build a cabin on the island, and serve God as did the Sisters whom Skarichions and Kateri had seen at Montreal and Quebec. They decided to submit their design to Father Frémin and be guided by his advice.

While Catharine was thus meditating a life of virginity, her adopted sister was planning to have her marry one of the young braves of the village. It seemed so natural that a maid whom any young man would be proud to marry should think of her future and do as others do. Indeed, according to the Indian way of thinking, it was highly proper. Kateri's manifest disregard of fashion in dress and ornament just at this time made the sister fear she was not looking out for her own interest. Her almost exclusive companionship with the two good women who, like her, were following the rule of life drawn up for them by Father Frémin was considered as singular and hurtful to her prospect in life. So artful was the chief lady of the cabin in present-

ing what she considered as the obligation to enter the married state, that Kateri, not confident in her own powers to reply, had recourse to the missionary to learn from him the Christian view of the two modes of life in virginity and in marriage, only to confirm her in love for the former. When in her early girlhood she evaded the efforts of her relatives to have her marry, she was shunning what appeared unnatural and wrong to one so young. Now, however, she was choosing what she regarded as a distinctly better condition in that it left her freer to devote her whole soul to God's service. For a time she kept her secret to herself. When urged to marry, she made it known. To avoid further pressure, she sought from Father Cholonec a thing until then unheard of among savages, permission to make a vow of virginity. He bade her deliberate over it for three days. In good faith she agreed, but before an hour was up she returned to tell him she could not deliberate on a decision she had long since made and would never alter. Needless to say he approved her resolution. Soon the motherly Anastasie, who had urged her to marry, came to support her resolution not to do so. Her penitent friend Teresa had all along encouraged her in her high resolve. Her vow was made on the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25, 1679.

Hunting was as much a season of sport as of a time for securing food and skins for trade. It was the outing of Indian man and woman from the tame enclosure of the palisade and the laborious days in the cornfields. Those who went

hunting would have plenty to eat and relish for it: those who remained at home must live on sagamite and dried fish or meat with little savor. Only the old and very young remained at home with those who were infirm. Though never robust Catharine was not at this time infirm. Still she chose to remain at home in spite of the pressure of her relatives to accompany them. Her reason was that the excitement and irregularities of the hunt, though not necessarily sinful, tended to distract her thoughts and kept her away from what she had now come to regard as the very center and substance of her life, the chapel and her Savior ever present in its tabernacle. There she knelt close to the altar every morning long before sunrise waiting for the Mass, her blue cloak wrapped about her body and serving as a hood modestly to conceal her features. Thither she went five times daily to make her acts of faith, contrition, humility, resignation, and to conclude with a rosary. Urge her to leave her post and stay near the fire, she would do so only for a moment, pleading, in that rigorous climate, she did not suffer cold. It would have been more precise to say she did not advert to the suffering. Her mind was so intent on the altar; the altar was for her a Calvary; the sufferings she thought of were her Lord's, not her own. Indeed, so vividly did she realise what He had suffered, she felt it natural that she should suffer, so natural that she went out of her way to seek suffering and to experience it even to excess.

For some of Kateri's austerities and penances

were so excessive that her spiritual adviser had to forbid them. He admired her courage, but he knew that virtue never goes to extremes. The refinement of torture that her tribesmen used to inflict on a captive enemy, she inflicted on herself. Hard labor, fasting, watching counted for naught with her; the lash and pointed metal cincture she applied to her weak body regularly; she even branded herself with hot iron and walked barefoot in the snows of winter; when she at length began to put hot coals between her toes and sleep three successive nights in the brambles she had found in the woods, her strength gave way, her secret was discovered, and Father Cholonec bade her moderate her eagerness to imitate the saints in rigorous penances that were altogether beyond her powers. About this time others in the village besides herself practised self-torture to such an extent that the chronicler Chauchetière actually recorded the fact as due to the influence of the evil one, and as leading to a fanaticism which the missionaries had to check particularly after the death of Catharine when it began to exceed all bounds.

Half measures had no place in Catharine's life. Whatever she did was whole hearted and, when occasion offered, heroic. With an uncle chief in the village of her youth, she might have been foremost among its growing maidens, in dress, in common esteem, in social favor such as it was. Instead she kept out of notice and resented even ordinary attention. It required spirit to decline that marriage which was well nigh forced on her when scarcely ten years old.

It required meekness to stand the taunts and jeers she had to bear for this. It required still more courage to leave her home and people risking pursuit by her uncle, who would have spared no one's life to recover her. Frail as she was and often ill, only a will of adamant could support her in her incessant toil on the hunt, in the fields, within the cabin. Only an extraordinary light from heaven and an exceptional influence of divine grace could have moved her to seek a perfection far in advance of what her spiritual advisers had thought of recommending to her, especially when without suggestion from them she sought permission to consecrate her life to God in virginity.

FRAGRANCE.

The inhabitants of the village were absent when Kateri took her last illness. It was the hunting season. For two months she suffered violent and weakening stomach pains, and she lay in her cabin not altogether neglected, but not as well cared for as she would have been were the people at home. She little heeded the lack of attention so long as she could enjoy the solitude and the opportunity it gave her for prayer. Those who came to visit her entered her cabin as if it was a sanctuary. They came because they felt it was a grace to witness her patience and hear her speak of holy things. When the sickness became fatal in Holy Week 1680, the missionaries made an exception in her favor by carrying the Viaticum to her cabin instead of having her brought to the chapel to receive it as was customary. The procession from chapel to cabin was a memorable affair, not unlike the ceremony which marked the day of her baptism. This was Tuesday, in the Holy Week of 1680. Watchers were assigned to remain with her until her death, which occurred the following day, April 17, when she was still fully conscious, clasping her crucifix and repeating: "Jesus, I love You."

Her death was the occasion of extraordinary religious manifestations. It was apparent that all regarded her as a saint. Her mat, blanket and crucifix were regarded as sacred relics. Prayers were offered to her. It was suggested that she be buried not in the cemetery but in the

chapel. Father Cholonec considered this inadvisable much as he believed her worthy of the distinction. The Christians from the neighboring village at Laprairie came to the funeral. From the moment of her burial men, women and children formed the custom of coming to pray at her grave. The French came there as well as the Indians. Soon a cross was erected over it like the one near which she used to pray on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Novenas were made and masses offered in her honor.

Very soon it became known that prayers to her were answered in a remarkable manner. She appeared twice to Father Chauchetière, the second time bidding him: Look and do according to the model. The model as he interpreted it was Catharine herself and accordingly he painted her image, the only picture extant of an Indian maiden of that day. When the Governor of Canada, M. de Champigny was cured of throat trouble of two years' standing, after praying at Catharine's grave, his wife had many copies of this image made for distribution in France and among the Indians. Many were the favors granted from heaven by its pious use. Cures through her intercession became so frequent that Father Cholonec ceased to record them. M. de la Columbière, Canon of the Cathedral Church in Quebec, brother of the famous Father de la Colombière, director of Saint Margaret Mary, was cured of slow fever and bleeding which had lasted six months. Père Remy of St. Sulpice, Curè of Lachine parish, was disposed to question the miraculous favors granted through

Catharine's intercession; but when one of his parishioners came to have him offer a Mass of thanksgiving, for favors obtained through the Indian Maiden, he felt moved to invoke her to bring about his own cure from deafness and when his prayer was heard, out of gratitude he wrote her life.

Father Cholonec had at first the same attitude as Remy, but when he witnessed the cure of Claude Caron by the use of Catharine's crucifix, of another named Roanez, a woman over sixty by the same means, and of a third an Indian girl from paralysis and a passion for gambling, he not only changed his mind, but, like Remy, wrote her life three times over, once for the Edifying Letters, again in Latin as a report for his superiors in Rome, and the third for general use. Other missionaries experienced similar favors, among them Fathers Bruyas and Morain. It has not been the lot of many mortals to have had their lives recorded by such accomplished biographers, Cholonec an eye witness and intimate observer, and Chauchetière has kept her memory alive by brush as well as pen. It is no wonder then that Indians and French in Canada became convinced that Catharine was not only a saint but also favored by God. In these remarkable answers to prayer through her intercession, she was their wonder worker, their protectress, their Genevieve. "Canada has also her Genevieve," remarked the second bishop of Quebec, de la Croix St. Valier, as he rose after praying at the tomb of Catharine, referring no doubt to her protection from the savage Iroquois in 1688.

Nor is it a wonder that Father Cholonec at length felt justified exhuming her remains so as to preserve her bones sacredly in the sacristy of the Mission Chapel, where they are still kept, except the skull which was given as a source of blessings to the Indians of Regis when they were establishing their reservation.

Catharine's tomb however, had become a holy place in the eyes of the Indians. They had seen miracles worked by the use of the soil taken from it, they had experienced graces as they prayed there, they had gone to it in pious pilgrimage, when their village was moved in 1696 and again to its present site in 1716, and they had seen visitors coming from afar to venerate it. For over sixty years the historian Charlevoix attests all this had lasted, and it had grown into an abiding tradition. From time to time the great cross was renewed with ceremonies notably in 1843, and after a destructive gale again in 1884. In 1890 Father Clarence A. Walworth, of St. Mary's, Albany, erected a lasting monument on the spot, a great urn of granite surmounted by a high cross, palisaded and covered by a rustic roof. On the stone is inscribed,

Kateri Tekakwitha

April 17, 1680

Onkweonweke Katsitsiio Leokitsianekaron

meaning

Fairest flower that ever bloomed among true men.

Though, as Cholonec wrote, the wonders worked by this "Little Flower" of the Indians became too numerous to record, there was always one so obvious as to need no record, the fervor of her people after her death, their veneration for her virtues, their belief in her holiness, and their steadfast adherence to the faith down to our day. Their disposition to pay her the tribute of their worship has spread far beyond their home on the St. Lawrence. Everywhere that Christians read of her saintly life, there is the same impulse to venerate her, and to wish that one day she be honored on our altars. The Bishops of the United States assembled in the Plenary Council in Baltimore in 1884 expressed this wish to the Holy Father when recommending the beatification of Father Jogues and his companions, who died for the faith where Catharine was born, the ripest fruit of their blood, since the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians.

At Auriesville, Catharine's memory is associated with that of Father Jogues, Joseph Lalande and Réné Goupil. Although she did not die for the Faith as they did, she lived as one of its confessors and she consecrated her life to God as virgin. The priests in charge of the Shrine are fortunate in the possession of a portion of her relic, kindly given to them by Rt. Rev. William Forbes, Bishop of Joliet, when pastor at Caughnawaga, the present home of the Indians with whom Catharine spent most of her life as a Christian. Many favors are attributed to the application of this relic. Of late espe-

cially it has been used more frequently, as there is at present a revival of interest in the "Lily of the Mohawks" as Catharine is familiarly known, and of the desire that she should be publicly venerated. Nowhere is this desire more manifest than among the thousands of pilgrims who visit annually her birthplace at Auriesville, where the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs now marks the former Mission of the Martyrs, as it was called after Jogues and his companions died there, and hallows the soil from which this Lily of the Mohawks sprang.

With all who cherish her memory, who use her precious relics, and who above all imitate her virtues, we recommend the custom, dating from her death, of those who went to pray at her tomb, reciting three times the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation and Glory be to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. We recommend also the prayer:

"O God, who art wonderful in Thy Saints, we beseech Thee, grant the favor we beg through the intercession of Thy Servant Catharine, that she may be exalted in the Church, and that we may be led to imitate her virtues. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

NARRATIVE OF BETHANY VENEY

DIGITALLY RESTORED VERSION FROM
AN ORIGINAL 1889 EDITION

Sketch of Bethany Veney by an unknown artist

Original image courtesy of Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library
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Undated photograph of Bethany Veney in her later years

Original photograph courtesy of the Worcester Historical Museum
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Narrative of Bethany Veney

The Narrative of Bethany Veney

A SLAVE WOMAN

With Introduction by Rev. Bishop MALLALIEU,

AND

Commendatory Notices from Rev. V. A. COOPER, Superintendent of Home for Little Wanderers, Boston, Mass.,

AND

Rev. ERASTUS SPAULDING, Millbury, Mass.

WORCESTER, MASS.
1889

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INTRODUCTORY LETTER FROM BISHOP MALLALIEU.

THERE have been many histories written, but they do not tell a thousandth part of what has been done in the ages past. The unwritten histories would fill the world. It is so with biographies: many have been written, but unnumbered millions have found no record outside of throbbing hearts. If we could know perfectly the inner life of almost any person; if we could only know the hopes and fears and loves and heartaches; if we could only know the conflicts, the defeats, the victories of the soul,—we should see that the humblest and most uneventful life is more thrillingly wonderful than any romance that was ever written. All this is emphatically true of thousands upon thousands born and reared in slavery.

It was the lot of the subject of this brief biography to have been born in the same State as Washington the savior of his country, as Jefferson the author of the Declaration of Independence, and as Patrick Henry the sublime orator of freedom; and yet she was born a slave. She was born in a commonwealth that was nominally Christian, and yet she was born a slave. She was born in a land of Bibles and sanctuaries and Sabbaths, and yet she was born a slave. Let all the people everywhere in all our borders thank God that the shame and sin and curse of slavery have been done away. Betty Veney may have been born a slave, but the pure soul that looked out of her flashing eyes was never in bondage to any miserable being calling himself her master. Redeemed from the galling yoke her body was compelled for years to wear, she has lived a pure and spotless life. Though poor and unknown among men, the angels of God have camped around her for, lo! these many years; and she has been able, by the abounding grace of God, to walk the rough and dusty paths of a toilsome life with garments spotless and wrinkleless.

The day is coming when slaveholders and their descendants will no more think of boasting of the fact, or even mentioning it, than the grandchildren of the slave-stealers and pirates of Newport, and other Northern seaports, now think of priding themselves on the unspeakable villany of their ancestors. In the mean time, the biographies of saintly, enduring spirits like that of Betty Veney will be read, and will serve to inspire the discouraged and down-trodden to put their trust in the almighty arm of Jehovah, who alone works deliverance and salvation to all those who put their trust in him.

W. F. MALLALIEU.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 30, 1889.

PREFACE.

THIS little book, now offered to the many kind friends of Bethany Veney, contains the simple story of one of the five millions of human beings who, less than thirty years ago, were bought and sold like beasts of burden, in fifteen out of thirty-two, States of our American Republic.

Already, this fact in our national history is largely overlooked, and to the generation now coming upon the stage of action is almost unknown.

Compared with the lives of many of her class, Betty's was uneventful. Yet in it was much of tragic adventure and tender pathos. Her endurance under hardship, her fidelity to trust, and, withal, her religious faith, commend her as a fit subject, not only to impress the lesson of slavery in the past, but to inspire and deepen a sense of responsibility toward the wronged and persecuted race which she represents.

Beyond these considerations is this: her days have already far outrun the allotted threescore years and ten, and her natural strength is much abated. If sold, these pages may help to render her declining years easier and freer from care.

It is greatly to be regretted that the language and personal characteristics of Bethany cannot be transcribed. The little particulars that give coloring and point, tone and expression, are largely lost. Only the outline can be given. As it is, possessing only the merit of a "plain, unvarnished tale," it asks for generous consideration and extended sale.

M. W. G.

EAST GREENWICH, R.I., 1889.

AUNT BETTY'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD — FIRST LESSONS IN MORALITY — FIRST LESSON IN THE ART OF ENTERTAINING.

I HAVE but little recollection of my very early life. My mother and her five children were owned by one James Fletcher, Pass Run, town of Luray, Page County, Virginia. Of my father I know nothing.

The first thing I remember with any distinctness was when, about seven years old, I was, with other children, knocking apples from a tree, when we were surprised by my young mistress, Miss Nasenath Fletcher, calling to us, in a loud and threatening tone, demanding what we were doing. Without waiting for reply, she told us to follow her; and, as she led the way down to a blackberry pasture not far off, she endeavored, in a very solemn manner, to impress us with the importance of always telling the truth. "If asked a question," she said, "we must answer directly, yes or no." I asked her "what we must say if asked something which we did not know." She answered, "Why, you must say you don't know, of course." I said, "I shall say, 'Maybe 'tis, and maybe 'tain't.'" I remember well how the children laughed at this; and then Miss Nasenath went on to tell us that *some time* all this world that we saw would be burned up,

—that the moon would be turned into blood, the stars would fall out of the sky, and everything would melt away with a great heat, and that everybody, *every little child* that had told a lie, would be cast into a lake of fire and brimstone, and would burn there for ever and ever, and, what was more, though they should burn for ever and ever, they would never be burned up.

I was dreadfully frightened; and, as soon as I could get away, I ran to my mammy, and, repeating what mistress had said, begged to know if it could be true. To my great sorrow, she confirmed it all, but added what Miss Nasenath had failed to do; namely, that those who told the truth and were good would always have everything they should want. It seemed to me then there was nothing so good as molasses and sugar; and I eagerly asked, "Shall I have all the molasses and sugar I want, if I tell the truth?" "Yes," she replied, "*if you are good;* but remember, if you tell lies, you will be burned in the lake that burns for ever and ever."

This made a very strong impression upon me. I can never forget my mammy's manner at the time. I believed every word she said, and from that day to this I have never doubted its truth.

Though my conception of what constituted the truth was very dim, my fear of what should befall me, if I were to tell a lie, was very great. Still, I was only a young child, and could not, long at a time, be very unhappy.

My old master, who at times was inclined to be jolly, had a way of entertaining his friends by my singing and dancing. Supper over, he would call me into his room, and, giving me to understand what he wanted of me, I would, with all manner of grotesque grimaces, gestures, and positions, dance and sing:—

"Where are you going, Jim?
Where are you going, Sam?
To get a proper larning,
To jump Jim Crow."

or

"David the king was grievit and worrit,
He went to his chamber—
His chamber and weppit;
And, as he went, he weppit and said,
'O my son, O my son!
Would to God I had died
For thee, O Absalom,
My son, my son,'"—

and many other similar songs, of the meaning of which I had of course no idea, and I have since thought neither he nor his friends could have had any more than I.

CHAPTER II.

BEREAVEMENT — CHANGE OF MASTER AND HOME — UNJUST DEMANDS — PUNISHMENT ESCAPED.

THE next thing I recall as being of any particular importance to me was the death of my mother, and, soon after, that of Master Fletcher. I must have been about nine years old at that time.

Master's children consisted of five daughters and two sons. As usual in such cases, an inventory was taken of his property (all of which nearly was in slaves), and, being apportioned in shares, lots were drawn, and, as might chance, we fell to our several masters and mistresses.

My sister Matilda and myself were drawn by the eldest daughter, Miss Lucy. My grandmother had begged hard to be reckoned with me, but she and Uncle Peter fell to Miss Nasenath; but as after a time she married David Kibbler, and Miss Lucy went to live with them, taking her human property with her, to wait on her, and also to work for Mr. Kibbler, we were brought together again. In the mean time, I was put out with an old woman, who gave me my food and clothes for whatever work I could do for her. She was kind to me, as I then counted kindness, never whipping me or starving me; but it was not what a free-born white child would have found comforting or needful.

Going into the family of David Kibbler as I did with my mistress, I was really under his direction and subject to his

control, almost as much as if he and not Miss Lucy had owned me.

Master Kibbler was a Dutchman,—a man of most violent temper, ready to fight anything or anybody who resisted his authority or in any way crossed his path. His one redeeming quality was his love for his horses and dogs. These must be fed before his servants, and their comfort and health always considered. He was a blacksmith by trade, and would have me hold his irons while he worked them. I was awkward one day, and he struck me with a nail-rod, making me so lame my mistress noticed it, and asked Matilda what was the matter with me; and, when she was told, she was greatly troubled, and as I suppose spoke to Kibbler about it, for he called me to him, and bade me go a long way off into a field, and, as he said, *cut some sprouts there*. But he very soon followed me, and, cutting a rod, beat me severely, and then told me to "go again and tell my mistress that he had hit me with a nail-rod, if I wanted to."

Poor Miss Lucy! She was kind and tender-hearted. She often said she hated slavery, and wanted nothing to do with it; but she could see no way out of it.

It will give a clearer idea of the kind of a man Kibbler was, and the way I grew to manage with him, if I tell here a circumstance that happened after I had grown much older and stronger. I had been in the field a good ways from the house, helping him to haul logs. Our work was done, and he had mounted the team to go home, and the bars were let down for him to pass out, when a drove of hogs ran in to get the clover that was growing in a part of the field. He called to me to drive out the hogs. I clapped my hands together, and shouted, "Shoo! shoo!" This frightened the horses, and Kibbler was unable to control them;

and, rushing through the gateway, the team hit the side post, tearing it up from its place. Of course, all this made him very angry; and, of course, I was to blame for it all. As soon as he could hold the horses, he turned, and shouted to me to drive out the hogs, set the post into the ground, and get back to the house by the time he did, or he would whip me so I would remember it.

A big boy who had been hauling the logs with us now helped me drive out the hogs and plant the post. We hurried with all our might, and then tried to run home; but, by the time we got out of the woods, we saw master so far ahead of us I knew it was no use to try, and I said I would risk the whipping and not run any longer. So, when we came up to the house, master was sitting in his chair by the window; and, as I passed into the room near him, he handed me his jack-knife, and said, "Now, girl, go cut me a good hickory,—a good one, mind you; for, if I have to cut it myself, I'll get a hard one, you may be sure." I took the knife, passed through the kitchen to the back door, just beside which was a little shelf where the pails of water just filled from the spring were standing. I laid the knife on the shelf, and passed out the door, and ran for the woods and the mountain. By the time I reached the woods, it began to rain, and poured fearfully all the night. I crowded my head under the alder bushes, while my shoulders and body were dripping wet. All night I crouched in this way; and, when morning came, I was afraid to show myself, and all day kept concealed by the trees and bushes as best I could. As night came on, I was very hungry, having eaten nothing for more than thirty-six hours; and so I decided to go down the mountain where old Kibbler, my master's father, lived, knowing that he would give me something to

satisfy my hunger. As I drew nigh the house, the dogs barked; and I was afraid to encounter them, and so laid out all night on the side of the hill. In the morning,—it was Sunday,—I ventured near the house; and the old man, seeing me, came out and gave me "How-dye," and asked how the home folks were. I told him I had not seen them since Friday, and added the reason for my running away, to which he listened, and then said, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" I said, "Won't you, Masser Kibbler, go home with me, and tell Masser David he mustn't whip me?"

I don't know how I dared to say this, for to his own slaves he was a hard, ugly man; but he gave me something to eat, then went home with me, and, after repeating my story to Master David, asked him if that was true, and added, "Then you have no right to whip her." And that was the end of it.

I must go back here to my mistress and her wish not to hold slaves. A gentleman from Ohio was visiting in the neighborhood; and Miss Lucy, knowing he was from a free State, asked him if he would not take me North with him. He very readily consented, promising to do the best he could for me; but, when Master David and others heard about it, they said it was a foolish thing to do, for this man would very likely sell me before he left the South, and put the money into his own pocket, and I should find myself worse off than ever. It was true that many Northern men came South very bitter in their opposition to slavery, and after a little while came to be the hardest and most cruel slaveholders.

I have sometimes tried to picture what my life might have been could I have been set free at that age; and I have

imagined myself with a young girl's ambition, working hard and carefully saving my earnings, then getting a little home with garden, where I could plant the kind of things I had known in the South, then bringing my sisters and brothers to share with me these blessings of freedom. But I had yet to know far deeper sorrows before I could have any of this glad experience.

Miss Lucy now told me, if I would be contented and stay quietly where I was, and not be married, she would, when her nephew Noe came to be of age, give me my freedom. Instead of this, however, I was told soon after that she had made her will, bequeathing me already to this nephew. I was never sure this was true. Her kindness to me and my love for her made it always seem impossible.

CHAPTER III.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES.

I COME now to a phase in my experience which aroused the impressions made upon me so long before in the blackberry pasture.

At Powell's Fort, not far from where I now lived, was the Mount Asa school-house, where the different religious denominations held their meetings. My master's brother, Jerry Kibbler, and his sister Sally had been to a camp-meeting, and got "religion." They came home determined their religion should help others; and, through their influence, this little school-house had been fitted up with pulpit and seats, and now there was to be a series of revival meetings held there. I had never been to any kind of a meeting since I was a little girl, and then my mistress had sometimes taken me along for company.

At this time, Miss Ellen Mills was spinning wool at Mr. Jonathan Grandstaff's; and one night, as it was growing dusk, she came down to master's, to see if some of the family would go to meeting with her. No one cared to go; and Miss Lucy, turning to me, said: "There is Betty. Take Betty. She will be company for you." So I went. The minister was preaching when we entered; and I have no recollection of anything he said in his sermon, but, when he took his seat, he sang the hymn,—

"Then let this feeble body fail,
Or let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high,
Shall join those distant saints,
And find its long-sought rest."

It was a hymn of many verses (I afterwards got an old woman to teach them to me); and there was such tenderness in his voice and such solemnity in his manner that I was greatly affected. When the singing was over, he moved about among the congregation; and, coming close to me, he said, "Girl, don't you want religion? don't you want to be happy when you die?" Then he asked me to promise him that, when I got home, I would go upon my knees and ask God to give me the witness that I was his. I made him no answer; but, as soon as I reached home and was alone, I knelt down, and in my feeble and ignorant way begged to be saved. From that day to this, I have been praying and trying to do as I thought my heavenly Master has required of me; and I think I have had the witness of the Spirit.

So, night after night, I went to the little school-house, and had many precious seasons. Master Jerry and Miss Sally were very kind to me, and tried to show me the way to be a Christian.

But there came a time when Master David said he was not going to have me running to meeting all the time any longer. He had decided to send me up to old Mr. Levers, two miles away, there to stay until I should get over my "religious fever," as he called it. Accordingly, I went as directed; but, when it came night, I asked if I might go down to Mount Asa school-house for meeting. The old

man said: "Yes. You can go; and, as it is so far away, you need not come back here till morning. But go home, and stay with the children, as you always do, and have the care of them." I couldn't understand it, but I went; and, when in the morning Kibbler saw me, he scolded, and sent me off to Levers again. Every night, old Mr. Levers would tell me I could go; and I did, till, in the middle of the meeting one night, Master Kibbler came up to me, and, taking me by the arm, carried me out, scolding and fuming, declaring that old Webster (the minister) was a liar, and that for himself he didn't want such a "whoopin' and hollerin' religion," and, if that was the way to heaven, he didn't "want to go there." After this, my conscience troubled me very much about going. Mr. Levers would tell me to go; but I knew that Master David had forbidden me to do so. One night, I started out, and, as I came to a persimmon-tree, I felt moved to go down on my knees and ask the Lord to help me, and make Master David willing. In a few minutes, I felt very happy. I wanted to remain on my knees, and wished I could walk on them till I could come before Master David. I tried to do so, and was almost surprised to find I could get along so well. At last, I reached the piazza, and was able to enter the room, where I saw him sitting; and, as I did so, I said, "O Master, *may* I go to meeting?" He saw my position; and, as if "rent by the Spirit," he cried out: "Well, I'll go to the devil if you ain't *my match!* Yes: go to meeting, and stay there."

After this, I had no trouble from this cause. When I was to be taken into the church, I asked him if he was willing, and he said: "I don't care. If that's your way of getting to heaven, I don't care. I only wish you were all there." So I was baptized, and have been trying, in my poor way ever since to serve the Lord.

CHAPTER IV.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE — A SLAVEHOLDER'S IDEA OF ITS REQUIREMENTS — SEPARATION.

YEAR after year rolled on. Master Jonas Mannyfield lived seven miles from us, on the other side of the Blue Ridge; and he owned a likely young fellow called Jerry. We had always known each other, and now he wanted to marry me. Our masters were both willing; and there was nothing to hinder, except that there was no minister about there to marry us. "No matter for that," Kibbler said to Jerry. "If you want Bett, and she wants you, that's the whole of it." But I didn't think so. I said, "No: never till somebody comes along who can marry us." So it happened, one day, there was a colored man — a pedler, with his cart — on the road, and Jerry brought him in, and said he was ready to be minister for us. He asked us a few questions, which we answered in a satisfactory manner, and then he declared us husband and wife. I did not want him to make us promise that we would always be true to each other, forsaking all others, as the white people do in their marriage service, because I knew that at any time our masters could compel us to break such a promise; and I had never forgotten the lesson learned, so many years before, in the blackberry pasture.

So Jerry and I were happy as, under all the circumstances, we could well be. When he asked his master's consent to our marriage, he told him he had had thoughts of removing

to Missouri, in which case he should take him with him, and we would have to be separated; but, if he chose to run the risk, he had nothing to say. Jerry did not think there was any danger, and we were not dissuaded; for hearts that love are much the same in bond or free, in white or black.

Eight or ten months passed on, when one night my brother Stephen, who lived on the Blue Ridge, near Master Mannyfield, came to see me, and, as we talked of many things, he spoke of Jerry in a way that instantly roused my suspicion. I said: "Tell me what is the matter? I know there is something. Is Jerry dead? Is he sold? Tell me what it is." I saw he dreaded to speak, and that frightened me the more.

At last, he said: "'Tis no use, Betty. You have got to know it. Old Look-a-here's people are all in jail for debt." "Old Look-a-here" was the nickname by which Mannyfield was known by the colored people far and near, because he had a way of saying, when he was about to whip one of his slaves, "Now look-a-here, you black rascal," or "you black wench."

The next day was Saturday, and I hurried to complete my task in the corn-field, and then asked my master if I could go to see Jerry. He objected at first, but at last gave me a pass to see my brother, and be gone until Monday morning.

The sun might have been two hours high when I started; but, before I was half over the mountain, night had closed round me its deepest gloom. The vivid flashes of lightning made the carriage path plain at times, and then I could not see a step before me; and the rolling thunder added to my fear and dread. I was dripping wet when, about nine o'clock, I reached the house. It had been my plan to get Stephen to go on with me to Jerry's mother's, and stay the

night there; but his mistress, who was sister to my Miss Lucy, declared we must not go on in the storm, and, giving me supper, brought bedding, that I might lie on the kitchen floor and rest me there. In the morning, after a good breakfast, she started us off, with a bag of biscuits to eat by the way. Jerry's mother was glad to go with us; and we hurried along to Jerry, in jail at Little Washington, where he with his fellow-slaves was confined, like sheep or oxen, shut up in stalls, to be sold to pay their owner's debts.

Jerry saw us, as we came along the road, through the prison bars; and the jailer allowed us to talk together there, not, however, without a witness to all we might say. We had committed no offence against God or man. Jerry had not; and yet, like base criminals, we were denied even the consolation of privacy. This was a necessary part of the system of American slavery. Neither wife nor mother could intervene to soften its rigors one jot.

Several months passed, and Mannyfield was still unable to redeem his property; and they were at last put up at auction, and sold to the highest bidder. Frank White, a slave-trader, bought the entire lot, and proceeded at once to make up a gang for the Southern market.

Arrangements were made to start Friday morning; and on Thursday afternoon, chained together, the gang were taken across the stream, and encamped on its banks. White then went to Jerry, and, taking the handcuffs from his wrists, told him to go and stay the night with his wife, and see if he could persuade her to go with him. If he could, he would buy her, and so they need not be separated. He would pass that way in the morning, and see. Of course, Jerry was only too glad to come; and, at first, I thought I would go with him. Then came the consciousness that this

inducement was only a sham, and that, once exposed for sale in a Southern market, the bidder with the largest sum of money would be our purchaser singly quite as surely as together; and, if separated, what would I do in a strange land? No: I would not go. It was far better for me to stay where, for miles and miles, I knew every one, and every one knew me. Then came the wish to secrete ourselves together in the mountains, or elsewhere, till White should be gone; but, to do this, detection was sure. Then we remembered that White had trusted us, in letting him come to me, and we felt ashamed, for a moment, as if we had tried to cheat; but what *right* had White to carry him away, or even to own him at all? Our poor, ignorant reasoning found it hard to understand his rights or our own; and we at last decided that, as soon as it was light, Jerry should take to the mountains, and, when White was surely gone, either I would join him there, and we would make for the North together, or he would come back, go to White's mother, who lived a few miles distant, and tell her he would work for her and obey her, but he would never go South to be worked to death in the rice-swamps or cotton-fields.

We talked late into the night; and at last, in the silence and dread, worn out with sorrow and fear, my head on his shoulder, we both dropped asleep.

Daylight was upon us when we waked. The sad consciousness of our condition, and our utter helplessness, overpowered us. I opened the door, and there was my mistress, with pail in hand, going to the spring for water. "Oh, what shall I do? Where shall I go?" cried Jerry, as he saw her. "Have no fear," I said. "Go right along. I know mistress will never betray you." And, with a bound, he was over the fence, into the fields, and off to the mountains.

In a very short time, White and his poor, doomed company came along, and called for Jerry. I had taken my pail to milk the cows; and, seeing me, he sung out, "Woman, where is Jerry, I say?" "I don't know where Jerry is," I answered. Then, turning to Kibbler, who, hearing the outcry, now came out, he said, "You told me that woman wouldn't lie; and you know well enough she is lying now, when she says she don't know where that —— rascal is." Kibbler answered very slowly and thoughtfully, "I never knowed her to lie; but may be this time,—may be this time." White then turned to me, and said, "I took off his handcuffs, and let him go to you, and you had no business to serve me so."

It was true I did not know where Jerry was at that time. We had agreed that we would meet that night near the blacksmith's old shop, on the other side of the run; and that was all I knew of his whereabouts, though he had not been gone long enough to be far away. It was true he had trusted us, and I felt very badly; but what else *could* we have done? Kind reader, *what* think you?

I then told him that Jerry had said he was willing to work, and would go to his mother's and serve her, but ***never***, if he could help it, would he be carried South.

Then White tried to bargain with Kibbler for my purchase, saying he would give any price he should name for me, because he knew I would then find Jerry. But it was no use. Kibbler had a kind spot in his heart, and would not consent to let me go. So the slave-trader moved on with his human cattle.

Five miles on the road lived David McCoy, another slave-trader. When White reached his house, it was agreed by them that, if McCoy could find Jerry within two days, he should bring him on, and they would meet at Stanton, Va.

CHAPTER V.

MEETING — A LAST INTERVIEW — SEPARATION.

THE place where I was to meet Jerry was, as I have said, across the run, in a corn-field, near the blacksmith's shop, the time Friday night.

It had rained hard all day, and the stream was swollen, and pouring and rushing at a fearful rate. I waited till everybody was in bed and asleep, when I lighted my pine knot, and started for the Pass. It was still raining, and the night was very dark. Only by my torch could I see a step before me; and, when I attempted to wade in, as I did in many different places, I found it was no use. I should surely be drowned if I persisted. So, disappointed and grieved, I gave up and went home. The next morning I was able to get over on horseback to milk the cows, but I neither heard nor saw anything of Jerry.

Saturday night came. I knew well that, if not caught by White, Jerry would be round. At last, every one was in bed, and all was still. I waited and listened. I listened and waited. Then I heard his step at the door. I hurriedly opened it, and he came in. His clothes were still damp and stiff from the rain of yesterday. He was frightened and uneasy. He had been hiding around in different places, constantly fearing detection. He had seen me from behind the old blacksmith's shop when I had tried the night before, with my pine knot, to ford the stream; and he was glad, he said, when he saw me go back, for he knew I should be car-

ried down by the current and be drowned, if I had persisted. I went to my mistress's bedroom, and asked her if I might go to the cellar. She knew at once what I meant, and whispered softly, "Betty, has Jerry come?" then, without waiting for reply, added, "get him some milk and light bread and butter." I was not long in doing so; and the poor fellow ate like one famishing. Then he wanted to know all that had happened, and what White had said when he found he was gone. We talked a long time, and tried to devise some plans for our mutual safety and possible escape from slavery altogether; but, every way we looked, the path was beset with danger and exposure. We were both utterly disheartened. But sleep came at last and, for the time being, relieved us of our fears.

In the morning, which was Sunday, we had our breakfast together, and, as the hours passed, began to feel a little comforted. After dinner, we walked out to the field and strolled about for some time; and, when ready to go back to the house, we each took an armful of fodder along for the horses. As we laid it down and turned to go into the house, David McCoy rode up on horseback. He saw Jerry at once, and called him to come to the fence. The excitement of the last days — the fasting and the fear — had completely cowed and broken whatever of manhood, or even of brute courage, a slave might by any possibility be presumed at any time to be possessed of, and the last remains of these qualities in poor Jerry were gone. He mutely obeyed; and when, with an oath, McCoy commanded him to mount the horse behind him, he mutely seated himself there. McCoy then called to me to go to the house and bring Jerry's clothes. "Never," — I screamed back to him,— "never, not to save your miserable life." But Jerry said: "O Betty, 'tis no use. We

can't help it." I knew this was so. I stifled my anger and my grief, brought his little bundle, into which I tucked a testament and catechism some one had given me, and shook hands "good-by" with him. So we *parted forever*, in this world.

CHAPTER VI.

MOTHERHOOD — CHANGE OF MASTERS — SAD EXPERIENCE — TAKEN TO RICHMOND — AUCTION-BLOCK — RETURN.

SEVERAL months passed, and I became a mother.

My dear white lady, in your pleasant home made joyous by the tender love of husband and children all your own, you can never understand the slave mother's emotions as she clasps her new-born child, and knows that a master's word can at any moment take it from her embrace; and when, as was mine, that child is a girl, and from her own experience she sees its almost certain doom is to minister to the unbridled lust of the slave-owner, and feels that the law holds over her no protecting arm, it is not strange that, rude and uncultured as I was, I felt all this, and would have been glad if we could have died together there and then.

Master Kibbler was still hard and cruel, and I was in constant trouble. Miss Lucy was kind as ever, and it grieved her to see me unhappy. At last, she told me that perhaps, if I should have some other home and some other master, I should not be so wretched, and, if I chose, I might look about and see what I could do. I soon heard that John Prince, at Luray, was wanting to buy a woman. Miss Lucy told me, if it was agreeable to me, I might go to him and work for a fortnight, and if at the end of that time he wanted me, and I chose to stay, she would arrange terms with him; but, if I did not want to stay, not to believe anything that any one might tell me, but come back at once to her.

At the end of two weeks, Master John said he was going over to have a talk with Miss Lucy; and did I think, if he should conclude to buy me, that I should steal from him? I answered that, if I worked for him, I ought to expect him to give me enough to eat, and then I should have no need to steal. "You wouldn't want me to go over yonder, into the garden of another man, and steal his chickens, when I am working for you, would you, Master John? I expect, of course, you will give me enough to eat and to wear, and then I shall have no reason to steal from anybody." He seemed satisfied and pleased, and bargained with Miss Lucy, both for me and my little girl. Both master and Mrs. Prince were kind and pleasant to me, and my little Charlotte played with the little Princes, and had a good time. I worked very hard, but I was strong and well, and willing to work; and for several years there was little to interrupt this state of things.

At last, I can't say how long, I was told that John O'Neile, the jailer, had bought me; and he soon took me to his home, which was in one part of the jail. He, however, was not the real purchaser. This was David McCoy, the same who had grabbed Jerry on that fatal morning; and he had bought me with the idea of taking me to Richmond, thinking he could make a speculation on me. I was well known in all the parts around as a faithful, hard-working woman, when well treated, but ugly and wilful, if abused beyond a certain point. McCoy had bought me away from my child; and now, he thought, he could sell me, if carried to Richmond, at a good advantage. I did not think so; and I determined, if possible, to disappoint him.

The night after being taken in charge by John O'Neile, as soon as I was sure everybody was asleep, I got up and

crawled out of the house, and went to my old Methodist friend, Jerry Kibbler. I knew the way into his back door; and, though I presumed he would be asleep, I was sure he would willingly get up and hear what I had to say. I was not mistaken. He heard my voice inquiring for him, and in a very few minutes dressed himself, and came out, and in his pleasant, kind manner said: "Aunt Betty, what is the matter? What can I do for you?" I told him McCoy had bought me, away from my child, and was going to send me to Richmond. I *couldn't* go there. *Wouldn't* he buy me? I saw he felt very badly; but *what*, he said, could *he* do with me? He didn't believe in buying slaves,—and, finally, he hadn't "money enough to do it." I begged so hard that he said he would see what he could do, and I went back to the jail. Mrs. O'Neile had discovered my absence, and was on the watch for me. The next day, she told me I was to start for Richmond the day after, and it was no use for me to make a fuss, so I might as well bring my mind to it first as last.

The day was almost gone, and I had had no word from Mr. Jerry. As it was growing dark, I saw a colored man whom I knew, and I managed to make him see, through the jail windows, that I wanted to speak with him. I induced him to find Master Jerry; but he came back with word from him that he had seen both O'Neile and McCoy, and could make no kind of an arrangement with them. He had not come to me, because he felt so sorry for me, and had waited, in the hope that some one else would tell me. So there seemed nothing else before me; and when, on the next morning, Mrs. O'Neile told me to make myself ready for the journey, I tried to be submissive, and dressed myself in a new calico dress that Miss Lucy had given me long before.

I had never in my life felt so sad and so completely forsaken. I thought my heart was really breaking. Mr. O'Neile called me; and, as I passed out of the door, I heard Jackoline, the jailer's daughter, singing in a loud, clear voice,—

> "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
> The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
> For I will be with thee, and cause thee to stand,
> Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."

I can never forget the impression these *words* and the *music* and the tones of Jackoline's voice made upon me. It seemed to me as if they all came directly out of heaven. It was my Saviour speaking directly to me. Was not *I* passing the deep waters? What rivers of woe could be sorer than these through which I was passing? Would not this righteous, omnipotent hand uphold me and help me? Yes, here was His word for it. I would trust it; and I was comforted.

We mounted the stage, and were off for Charlotteville, where we stopped over night, and took the cars next morning for Richmond.

Arrived in Richmond, we were again shut up in jail, all around which was a very high fence, so high that no communication with the outside world was possible. I say we, for there was a young slave girl whom McCoy had taken with me to the Richmond market. The next day, as the hour for the auction drew near, Jailer O'Neile came to us, with a man, whom he told to take us along to the dressmaker and to charge her to "fix us up fine." This dressmaker was a most disagreeable woman, whose business it was to array such poor creatures as we in the gaudiest and most striking attire conceivable, that, when placed upon the auction stand, we should attract the attention of all present, if not in one

way, why, in another. She put a white muslin apron on me, and a large cape, with great pink bows on each shoulder, and a similar rig also on Eliza. Thus equipped, we were led through a crowd of rude men and boys to the place of sale, which was a large open space on a prominent square, under cover.

I had been told by an old negro woman certain tricks that I could resort to, when placed upon the stand, that would be likely to hinder my sale; and when the doctor, who was employed to examine the slaves on such occasions, told me to let him see my tongue, he found it coated and feverish, and, turning from me with a shiver of disgust, said he was obliged to admit that at that moment I was in a very bilious condition. One after another of the crowd felt of my limbs, asked me all manner of questions, to which I replied in the ugliest manner I dared; and when the auctioneer raised his hammer, and cried, "How much do I hear for this woman?" the bids were so low I was ordered down from the stand, and Eliza was called up in my place. Poor thing! there were many eager bids for her; for, for such as she, the demands of slavery were insatiable.

CHAPTER VII.

RETURN — IMPROVED CONDITION — COMFORTABLE HOME.

I WAS now taken back to Luray; and, though McCoy was greatly disappointed at the result of his Richmond venture, he was wise enough to make the best of it. Mrs. McCoy took a fancy to keep me; and, as she had not work enough to employ all my time, I found I could earn in the neighborhood enough money to carry home a large interest on my cost. After a while, McCoy agreed that, if I should bring him one dollar and a half every Saturday night, he would be satisfied, and I could do what I pleased with myself.

I washed blankets and bed-quilts, as well as weekly washings. I cleaned house, and worked in the fields, getting a job whenever I could find it and whatever it might be. I was near my child, where I could see her often; and I was comparatively happy.

After a time, master took a job of work on the pike, designing to work it with free negroes, whom he could hire for a small sum, and board them. He took me out there to cook for them. It gratified me to know that he placed confidence enough in me to do this; and I did my best to deserve it. The negroes were a rude set, as might be expected; for at that time they were the one class despised by everybody. They were despised by the master-class, because they could not subject them to their will quite in

the same way as if they were slaves, and despised by the slave-class, because envied as possessing a nominal freedom, which they were denied. Thus are contempt and envy closely allied.

Sometimes, one or another of these men would be insulting to me, and impose upon me; but there was always one of their number who at such times would come to my rescue. He would often bring water from the spring for me, and in many kind ways caused me to regard him with a different feeling from any one I had met since I had lost my poor Jerry. This man was Frank Veney, afterwards my second husband.

I remember telling Master McCoy that, with such a hungry set of fellows to feed, I couldn't see how he could make any money out of that job, so much bread and meat must cost so much. He laughed very heartily, and, as I could see, very approvingly, and said, "Oh, yes, Betty, I know it costs a heap; but I have reckoned that all up, and I know how it is coming out." It pleased him well to see that I thought of his interest; and I think he saw in it, too, that I might have some business tact myself. When the work on this pike was finished, my master took other similar jobs elsewhere, and I had many changes during three or four years. At last, we got back to Luray, and master agreed with me that I should pay him thirty dollars per year for my time, and whatever I earned above that should be my own.

I rented of John Prince a little house at Dry Run, just at the foot of the mountain, and with my little boy Joe, now about two years old, lived very contentedly.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANOTHER CHANGE — NEW HOPES AND OLD FEARS — VICISSITUDES POSSIBLE IN SLAVE LIFE — FREEDOM ATTAINED.

THE spur of the Blue Ridge, against which my little house leaned, was called "Stony Man"; and it was supposed to be full of copper. Some time ago, some Northern adventurers had set up an engine, in order to mine the copper and test its quality. But, for reasons which I had never understood, the project was abandoned and the men went home. They had built a small shanty on the ground, and I had lived with them to do their work. It had been a dreary experience to me, and I was thankful when it was over. It was not, therefore, a pleasant circumstance to me when Lorenze Prince called at my door, and told me he had come to see if I would go up Stony Man again, to keep house for two Northern gentlemen, who had just arrived in Luray, and were going to start up the old engine, and see what they could make of the copper. I answered him hastily that he needn't ask me, for I wouldn't go to that lonesome place again for love or money. Lorenze thought I was very foolish, for he had seen them, and knew they were nice gentlemen; and, besides, they would pay me a dollar and a half a week, sure pay. I at last agreed he might tell them that I would be up there the next morning, and would get

their dinner for them, and then I would decide about staying longer.

My little home seemed pleasanter to me than ever that night, when I thought of leaving it. I was enjoying a good degree of freedom there. I could go out and come in as I pleased; and for a good distance about the country, with Master McCoy's pass in my bosom, I was safe to a certain extent. It never once occurred to me that this change might lead up to the end I had so long desired; namely, a life where I should need no pass written by a human hand to insure my safety as I went from place to place, but where the stamp of my humanity, imprinted by the Infinite Father of all, should be an all-sufficient guarantee in every emergency. I have repeated to myself many times since, when I have thought over those times,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

And it is with deep and loving gratitude I refer every blessing to him.

Mr. G. J. Adams and Mr. J. Butterworth were the two gentlemen from Providence, R.I. The next morning, as I neared the engine-house, Mr. Butterworth saw me, and came forward to speak with me. His manner of speaking was gentle and kind. He told me to go to the house; and Mr. Adams, who was now at the village, would be back soon, and would arrange with me.

It did not seem lonesome, as I had imagined; and I set myself to work at once, pulling up the weeds that had overgrown everything and everywhere.

It was not long before Mr. Adams came, and we were soon acquainted; and I felt contented and at home there.

My boy was happy, as was I. Several months passed, I do not remember how many, when it became necessary for both Mr. Adams and Mr. Butterworth to go home for a time; and they paid me in advance to remain where I was while they should be gone. At last they returned, and things went on as before until one night I was down at the village, in old Mr. Aulman's store, and he asked me "how many niggers that could work had Master McCoy?" The question was like a sword cutting me in two, or like a sudden flash of lightning striking me to the ground. I knew well there was trouble ahead, and that, for McCoy's debts, I might at any moment be sold away from my boy, as I had been before from my girl. I determined this should never be. I would take my child and hide in the mountains. I would do *anything* sooner than I would be sold.

A few days passed, and my worst fears were confirmed by Isaac Prince, who told me that all McCoy's property was posted to be sold. The next day, as I was planning how I could get off, I saw a white horse, and a man standing at the smelting-mill. The man was busily talking with Mr. Adams, and both seemed very earnest. At last, the man mounted the horse and rode away, while Mr. Adams came into the house. He said it was true that McCoy's property had been attached, to pay his debts, incurred by gambling, and everything would go under the auctioneer's hammer. "*I* won't be sold. He shall never find *me*, to sell me again," I angrily cried. Mr. Adams looked at me, and I saw the great pity in his eyes. He said, "Betty, I have given my word in writing to this man, whom you saw, that, provided he will leave you here with us, instead of taking you to the jail, he shall find you here whenever he shall come for you." I felt the floor giving way under me. It was with difficulty

I kept from falling. A few moments of deep agony passed, and then I was able to say to him that, since he had pledged his word in black and white, he should not be obliged to break it. He need not fear for me, for I would stay just as he had promised; but "I was, oh! so sorry he had promised."

I cannot tell now in what way it was first suggested that Mr. Adams should buy me and take me North with him. I think, when he was home, he had talked with his wife and her sister, Miss Sarah Brown, about such a possibility, and Miss Sarah had offered to advance a part of the price for which I might be purchased.

However that might have been, Mr. Adams now saw Mr. McCoy, and found he was greatly pressed for money, and would sell me as readily to him as to any one; and, not to spend too much time over what was really a very simple business transaction, a bill of sale was at once made out to Mr. Adams, which reads as follows: —

Received of G. J. Adams seven hundred and seventy-five dollars ($775), it being the purchase of my negro woman Berthena and her child Joe. The right and title to the said negro woman I warrant and defend against any person or persons whatsoever.

Given under my hand and seal the 27th day of December, 1858.

[Seal.] David McCoy.

Benj. F. Grayson.

Not long afterward,— I forget how long,— Messrs. Adams and Butterworth suspended operations at the mine, and, taking me and my boy, turned their faces homeward. They at that time expected to return, after a few months, and promised me I should go with them, so I did not feel so badly at parting with all the old faces and places as I should other-

wise have done. However, before their business arrangements for going were matured, John Brown had made his invasion into Virginia; and the excitement that followed made it unsafe for any one who sympathized with or defended him to be seen in any Southern State.

Then followed the War of the Rebellion; and it was not till a much later date, and in a different way from what I had anticipated when I left, that I saw again the old fields where I had toiled and suffered, and grasped again the hands that before had beaten and bruised me.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW EXPERIENCES — HOME IN THE NORTH.

THE feelings with which I entered my Northern home, 22 Chares-Field Street, Providence, R.I., on a bright pleasant morning in August, 1858, can be more easily fancied than described. A new life had come to me. I was in a land where, by its laws, I had the same right to myself that any other woman had. No jailer could take me to prison, and sell me at auction to the highest bidder. My boy was my own, and no one could take him from me. But I had left behind me every one I had ever known. I did not forget the dreadful hardships I had endured, and yet somehow I did not think of them with half the bitterness with which I had endured them. I was a stranger in a strange land; and it was no wonder, perhaps, that a dreadful loneliness and homesickness came over me.

The family were just rising when Mr. Adams, with his night-key, opened the door, and showed me the way to the sitting-room, and then went to find his wife. I had only a moment to look about me, when the girl from the kitchen came in, and in a very friendly manner asked me to go there with her. Then, in a few minutes more, Mrs. Adams came, and, in her smiling, motherly way, held out her hand to me, saying, "Good-morning, Betty." She met me as if I

were an old acquaintance. At any rate, she made me feel that I was with friends.

It was not easy at first to accommodate myself to the new surroundings. In the Southern kitchen, under slave rule, there was little thought of convenience or economy. Here I found all sorts of Yankee inventions and improvements to make work easy and pleasant. There were dishes and pans of every description, clean and distinct cloths for all purposes, brushes and brooms for different uses. I couldn't help feeling bewildered sometimes at the difference in so many ways, and for a moment wished myself back in "old Virginny," with my own people; and I very, very often longed to see the old familiar faces and hear the old sounds, but never could I forget to be grateful for my escape from a system under which I had suffered so much.

CHAPTER X.

AFFLICTION — REMOVAL TO WORCESTER — RETURN SOUTH — MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS — THE NORTHERN LIFE — OLD MASTERS IN THE NORTH — HOUSEHOLDER.

For a while after my coming North, I was able to hear occasionally from the old home; but, after the trouble over John Brown, followed as it was by the war for Secession, all communication was at an end.

In the mean time, I made acquaintance among both white and colored people, who were interested in my history and glad to help me.

I had been here only about three months, when my little Joe sickened and died; and this was a great affliction to me.

After this, Mr. Adams removed his family to Worcester, Mass.; and I went with them. From business considerations, his stay there was shortened; and he returned to Providence. I liked the friends I had made in Worcester, and decided to cast in my lot with them. I had joined the Park Street Methodist Church, and was treated with such kind consideration by the brothers and sisters there that I was at home with them; and, as I could find all the work I was able to do, I was very comfortable in many ways.

When at last the war was over, my wish to go back revived.

I had saved some money; and, as soon as it was deemed safe by my friends, I undertook the journey. I purchased my

tickets, taking me to Culpepper Court House, *via* railroad; and all passed off well. Arriving there, I found the stage would not leave for Luray for four hours. I really did not see how I could wait so long. I, however, went over to the stable, and, seeing a colored man there grooming the horses, I asked him how things were getting on down there. He saw I was a stranger; and, as one in haste to impart good news, he quickly answered: "Oh, all's free here now. De colored peoples has free times 'bout here now, de war's ober." His face and eyes fairly shone with delight. I turned into a store near by, and bought a large watermelon, and asked him to come and eat it with me, by way of celebrating "de free times." As we ate, we saw an old colored man and woman coming along the road; and, when they reached us, I said: "O aunty, you look happy. How are the times going with you?" She repeated: "How's times? Why, de ole man an' me just dun got married las' night, an' we're takin' our weddin' journey." They ate watermelon with us, and we all laughed together over the new times, that made it possible for this woman, whose many children had enriched her master's treasury, lo! these many years, now to realize in any degree the sanctity of a marriage relation and a wedding journey.

I did not wait for the stage to take me on my journey, for I was too eager to reach the end. I engaged a colored boy to take my satchel, to whom I was proud to pay one dollar in advance; and we started on foot for the top of the mountain, over which my course lay. Remaining there over night, I pursued my way on the next day, reaching Luray before night. The country everywhere had been laid waste by the soldiers of both armies; but, as there had been no battle fought in the immediate neighborhood, things were not so

much changed as I had expected. I found my daughter Charlotte grown to womanhood, married, and had one child. My old masters, Kibbler, Prince, and McCoy, expressed pleasure at seeing me, and had many questions to ask of people and things at the North. My dear, kind old mistress, Miss Lucy, had been paralyzed; and her face was drawn on one side, which greatly changed her. She was delighted with a pair of cloth shoes that I carried to her.

After visiting about for six or seven weeks, I turned my face again to the North, my daughter, her husband and child, coming with me.

Three times since I have made the same journey, bringing back with me, from time to time, in all sixteen of my relatives, and have encountered many interesting incidents. I have always found some one — sometimes a policeman, and sometimes a simple woman or boy — ready and willing to help me in every emergency, when I had need. I have great reason to speak well of my fellow-men, and to be most thankful to the overruling Providence that brought me up out of the "house of bondage."

I forget the exact date, but one day I was busy with my work at home, when a message came to me from Mrs. Warner, asking me to come to her. I went at once; and, on being shown into her presence, I found her engaged in conversation with my old master, David McCoy,— he who had taken Jerry away from me, and afterwards had sent me to Richmond to be sold. But all was changed now. He was not even Master McCoy. He was Mr. McKay. He put out his hand, and said, "How d'ye?" not exactly, perhaps, as a reconstructed man, but as one who had at least learned something from the "logic of events" of the difference in our relations to each other. After a friendly interchange of

inquiry, he invited me to call on him at the Waverly House, where he was stopping. Accordingly, the next day I inquired at the Waverly House office for Mr. McKay, of Virginia, and a servant showed me to his room. He welcomed me very cordially this time; and after a long talk, and I arose to come away, I asked him to dine with me the next day. He expressed much satisfaction, and at the appointed hour made his appearance. I prepared such a dinner as I thought he would enjoy, and was glad to find I had not been mistaken in my selections.

On rising to go, he turned to me, and said: "Aunt Betty, when you came down South, you wore a nice pair of kid gloves, with fur round their wrists. Can you tell me where you bought them, and what they cost?" I told him I would gladly go with him and try to find such; but, as Dr. Warner gave mine to me, I did not know their price. So together we looked through the different stores, and at last succeeded in finding a pair that suited him; and I had the pleasure of paying for them, and then presenting them to him, as a remembrance of his visit to the North, as well as of me. I never saw him again, for it was not long after that he died. My old master, David Kibbler, died also. Jerry Kibbler, my good Methodist friend and class-leader, came to Worcester, and spent several days, boarding with my friend, Mrs. Stearns, during the time, because I could not then make him comfortable in my own home. I took him to Providence to see Mr. Adams, who showed him much attention; and he returned home with a very warm appreciation of New England hospitality, as well as of Northern thrift and energy, and regretted that the South had been so long blind to her own interests.

My life in the North, as in the South, has been full of experiences, both sad and joyful.

Sixteen years ago this winter, I was sent for to the dying bed of Mrs. Adams. A twelvemonth is scarcely passed since I was again called to assist in the care of Mr. Adams, as he lingered week after week, only half-conscious of life, and then passed away. His recognition of my poor service gladdens me now, for I can never express the satisfaction it gave me to minister to his wants. For I was a stranger, and he took me in: I had fallen amongst thieves, and he had rescued me.

I have spoken of the kindness of my Methodist brothers and sisters. To tell the half of it would be impossible. One thing, however, I must not omit. It is this: on going to Sterling, last summer, to camp-meeting, I found on the spot where I had been accustomed to pitch my tent a nice wooden building, waiting for my occupation. The surprise was so great to me, I am afraid I did not express the gratitude I really felt; and this is only one of the many ways in which I have tasted the loving-kindness of my friends, and found it, like that of the infinite Father, "oh, how free!"

I am now, at seventy-four years of age, the owner and occupant of a small house at 21 Tufts Street, Worcester, Mass. My daughter and family are near me, in an adjoining house, also owned by me. I have three grandchildren living.

My back is not so straight nor so strong, my sight is not so clear, nor my limbs so nimble as they once were; but I am still ready and glad to do whatsoever my hand findeth to do, waiting only for the call to "come up higher."

BETHANY VENEY.

WORCESTER, MASS., 1889.

LETTER FROM REV. V. A. COOPER,

SUPERINTENDENT OF HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS, BOSTON, MASS.

Two hundred years of human bondage! From generation to generation the vast system of tyranny, oppressing every faculty of mind and capability of moral nature, transmitting its baneful influence from parent to child, and then, by its injustice, dishonesty, and utter disregard of all the most sacred relationships of life, stifling the earliest instincts and smothering the first breathings of the innate personality which distinguishes the race created in God's image, the wonder of wonders is that there was anything left of the nobility of a true manhood and womanhood in a single member of the oppressed and ravished race at the end of two hundred years. Whatever happened at the Fall of Adam and Eve, the strength of brain and heart that could withstand such treatment and retain in itself the fibre and life of noble aspirations, strength to stand for justice, truth, virtue, and courage of conviction, must have had something left in it both God-like and sublime. Such characters there were all through the South.

Betty Veney was one of them. The story of her life speaks nobly for herself, sublimely for human nature, grandly for her race. Amid dishonesty she was honest, amid injustice she had the soul of honor, amid corruption she was pure, amid persecutions dauntless and patient. I see her industrious, beautiful, heroically suffering life, against the white man's lecherous greed, against slavery's oppression, as a natural development amid rank and noxious weeds fed and watered by the grace of God, as lilies are which lie in virgin purity on the bosom of fetid waters in dank swamps.

We can never undo the past wrong; but wherever a colored hand, worn out with honest labor, which has never been requited, is stretched out palm up in the midst of Christian plenty, its silent appeal is more pathetic than any language. It seems to come from the body of the race, to bear in its lines the sad story, not of one person, but of the millions buried and forgotten in their unmarked graves. It would be the simplest act of justice to pension all the remaining slaves. The cotton-fields and rice-swamps of the South would seem then to be yielding the peaceable fruits of righteousness. It would then appear to all mankind that our religion had awakened our seared Christian conscience to the sense of the wrongs done this people.

Dear Aunt Betty! Her race is nearly run. Her sun goes down the sky. How broad the chart from horizon to horizon! Long years of trouble, toil, self-sacrifice, and suffering! May thy sunset be the sun-rising of a cloudless day, where justice shall compensate thee and thine, and thy independent free spirit, equal to the angels', enjoy forever the freedom of the sons of God!

Your former pastor and wife,

V. A. AND ELIZABETH COOPER.

LETTER FROM REV. ERASTUS SPAULDING.

For twenty-five years, I have been acquainted with the subject of the foregoing pages. I know her to be a woman of strict integrity of character, good judgment, full of sympathy, and ever ready to do all in her power to relieve the sick and suffering. Born in slavery, and freed from her master by the kindness of a friend, she has yet more whereof to glory in that she has been freed from the bondage of sin, and made an heir of God and a joint-heir with Christ. If I am ever so happy as to get to heaven, I shall feel myself honored if I can have a seat so near the throne as Betty Veney.

Rev. Erastus Spaulding.

Millbury, Feb. 5, 1889.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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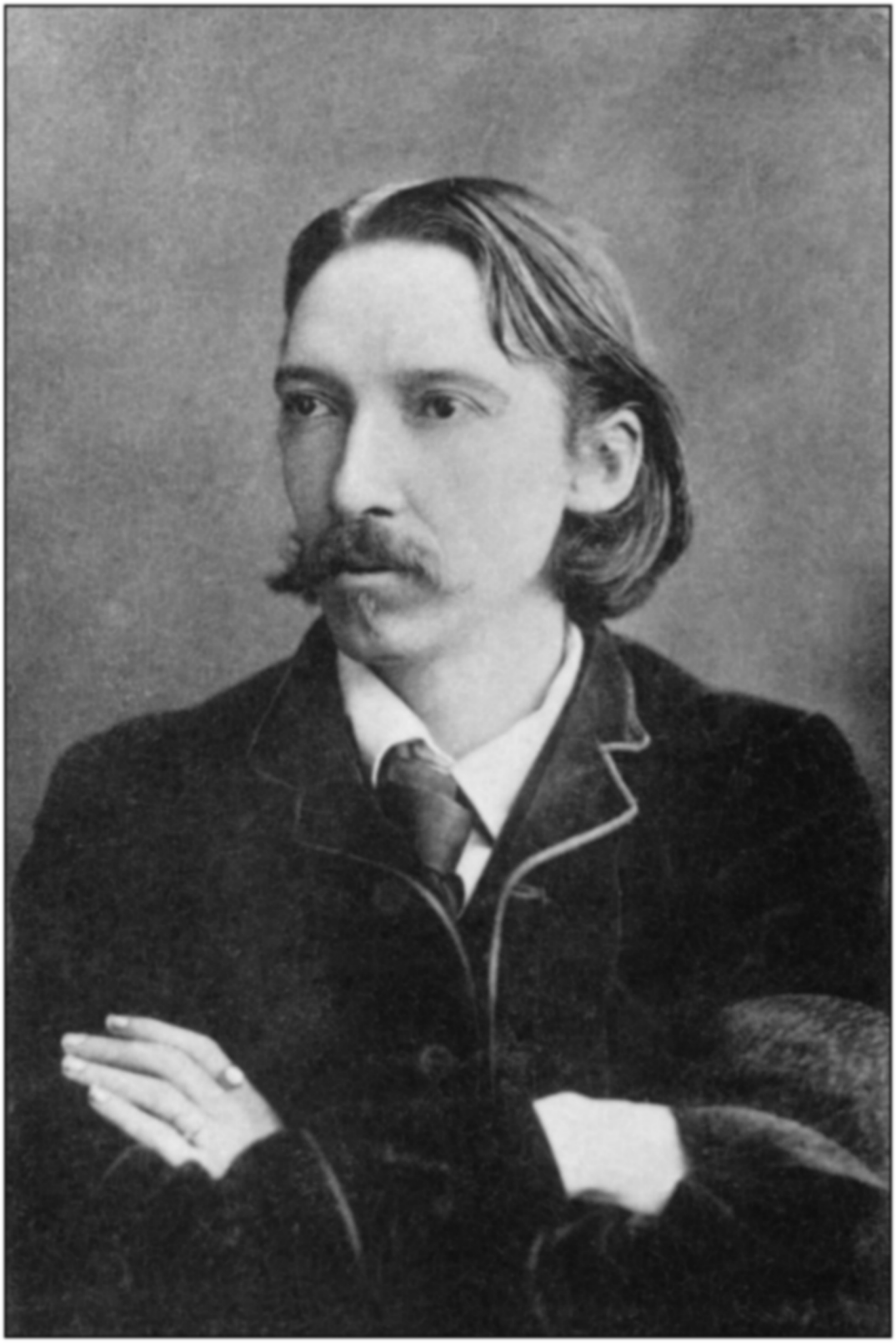

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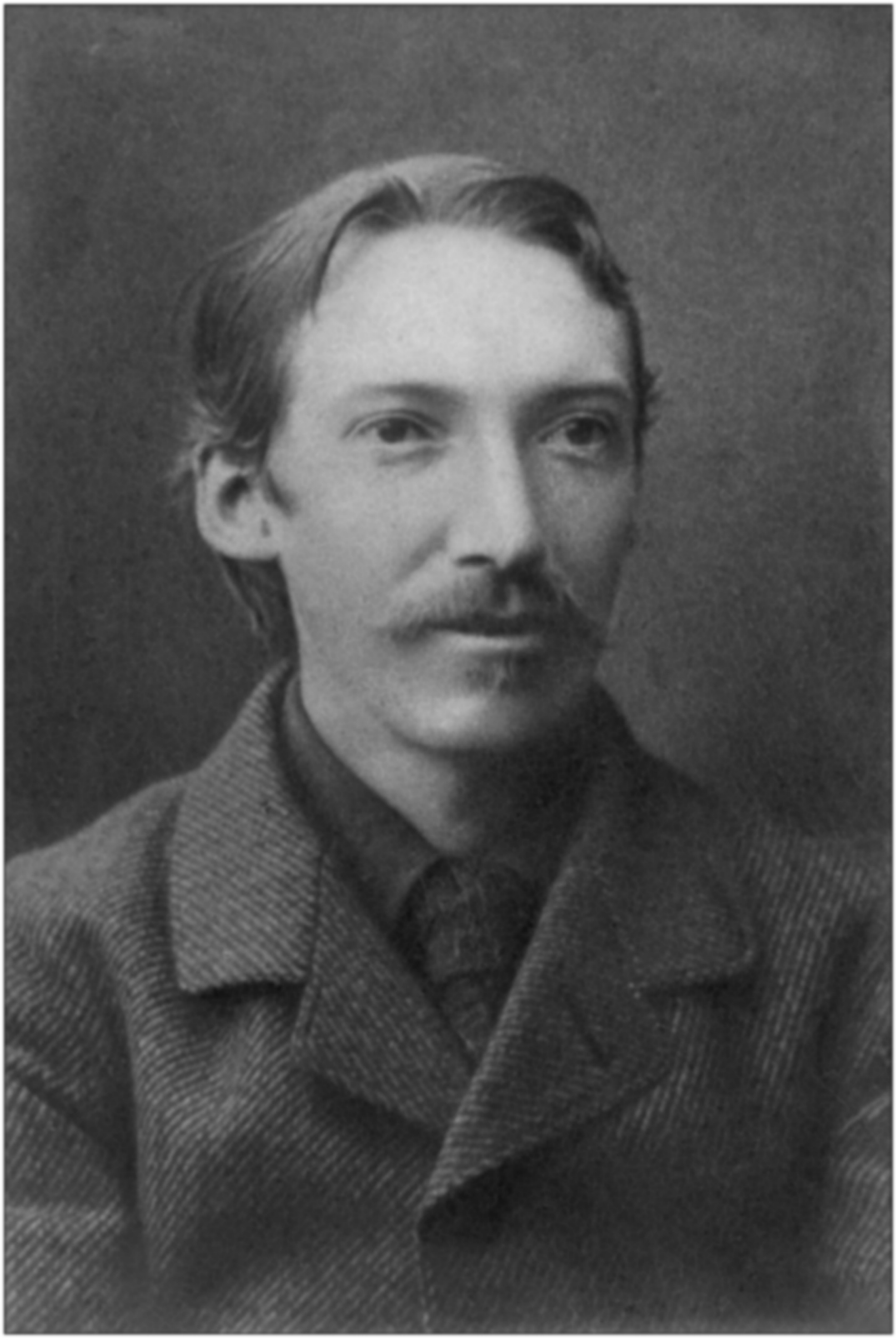

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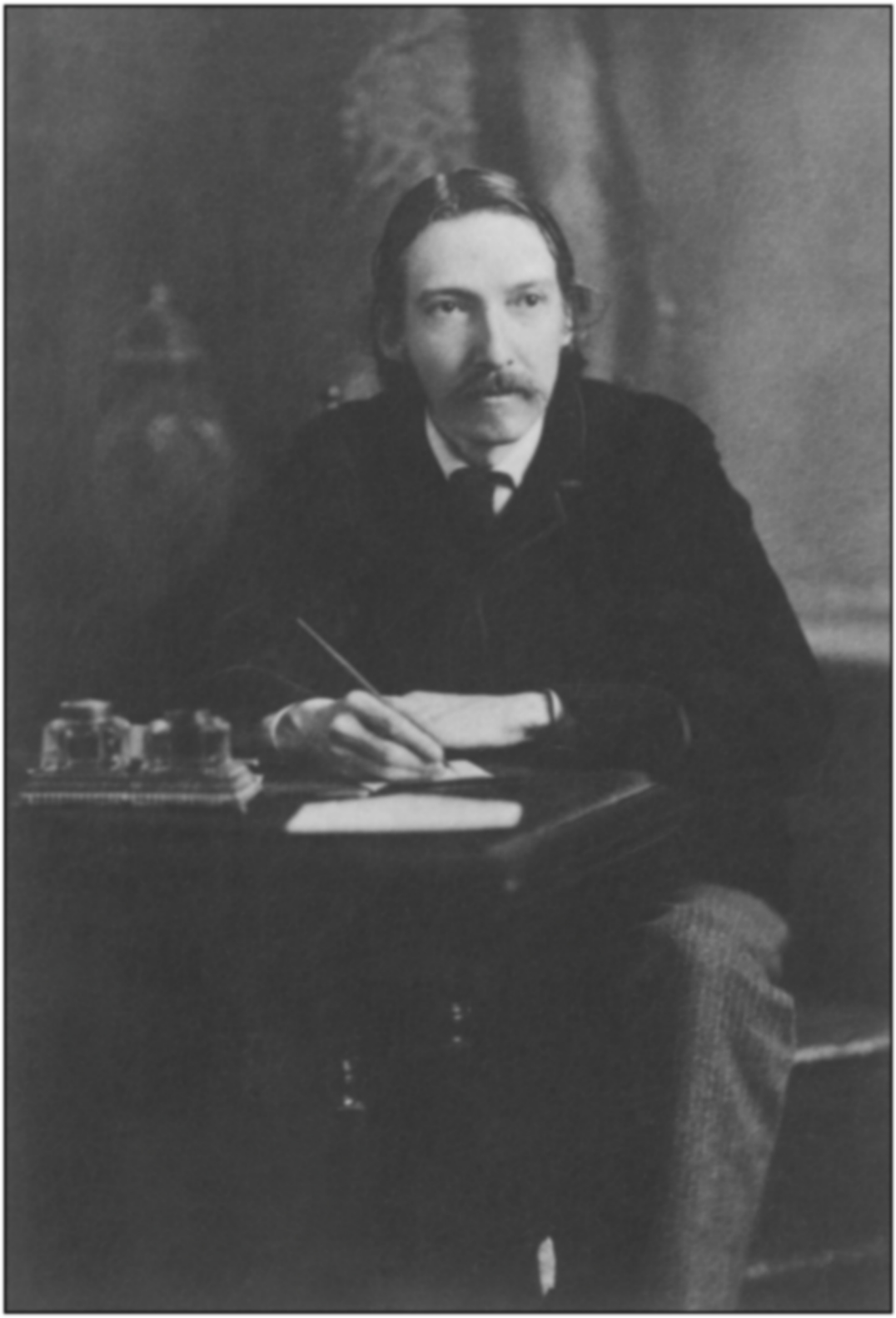

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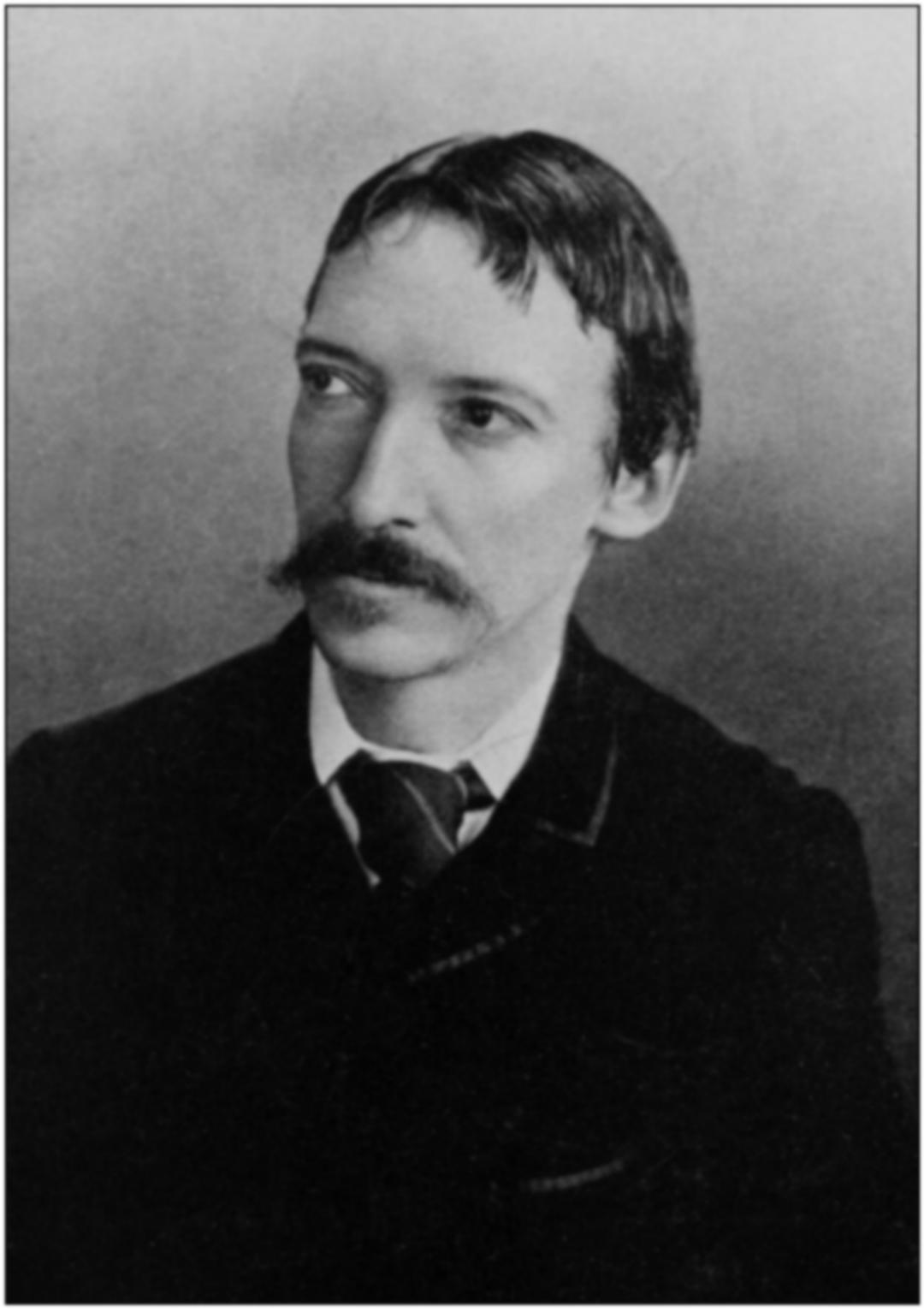

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Undated photograph of Joseph Strong, Mary Carter, Margaret Balfour Stevenson, Lloyd Osbourne, Robert Louis Stevenson, Fanny Van de Grift Osbourne Stevenson, Isobel Osbourne Strong and Austin Strong

Also pictured are Stevenson's Samoan friends with their extended families

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Undated photograph of undentified woman standing in the background by the door at Vailima with Lloyd Osbourne, Margaret Balfour Stevenson, Isobel Osbourne Strong, Robert Louis Stevenson, Austin Strong, Fanny Van de Grift Osbourne Stevenson and Joseph Strong

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Present-day photograph of the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

BY

Isobel Strong

Joint Author with Lloyd Osbourne of
MEMORIES OF VAILIMA

NEW YORK
Charles Scribner's Sons
1911

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE CHILD

BEFORE R. L. S. was known to the world as a writer, the name of Stevenson called to mind the lighthouses that guard the coast of Scotland and "open in the dusk their flowers of fire." Twenty sentinels they stand, built upon rocks in the midst of angry seas, solidly defying the storms of the North while bearing mute testimony to the daring skill of their builders. It was from these brave men that Robert Louis Stevenson inherited his name and

his courage. He wrote in "Underwoods":

"Say not of me that weakly I declined
The labours of my sires and fled the sea,
The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,
To play at home with paper like a child.
But rather say: In the afternoon of time
A strenuous family dusted from its hands
The sand of granite, and beholding far
Along the sounding coast its pyramids
And tall memorials catch the dying sun,
Smiled well content, and to this childish task
Around the fire addressed its evening hours."

He "played with paper" to such good effect that now the name of Stevenson spells romance, courage against all odds, and the bright gospel of hope.

He was born in Edinburgh on the 13th of November, 1850, and chris-

tened Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson. The spelling, but not the pronunciation, of his second name was changed later and the Balfour dropped.

The climate of his native land was a cruel one for a delicate child—or perhaps the climate made the child delicate. At any rate, the story of his early life would be sad reading were it not for the radiance of his spirit that glowed through the dull clouds of ill-health like a burning lamp. When he was five years old he was asked by his mother what he had been doing, and the answer is the key-note of his character: "I have been playing all day," he said, "or at least I have been making myself cheerful."

His eager eyes looked brightly

through the mist of pain and found charm and interest in everything about him. Through his rose-coloured glasses the next-door garden was a foreign land; he heard galloping hoofs in the wind at night, and his sick-bed, touched by the magic of his fancy, changed to "The Pleasant Land of Counter-pane." "Once," he wrote, "as I lay playing hunter, hid in a thick laurel, and with a toy gun upon my arm, I worked myself so hotly into the spirit of the play that I think I can still see the herd of antelope come sweeping down the lawn and round the deodar — it was almost a vision."

In the evening, after dinner, one can imagine the "wee laddie" sitting by the fire, his head leaning on his hand, his eyes tightly shut, dreaming

of fairy lands, of forests, and the "rain-pool sea," and then

"When my eyes I once again
Open and see all things plain,
High bare walls, great bare floor,
Great big knobs on drawer and door,
Great big people perched on chairs
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb
And talking nonsense all the time.
O dear me
That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepy-head,
Late at night to go to bed."

Mr. Stevenson explained to me once, a little whimsically, that he wrote his books with the faith of a child playing a game. He believed his characters were real people, and saw them as clearly as the herd of

antelope galloping across his grandfather's lawn. If he once discovered they were only pen-and-ink, his story would come to an end. He said "an author must live in a book as a child in a game, oblivious to the world." He had no patience with half-hearted people. Once while waiting in a drawing-room he saw a small boy playing boat on a sofa. The little man rowed and put up sail and hauled in imaginary ropes, and finally, tiring of the game, jumped off the make-believe craft and walked to the door. "Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Stevenson reproachfully. "For God's sake swim!"

Though little Louis was an only child, he had cousins, and they all, himself included, adored "Auntie," his mother's sister, Miss Balfour, of

whom I quote this interesting description: — "I have mentioned my aunt. In her youth she was a wit and a beauty, very imperious, managing, and self-sufficient. But as she grew up she began to suffice for all family as well. An accident on horse-back made her nearly deaf and blind, and suddenly transformed this wilful empress into the most serviceable and amiable of women. There were thirteen of the Balfours as (oddly enough) there were of the Stevensons, and the children of the family came home to her to be nursed, to be educated, to be mothered, from the infanticidal climate of India. There must sometimes have been half-a-score of us children about the manse, and all were born a second time from Aunt Jane's tenderness. It was strange

when a new party of these sallow young folk came home, perhaps with an ayah. This little country manse was the centre of the world, and Aunt Jane represented Charity. The text, my mother says, must have been written for her and Aunt Jane: 'More are the children of the barren than the children of the married wife.' "

A happy day at the manse was too often followed by illness, and then Alison Cunningham cared for the sick boy. To her he wrote:

"For the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake:
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land:
For all the story-books you read,
For all the pains you comforted:
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore:—

My second mother, my first wife,
The angel of my infant life—
From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!

And grant it, Heaven, that all who read
May find as dear a nurse at need,
And every child who lists my rhyme
In the bright fireside nursery clime
May hear it in as kind a voice
As made my childish heart rejoice."

In after years, whenever Stevenson spoke of his childhood, the sick-room, the wakeful nights, even the pain he suffered, served merely as a background to "Cummy's" rare devotion. He was grateful to her all his life. He wrote letters to her, he sent her copies of all his books as they came out, he had her to stay with him in Bournemouth, and even proposed sending for her to pay a visit to Samoa. "Cummie was full of life and merri-

ment.* She sang and danced to her boy and read to him most dramatically. She herself tells how, the last time she ever saw him, he said to her before a room full of people: 'It's you that gave me a passion for the drama, Cummie.' 'Me, Master Lou,' I said. 'I never put foot inside a play-house in all my life!' 'Ay, woman,' said he, 'but it was the grand dramatic way ye had of reciting the hymns!' "

Louis Stevenson was one of the few people who recall their early days. In a way he never outgrew them. Instead of passing through the phases of childhood and youth, he went on carrying them with him through life, growing richer with the years. In "A

* Writes Graham Balfour in "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson."

Child's Garden" one sees how vividly he remembered, for that book was not written for children; it was the recollections of his own childhood put into verse:

"But do not think you can at all,
By knocking on the window, call
That child to hear you. He intent
Is all on his play-business bent.
He does not hear, he will not look,
Nor yet be lured out of this book.
For, long ago, the truth to say,
He has grown up and gone away,
And it is but a child of air
That lingers in the garden there."

THE YOUTH

THOUGH Stevenson's parents were well to do and the lad was surrounded by every comfort and even luxury, the odds were against him. The climate of his native land was an impossible one, that made living in Edinburgh a constant fight for health; but his father would not forego his ambition to make his son a lighthouse engineer. The boy went obediently to Skerryvore, and the Bass Rock to inspect the construction of the works, bringing home, not technical knowledge, but romantic impressions that he used afterward in his books. "David Balfour's" de-

scription of the old rock shows how clear some of them were. "The strange nature of this place, and the curiosities with which it abounded, held me busy and amused. . . . I . . . continually explored the surface of the isle wherever it might support the foot of man. The old garden of the prison was still to be observed, with flowers and pot-herbs running wild, and some ripe cherries on a bush. A little lower stood a chapel or a hermit's cell; who built or dwelt in it, none may know, and the thought of its age made a ground of many meditations. . . . There were times when I thought I could have heard the pious sound of psalms out of the martyr's dungeons, and seen the soldiers tramp the ramparts with their glinting pikes

and the dawn rising behind them out of the North Sea."

Thomas Stevenson took his son on many wild trips about the North Coast of Scotland, trying to interest him in the profession that was so dear to his own heart. Stevenson respected the work and admired his father's share of it, as we read in "Thomas Stevenson, Civil Engineer."

"At this time his lights were in every part of the world, guiding the mariner; his firm were the consulting engineers to the Indian, the New Zealand, and the Japanese lighthouse boards, so that Edinburgh was a world centre for that branch of applied science; in Germany he had been called 'the Nestor of lighthouse illumination'; even in France, where his claims were long denied,

he was at last, on the occasion of the late exposition, recognised and medalled."

It must have needed a great deal of courage to tell such a man that his dearest hopes were to be dashed to the ground. Happily, the differences between father and son were of short duration, and they became in later years the best and closest of friends. The intense interest that Stevenson took in people, and life, and birds, and scenery, his constant scribbling in note-books, seemed to his father a waste of time. To the son, the study of lighthouse engineering became an impossibility, and he finally gave it up after an interview that must have been an exceedingly unhappy one for them both.

Colvin describes this period of the

boy's life most vividly: "The ferment of youth was more acute and more prolonged in him than in most men of genius; and for several years he was torn hither and thither by fifty currents of speculation, impulse and desire. . . . I have tried to give some notion of the many various strains and elements which met in him and which were in these days pulling one against another in his half-formed being, at the great expense of spirit and body. Add the storms, which from time to time attacked him, of shivering repulsion from the climate and conditions of life in the city which he yet deeply and imaginatively loved. . . . the seasons of temptation most strongly besetting the ardent and poetic temperament to seek escape into freedom and the

ideal through that grotesque back door opened by the crude allurements of the city streets; the moods of spiritual revolt against the harsh doctrine of the creed in which his parents were deeply and his father even passionately attached."

The sensitive lad battled gallantly with fate. "Does it not seem surprising," I quote from one of his youthful letters, "that I can keep the lamp alight through all this gusty weather in so frail a lantern? And yet it burns cheerily."

He took life, and his lessons, pain and play, changes from one school to another, lapses into illness and consequent travels on the continent, everything that came his way, in a spirit of intense appreciation and absorbed interest.

None of the experiences of his youth were wasted or forgotten. From his hot-headed quarrels with his father he gathered the wisdom and insight to write "Crabbed Age and Youth," an essay that has helped many a parent to understand his son. His long tramps over the Scottish heather formed material for the most striking chapter in "Kidnapped." He paid a visit to an uncle in the parish of Stow on which he afterward drew in "Hermiston" for knowledge of the Lammermuirs. The happy adventurous days of his youth that he spent exploring the Edinburgh castle were minutely remembered and turned to good account in "St. Ives." He used the scenery of Brenner Pass, which he never saw after 1863, for the background of

"Will o' the Mill." From his boyish resentment against the dogmas and narrow creed of his elders he evolved the broad, kindly tolerant, hopeful faith that inspired the "Prayers."

Through the turbulent years of his youth Stevenson was sustained and upheld by a stout heart "radiating pure romance." He was like the laddie with a lantern under his coat in the game he described so well. "We wore them buckled to the waist upon a cricket belt, and over them, such was the rigour of the game, a buttoned topcoat. They smelled noisomely of blistered tin; they never burned aright though they always burned our fingers; their use was naught; the pleasure of them merely fanciful; and yet a boy with a bull's eye under his topcoat asked for nothing more!"

He was indeed a strange lad. The savour went out of life for him if he could "no longer see satyrs in the thicket, or picture a highwayman riding down the lane." In that same essay, "A Retrospect," he wrote: "*Et ego in Arcadia vixit* would be no empty boast upon my grave. If I desire to live long it is that I may have the more to look back upon."

"All through my boyhood," he explained, "I was known and pointed out for a pattern of an idler, and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny

version book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words."

THE MAN

WITH his heart set upon literature as a profession, scribbling every spare moment and writing an astonishing number of essays (they fill a large volume of the "Edinburgh Edition"), it must have been uphill work for Stevenson to put his mind upon engineering at all. However, he was so successful as to receive a medal for an invention of "A New Form of Intermittent Light" and was commended by the Royal Scottish Society of Arts for his paper on that subject.

When, in 1871, his father allowed him to abandon engineering, offering the law as a compromise, Louis fell

upon the new drudgery with such studious fury that he was called to the Scottish bar in July, 1875. On the 25th he received his first complimentary brief and the next day he sailed for France. That his attitude of mind was well understood by his friends is shown by a letter from Fleeming Jenkin congratulating him, not upon entering a new profession, but on "getting rid of the law forever."

By this time the young man's essays were beginning to attract attention, enough, at any rate, for his father to feel justified in giving him an allowance with full permission to follow the art he loved. From that moment to the day of his death Stevenson devoted himself to literature with a passion and fervour that never failed. He had won out against all

odds and though success came to him slowly it came surely. He who had defended idleness so valiantly knew himself when he said, "I have a goad in the flesh continually pushing me to work, work, work." He was never without a pencil and a note-book, never so happy as when in the full tide of a new story or novel. He loved the "ring of words" and the game of sorting and arranging them to fit the exact meaning of his mind. He turned to letter-writing as a skilled cabinet-maker might fashion an elegant toy—for the fun of using his tools skilfully. In long hours of sickness and enforced rest from serious work he scribbled verses to pass the time. He thought so little of these that "The Child's Garden of Verse" and "Underwoods" would not have

been printed had not many a poem been rescued from the margins of magazines, the fly-leaves of books he was reading, and even the waste-paper basket.

He was very modest about his work and said of his first small success: "I begin to have more hope in the story line and that should improve my income." He laughed incredulously when a friend said to him, "I believe the day will come, Louis, when people will speak of 'Stevenson's Works.' " He lived long enough to hear the world ringing with his fame. When the "Edinburgh Edition" was in course of preparation he wrote to his old friend, Charles Baxter: "Do you remember—how many years ago I would be afraid to hazard a guess—one night when I communicated to

you certain intimations of early death and aspirations after fame? . . . If any one at that moment could have shown me the 'Edinburgh Edition' I suppose I should have died. It is with gratitude and wonder that I consider 'the way in which I have been led.' Could a more presumptuous idea have occurred to us in those days when we used to search our pockets for coppers, too often in vain, and combine forces to produce the threepence necessary for two glasses of beer, or wander down the Lothian Road without any, than that I should be strong and well at the age of forty-three in the island of Upolu, and that you should be at home bringing out the 'Edinburgh Edition'?"

At Vailima, where he lived the last four years of his life, the monthly

mail brought up the mountain trail on a pack-saddle was overflowing with requests for his autograph, books from young authors begging for a word of approval from "the Master," and many letters from the brilliant and successful writers of the day, French, American, and English, praising his latest work and hailing him generously as the greatest of them all. The profession of letters is one that is singularly free from jealousy, as was shown, when an author began to make himself known, by the enthusiastic letters from fellow-writers calling Stevenson's attention to the new star on the horizon.

Stevenson fought against all odds for the wife of his choice as he had done for his profession. From the first moment he met, at the little village of

Grez in the forest of Fontainebleau, "the woman for whom he was to dare so much, to receive in return* such entire devotion, and to leave in prose and verse, and in his uttered words to all his intimates, a tribute such as few women have been privileged to receive," until their marriage in San Francisco three years later, he surmounted one obstacle after another. The last book he wrote [that was left unfinished by his sudden death] was dedicated "To my Wife."

"I saw the rain falling and the rain-bow drawn
On Lammermuir. Hearkening, I heard again
In my precipitous city beaten bells
Winnow the keen sea-wind. And here afar,
Intent on my own race and place I wrote.

*W. H. Low, "A Chronicle of Friendships."

Take thou the writing; thine it is. For
who
Burnished the sword, blew on the drowsy
coal,
Held still the target higher; chary of praise
And prodigal of counsel—who but thou?
So now in the end; if this the least be
good,
If any deed be done, if any fire
Burn in the imperfect page, the praise be
thine."

This is to the critic, in acknowledgment of her influence and help in his literary work.

To the wife he wrote:

"Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel true and blade straight
The great artificer made my mate.

Honor, anger, valor, fire,
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench, or evil stir
The mighty master gave to her.

Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow farer true through life.
Heart whole and soul free,
The August Father gave to me."

THE TRAVELLER

WHEN Stevenson found himself free to go where he would, he took the first road that offered—and it led him to France.

"Then follow you wherever lie
The travelling mountains of the sky
Or let the streams, in civil mode
Direct your choice upon the road.

For one and all, or high or low
Will lead you where you wish to go
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away!"

He and his friend, Sir Walter Simpson, a young fellow of his own age, took a canoeing trip that he described afterward in "An Inland Voyage."

He enjoyed it all, good fortune and ill, wet and stormy days as well as fair, and only stopped to commiserate a poor fellow who had to stay behind. He was "the driver of the hotel omnibus; a mean enough looking little man, as well as I can remember; but with a spark of something human in his soul. He had heard of our little journey, and came to me at once in envious sympathy. How he longed to travel! he told me. How he longed to be somewhere else, and see the round world before he went to his grave! 'Here I am,' said he; 'I drive to the station. Well. And then I drive back again to the hotel. And so on every day and all the week round. My God, is that life!' I could not say I thought it was—for him. He pressed me to tell him where I had been and where

I hoped to go; and as he listened I declare the fellow sighed. Might not this have been a brave African traveller, or gone to the Indies after Drake? But it is an evil age for the gipsily inclined among men. He who can sit squarest on a three-legged stool, he it is who has the wealth and glory."

After many days of adventure they came to "La Fere of Cursed Memory." Here they were taken for pedlars and refused a night's lodging, to Stevenson's fury. "For my part," he stormed, "when I was turned out of the Stag or the Hind, or whatever it was, I would have set the temple of Diana on fire if it had been handy. There was no crime complete enough to express my disapproval of human institutions." After wading about in

the dark and rain for hours they found "La Croix de Malte," where they were received. "Little did the Bazins know how much they served us. We were charged for candles, for food and drink, and for the beds we slept in. But there was nothing in the bill for the husband's pleasant talk nor the pretty spectacle of their married life." It is only by a letter to a friend that one learns of the risks he took with his health, and even that is written in a cheerful vein. "I have had to fight against pretty mouldy health, so that, on the whole, the essayist and reviewer has shown, I think, some pluck. Four days ago I was not a hundred miles from being miserably drowned, to the immense regret of a large circle of friends and the permanent impoverishment of British Essayism and

Reviewery. My boat culbutted me under a fallen tree in a very rapid current; and I was a good while before I got on to the outside of that fallen tree, rather a better while than I cared about."

His next journey was afoot, his companion a donkey, "a love, price sixty-five francs and a glass of brandy." "His love" refused to move beyond a snail's pace until a passing peasant taught him the art of donkey driving and gave him the magic word "proot." "The rogue pricked up her ears and broke into a good round pace, which she kept up without flagging and without exhibiting the least symptoms of distress as long as the peasant kept beside us." When his preceptor left and they "started to climb an interminable hill upon the

other side, 'proot' seemed to have lost its virtue. I prooted like a lion. I prooted mellifluously like a sucking dove; but Modestine would be neither softened nor intimidated. She held doggedly to her pace." Finally an innkeeper made Stevenson a goad and all went well. The innkeeper's wife understood the object of his journey perfectly. "She sketched at what I should put into my book when I got home. 'Whether people harvest or not in such and such a place; if there were forests; studies of names; what, for example, I and the Master of the house say to you; and the beauty of nature and all that.'" Such is the story of "Travels with a Donkey" done into perfect prose.

A far different journey was his next one, when he travelled as "An Ama-

teur Emigrant to California Across the Plains." He knew France well, spoke the language fluently, and understood the customs of the people. The United States was a foreign land.

"With half a heart I wander here
As from an age gone by.
A brother—yet though young in years
An elder brother, I.

You speak another tongue than mine
Though both were English born—
I towards the night of time decline
You mount into the morn.

Youth shall grow great and strong and free
But age must still decay—
Tomorrow for the States—for me
England and yesterday!"

It was not until after ten years of increasing illness, after he had vainly sought health in Hyères, Davos-Platz, Bournemouth, and the Adi-

rondacks, that Fate, suddenly relenting, sent him to the South Seas.

"By strange pathways God hath brought
you Tusitala.
In strange webs of fortune caught you.
Led you by strange moods and measures
To this paradise of pleasures."*

It was indeed a paradise to Stevenson, a new world full of sunlight and warmth, romance, and strange adventure. "The first experience can never be repeated. The first love, the first sunrise, the first South Sea Island, are memories apart." When his yacht, the *Casco*, plunged its anchor into the waters of Nuka-hiva Bay, "it was a small sound, a great event," Stevenson wrote, "but my soul went down with these moorings

* Edmund Gosse in the dedication, "In Russet and Silver."

whence no windlass may extract or diver fish it up, and I, and some part of my ship's company were from that hour the bond slaves of the isles of Vivien."

After more than a year of voyaging among the islands he moored his bark on the shore of the most beautiful of them all, Upolu of the Samoan group. "For here," he declared, "if more days are granted me they shall be passed where I have found life most pleasant and man most interesting!"

THE WRITER

THE first of Stevenson's books to make a success was "Treasure Island." The idea of the story was suggested by a map which he drew for Lloyd Osbourne, his stepson, "a schoolboy home from the holidays and much in need of something craggy to break his mind upon." "He had no thought of literature; it was the art of Raphael that received his fleeting suffrages; . . . I would sometimes unbend a little, join the artist (so to speak) at the easel, and pass the afternoon with him in a generous emulation, making coloured drawings. On one of these occasions,

I made the map of an island; it was elaborately and (I thought) beautifully coloured; the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression; it contained harbours that pleased me like sonnets; and, with the unconsciousness of the predestined, I ticketed my performance 'Treasure Island.'" He was soon at work writing out a list of chapters. "It was to be a story for boys; no need for psychology or fine writing; and I had a boy at hand to be a touchstone. . . . I had counted on one boy, I found I had two in my audience. My father caught fire at once with all the romance and childishness of his original nature. . . . When the time came for Billy Bones's chest to be ransacked, he must have passed the better part of a day preparing, on the back of a legal envel-

ope, an inventory of its contents, which I exactly followed; and the name of 'Flint's old ship'—the *Walrus*—was given at his particular request."

"Treasure Island" was dedicated to

LLOYD OSBOURNE,
An American Gentleman,
In accordance with whose classic taste
The following narrative has been designed.
It is now in return for numerous delightful hours
And with the kindest wishes dedicated
By his affectionate friend,
The Author.

Prince Otto surrounded by his charming court, in the midst of romance, mystery, and intrigue, was the first modern novel laid in an imaginary kingdom; it has been so widely imitated, that one loses the effect of originality which so startled

its first readers. Stevenson said of this book, in a rather mocking humour: "It is queer and a little, little bit free; and some of the parties are immoral, and the whole thing is not a romance, nor yet a comedy; nor yet a romantic comedy; but a kind of preparation of some of the element of all three in a glass jar." But, all the same, in another letter he wrote: "A brave story, I swear, and a brave play, too, if we can find the trick to make the end." And his heart warms to his hero, "my poor, clever, feather-headed Prince whom I love already." He worked hard over the book, describing it as "a strange example of the difficulty of being ideal in an age of realism."

There is a beautiful passage in "Prince Otto" that is often quoted.

The Princess had been wandering in the woods all night. "At last she began to be aware of a wonderful revolution, compared to which the fire of Mitt Walden Palace was but the crack and flash of a percussion-cap. The countenance with which the pines regarded her began insensibly to change; the grass, too, short as it was, and the whole winding staircase of the brook's course, began to wear a solemn freshness of appearance. And this slow transfiguration reached her heart, and played upon it, and transpierced it with a serious thrill. She looked all about; the whole face of nature looked back, brimful of meaning, finger on lip, leaking its glad secret. She looked up. Heaven was almost emptied of stars. Such as still lingered shone with a changed

and waning brightness, and began to faint in their stations.

"And the colour of the sky itself was the most wonderful; for the rich blue of the night had now melted and softened and brightened; and there had succeeded in its place a hue that has no name, and that is never seen but as the herald of the morning. 'O,' she cried, joy catching at her voice; 'O it is the dawn!' "

Stevenson was in Saranac when the idea came to him for the story of "The Master of Ballantrae." "It was winter, the night was very dark; the air extraordinarily clear and cold, and sweet with the purity of forests." He had been reading the "Phantom Ship." "'Come,' said I to my engine; 'let us make a tale, a story of many years and countries, of the sea and the

land, savagery and civilisation.'" He tells us that "On such a fine frosty night, with no wind and the thermometer below zero, the brain works with much vivacity; and the next moment I had seen the circumstance transplanted from India and the tropics to the Adirondack wilderness and the stringent cold of the Canadian border."

In the dedication to Sir Percy and Lady Shelley he tells the strange story of its writing: "Here is a tale which extends over many years and travels into many countries. By a peculiar fitness of circumstance the writer began, continued it, and concluded it among distant and divers scenes. Above all, he was much upon the sea. The character and fortune of the fraternal enemies, the hall and shrub-

bery of Durrisdeer, the problem of MacKellars homespun and how to shape it for superior flights; these were his company on deck in many star reflecting harbours, ran often in his mind at sea to the tune of slatting canvas, and were dismissed (something of the suddenest) on the approach of squalls. It is my hope that these surroundings of its manufacture may to some degree find favour for my story with sea-farers and sea-lovers like yourselves.

"And at least here is a dedication from a great way off; written by the loud shores of a subtropical island near upon ten thousand miles from Boscombe Chine and Manor; scenes which rise before me as I write along with the faces and voices of my friends."

The list of his complete writings would be a long one, including as they do, the wide range of essays, fables, critical reviews, plays, travels, romances, memoirs, verses, and novels.

The book that made the greatest sensation, that sold forty thousand copies in England and over a quarter of a million in America, is "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It is an allegory written in the form of a story that has been played in theatres and preached in churches. A slim book in size but great in power, that leaves the reader thrilled with horror, not only at the monster Hyde but at the possibilities of evil in one's own heart.

THE TEACHER

STEVENSON was one of the first to teach the optimistic doctrine of life. "The disease of pessimism," he declared, "springs never from real troubles, which it braces a man to bear, which it delights men to bear well. Nor does it readily spring at all in minds that have conceived of life as a field of ordered duties not as a chase in which to hunt for gratifications."

He upheld "gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. If your morals make you dreary depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say 'give them up,' for they may be all you

have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people."

"Noble disappointment, noble self-denial are not to be admired, not soon to be pardoned if they bring bitterness." "Nature is a good guide through life, and the love of simple pleasures next, if not superior to, virtue."

"There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise no body so much as the benefactor." "A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of goodwill; and their entrance into a room

is as though another candle had been lighted." These are inspiring words, and they go far and sink deep coming from a man like Stevenson whose pulpit was a sick-bed; who had linked arms with Pain and smiled in the face of Death. He encouraged you "by all means to finish your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year; even if he hesitates about a month, make a brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honour useful labour. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts have done good work although they may die before they have time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong

and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world and bettered the traditions of mankind." "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce, when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." "*Etre et pas avoir* to be not to possess—that is the problem of life. To be wealthy a rich nature is the first requisite, and money but the second. To be of a quick and healthy blood, to share in all honourable curiosities, to be rich in admiration and free from envy, to

rejoice greatly in the good of others, to live with such generosity of heart that your love is still a dear possession in absence or unkindness—these are the gifts of fortune which money cannot buy and without which money can buy nothing."

He tells us that "a man is not to expect happiness, only to profit by it gladly when it shall arise; he is on duty here; he knows not how or why, and does not need to know; he knows not for what hire, and must not ask. Somehow or other, though he does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good; somehow or other, though we cannot tell what will do it, he must try to give happiness to others."

"Mankind is not only the whole in general, but every one in particular.

Every man or woman is one of mankind's dear possessions; to his or her just brain, and kind heart, and active hands, mankind intrusts some of its hopes for the future; he or she is a possible well-spring of good acts and source of blessings to the race."

He does not preach only to the wise or the clever or the great; he declares that "the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end." And then "when the

time comes that he should go there need be few illusions left about himself. Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much;—surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed, nor will he complain at the summons which calls a defeated soldier from the field; defeated, ay, if he were Paul or Marcus Aurelius!—but, if there is still one inch of fight in his old spirit, undishonoured. The faith which sustained him in his lifelong blindness and lifelong disappointment will scarce even be required in this last formality of laying down his arms. Give him a march with his old bones; there, out of the glorious sun coloured earth, out of the day and dust and the ecstacy—there goes another Faithful Failure!"

"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain;—
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose Thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!"

THE FRIEND

STEVENSON had the gift of making friends, for "there was that about him," says Graham Balfour, "that he was the only man I have ever known who possessed charm in high degree, whose character did not suffer from the possession. The gift comes naturally to women, and they are at their best in its exercise. But a man requires to be of a very sound fibre before he can be entirely himself and keep his heart single, if he carries about with him a talisman to obtain from all men and all women the object of his heart's desire. Both gifts Stevenson possessed, not only the magic but also

the strength of character to which it was safely intrusted."

That he was utterly unconscious of possessing any such attribute is shown by a fragment written in his youth, describing the three wishes of his heart: "First, good health; secondly, a small competence; thirdly, *O du Lieber Gott* friends!" They came in answer to that call by the thousands, many of them his readers who had never known the man Stevenson. Even his intimate and personal friends were many, from all walks in life, rich and poor, philosopher and fisherman, white and brown. It is not surprising that he should have had such friends as Sidney Colvin, professor of arts; Edmund Gosse, poet; Will H. Low, painter, and nearly all the prominent writers of his day, but

every one who ever came in contact with him, man or woman, that person was his friend for life, even imitating his mannerisms and tricks of speech—his landladies, bell-boys, hotel porters, innkeepers.

It was at Monterey that he first met Simoneau. In "the old Pacific capital," he said, "of all my private collection of remembered inns and restaurants—and I believe it, others things being equal, to be unrivalled—one particular house of entertainment stands forth alone. I am grateful, indeed, to many a swinging sideboard, to many a dusty wine-bush; but not with the same kind of gratitude. Some were beautifully situated, some had an admirable table, some were the gathering places of excellent companions; but take them for all in all, not one

can be compared with Simoneau's at Monterey."

Stevenson was taken ill there and the Frenchman visited and befriended him, "a most pleasant old boy with whom I discuss the universe and play chess daily." In after years, as each of his books came out, a copy with an inscription was sent to Simoneau till the old man had a complete set of first editions, besides many letters and photographs. His restaurant had failed, and he supported himself by selling "tamales" on the street, and though he was offered a very handsome sum of money for his Stevenson books and letters he refused to part with them. Mrs. Stevenson, in grateful recognition of the old man's loyalty, was able to make his declining years comfortable, hastened to his

bedside when he died, and erected a handsome tombstone to his memory.

Every doctor who ever attended Stevenson became his friend; to his admiration of the medical practitioner and his personal gratitude we owe the beautiful dedication to "Underwoods" that begins:

"There are men and classes of men that stand above the common herd; the soldier, the sailor, and the shepherd not unfrequently; the artist rarely; rarelier still, the clergyman; the physician almost as a rule. He is the flower (such as it is) of our civilisation. . . . Generosity he has, such as is possible to those who practice an art, never to those who drive a trade; discretion, tested by a hundred secrets; tact, tried in a thousand embarrassments; and, what are more im-

portant, Herculean cheerfulness and courage. So it is that he brings air and cheer into the sick-room, and often enough, though not so often as he wishes, brings healing."

Tembinok, the last King of the Gilbert Islands, was a friend for whom Stevenson had a profound admiration. He describes their leave-taking in his South Sea book: "As the time came for our departure Tembinok became greatly changed; a softer, more melancholy, and, in particular, a more confidential man appeared in his stead. To my wife he contrived laboriously to explain that though he knew he must lose his father in the course of nature, he had not minded nor realised it till the moment came; and now that he was to lose us, he repeated the experience. . . . 'I very

sorry you go,' he said at last. 'Miss Stlevens he good man, woman he good man, boy he good man; all good man. Woman he smart all same man. My woman,' glancing toward his wives, 'he good woman no very smart. I think Miss Stlevens he big chiep all the same cap'n man-o'-war. I think Miss Stlevens he rich man all same me. All go schoona. I very sorry. My patha he go, my uncle he go, my cutcheons he go, Miss Stlevens he go: all go. You no see King cry before. King all the same man; feel bad, he cry. I very sorry.' "

On one of the South Sea voyages Stevenson and his party were detained at a native village two months. The Chief, Ori a' Ori, sent a farewell letter when they left that "as for me," Stevenson said, "I would rather have

received it than written 'Redgauntlet' or the 'Sixth Æneid.' " This is the translation:

"I make you to know my great affection. At the hour when you left us, I was filled with tears; my wife, Rui Telime, also, and all of my household. When you embarked I felt a great sorrow. It is for this that I went upon the road, and you looked from that ship, and I looked at you on the ship with great grief until you had raised the anchor and hoisted the sails. When the ship started I ran along the beach to see you still; and when you were on the open sea I cried out to you, 'Farewell, Louis,' and when I was coming back to my house I seemed to hear your voice crying, 'Rui, farewell.' Afterward I watched

the ship as long as I could until the night fell, and when it was dark I said to myself, 'If I had wings I should fly to the ship.' I will not forget you in my memory. Here is the thought. I desire to meet you again. It is my dear Teriitera (Stevenson) makes the only riches I desire in this world. It is your eyes I desire to see again. It must be that your body and my body shall eat together at one table; there is what would make my heart content. But now we are separated. May God be with you all. May His word and His mercy go with you, so that you may be well and we also, according to the words of Paul.

"ORI A' ORI."

I have not the space to tell the story of the Princess Moe of Tahiti, of

Tati Salmon with whom Stevenson made brothers in the island fashion, of the beautiful Princess Kaiulani that he knew "in the April of her age and at Waikiki within easy walk of Kaiulani's banyan," of the French fisherman of Monterey whom he met at Marseilles after many years and entertained at his hotel, of Mother Mary Anne of saintly memory, of the blind white leper at Molokai, of the Captains and Supercargoes of the many ships on which he sailed, of mad, handsome, romantic "Tin Jack," original of "Tommy Haddon" in "The Wrecker"; of the Missionaries, Protestant, Catholic, Mormon, and Wesleyan, for these are a few only of the many friends of him who said, "If we find but one to whom we can speak out of our heart

freely, with whom we can walk in love and simplicity without dissimulation, we have no ground of quarrel with the world or God."

THE POET

STEVENSON was not only able to express his thoughts in beautiful language, he was born with a poet's soul, and nature spoke to him as to an intimate. Of a pleasant French landscape he wrote: "From time to time a warm wind rustled down the valley and set all the chestnuts dangling their branches of foliage and fruit; the ear was filled with rustling music and the shadows danced in tune."

A passing phase of beatitude brought forth this charming explanation: "some thoughts, which sure would be the most beautiful, vanish before we can rightly scan their

faces; as though a God travelling by our green highways should but ope the door, give one smiling look into the house, and go again forever. Was it Apollo, Mercury, or Love with folded wings? Who shall say? But we go the lighter about our business and feel peace and pleasure in our heart."

He found exquisite beauty in

> "Every fairy wheel and thread
> Of cobweb dew—bediamonded,"

and frosts that

> "enchant the pool
> And make the cart-ruts beautiful."

To him the world was full of romance. It was his birthright

> "to hear
> The great bell beating far and near—

The odd unknown, enchanted gong
That on the road hales men along.
That from the mountain calls afar,
That lures the vessel from a star
And with a still aerial sound
Makes all the earth enchanted ground."

The little verses from "A Child's Garden" brighten many of the school books in England and America with their pleasant lessons of happiness in simple things:

"How do you like to go up in a swing
Up in the air so blue?
Oh I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!"

and such gentle admonitions as—

"A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able."

For the comfort of sick children

there was never anything more brave and beautiful than

"The Land of Counterpane."

And all of us, old and young, are better for the motto that hangs in many a nursery, sewing-room, office, and workshop:

"The World is so full of a number of things
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

The "Ballads," that include many of the legends of Tahiti done into verse, was dedicated to the Chief Ori a' Ori:

"Ori my brother in the island mode,
In every tongue and meaning much my friend,
This story of your country and your clan,
In your loved house, your too much honoured guest,

I made in English. Take it, being done;
And let me sign it with the name you gave,
Teritera."

In "Underwoods" many of his best and most serious poems are found both in Scotch and English; but in "Songs of Travel" Stevenson touches a gayer, lighter note that breathes of returning health and the salt sea breezes.

"I will make you brooches and toys for
your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine
at night.
I will make a palace, fit for you and me,
Of green days in forests and blue days at
sea.
I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep
your room
Where white flows the river and bright
blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep
your body white

In rainfall at morning and dew-fall at night.
And this shall be for music when no one else is near
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear:
That only I remember, that only you admire
Of the broad road that stretches and the road-side fire."

Many of the verses in "The Child's Garden" and "Songs of Travel" have been set to music:

"Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them.
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them.

Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,

Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.

And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers."

THE CHIEF

AFTER more than ten years of the sick-room, his "horizon four walls," it is not strange that Stevenson should have loved Samoa, where he found comparative health and was able to live out-of-doors. His letters to his friends were enthusiastic. "I wouldn't change my present installation for any post, dignity, honour, or advantage conceivable to me. It fills the bill. I have the loveliest time." "This is a hard and interesting and beautiful life we lead now." "Our fine days are certainly fine like Heaven; such a blue of the sea, such green of the trees, and such crimson of the hibiscus flowers you

never saw; and the air as mild and gentle as a baby's breath—and yet not hot." "The sea, the islands, the islanders, the island life and climate make and keep me truly happier."

To his old friend Colvin he wrote: "After breakfast I rode home. Conceive such an outing, remember the pallid brute that lived in Skerryvore like a weevil in a biscuit, and receive the intelligence that I was rather the better for my journey. Twenty miles ride, sixteen fences taken, ten of the miles in a drenching rain, seven of them fasting and in the morning chill, and six stricken hours' political discussion by an interpreter; to say nothing of sleeping in a native house at which many of our litterati would have looked askance in itself."

In a speech to an assemblage of

Samoan chiefs Stevenson said: "I love Samoa and her people. I love the land. I have chosen it to be my home while I live and my grave after I am dead, and I love the people and have chosen them to be my people to live and die with."

He bought a tract of land, built a large house which he furnished from his old home in Bournemouth and his father's place in Edinburgh, gathered his family about him, and lived like a country gentleman with many horses, a dairy, vegetable gardens, acres of pineapples, bananas and cacao, the grounds laid out with tennis courts and beautified by tropical trees and flowers. One of his prayers breathes the atmosphere of Vailima. "We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell; for the love that

unites us; for the peace accorded us this day; for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food, and bright skies that make our lives delightful; for our friends in all parts of the earth and our friendly helpers in this foreign isle. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavours. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving, one to another."

He described the house in one of his letters as "three miles from town,

in the midst of great silent forests. There is a burn close by, and when we are not talking you can hear the burn, and the birds, and the sea breaking on the coast three miles away and six hundred feet below us."

Stevenson worked in the mornings, usually by dictation, which made his correspondence and novels much less trying to his strength. He was deeply interested in the government of the country and outlined a policy that has since been adopted with success by the Germans in their occupation of Upolu and Savaii. He rode a good deal on his brown horse, Jack, and was one of the "hounds" in a cross-country paper chase; he paid visits to the other islands, studied the Samoan language, read until late nearly every night, and often at-

tended the entertainments given by the men-of-war or townspeople at the Apia Public Hall, where he joined in the dance which he described as "a most fearful and wonderful quadrille; I don't know where the devil they fished it from, but it is rackety and prancing and embraciatory beyond words; perhaps it is best defined in Haggard's expression as a gambado."

Stevenson had been shut in from the world for so many weary years that he loved to keep open house; Vailima was the scene of numerous entertainments, balls, dinners, tennis parties on the lawn, and no holiday, English, American, or Samoan, was allowed to pass without an appropriate celebration.

At Christmas time the house would

be filled with guests for several days, dancing, playing charades and games, and there was always an old-fashioned Christmas tree loaded with gifts. The first cotillon ever seen in Samoa was held at Vailima in honour of Washington's birthday. There was a dinner to all the English officers and officials in town on the occasion of Queen Victoria's jubilee. The thirteenth of November, the anniversary of Stevenson's birth, was celebrated by a grand feast given in the native fashion, the chiefs and their families arriving early in the day with presents of turtles, kava root, fans, model canoes, rings, live pigs carried on poles, and rolls of tapa and fine mats.

The midshipmen and officers of the men-of-war in port, the various offi-

cials of England, Germany and the United States, the missionaries and their wives, the Samoan chiefs with their families and retainers, passing tourists, even the sailors on their liberty day ashore, all found a welcome at Vailima.

He who said "it is better to lose life like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it than die daily in the sick-room" was spared the horror of a lingering illness.

In the best health he had ever enjoyed; in the midst of his work on "Weir of Hermiston," that he believed to be his masterpiece, with those he loved most around him, his plans laid for weeks ahead, in the fulness of his powers, in the forty-fourth year of his age, the end came

suddenly and painlessly by a stroke of apoplexy.

He died at ten minutes past eight on Monday evening the third of December, 1894.

He lay as though asleep, on a narrow couch in the middle of the great hall. The Union Jack that flew above Vailima was lowered and draped over the body. All through the night, as the sad news spread about the island, parties of Samoans came to pay their last respects to the truest friend they had ever known.

He had chosen Mount Vaia to be his last resting-place; the pathway up the steep hillside through the jungle was cut in the night by forty loyal Samoans, and on the morning of the fourth he was laid to rest.

"Nothing more picturesque can be

imagined* than the narrow ledge that forms the summit of Mount Vaia, a place no wider than a room and flat as a table. On either side the land descends precipitately; in front lie the vast ocean and the surf-swept reefs; to the right and left green mountains rise, densely covered with the primeval forest." On this spot the tomb was built that took several months in the making; it is of solid blocks of cement welded together in a noble design with two large bronze tablets let in on either side. One bears the inscription in Samoan, "The resting place of Tusitala," followed by the quotation (in the same language), "Thy country shall be my country and thy God my God." On the other

* Lloyd Osbourne in "A Letter to Mr. Stevenson's Friends."

side are the name and dates and the requiem:

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
'Here he lies where he longed to be.
Home is the sailor home from the sea
And the hunter home from the hill.'"

DIARY OF SAMUEL RICHARDS

DIGITALLY RESTORED VERSION FROM
AN ORIGINAL 1909 EDITION

Enhanced version of a painting of Captain Samuel Richards

Original photographic image courtesy of the Library of Congress
Digitally restored copy courtesy of Standish Press

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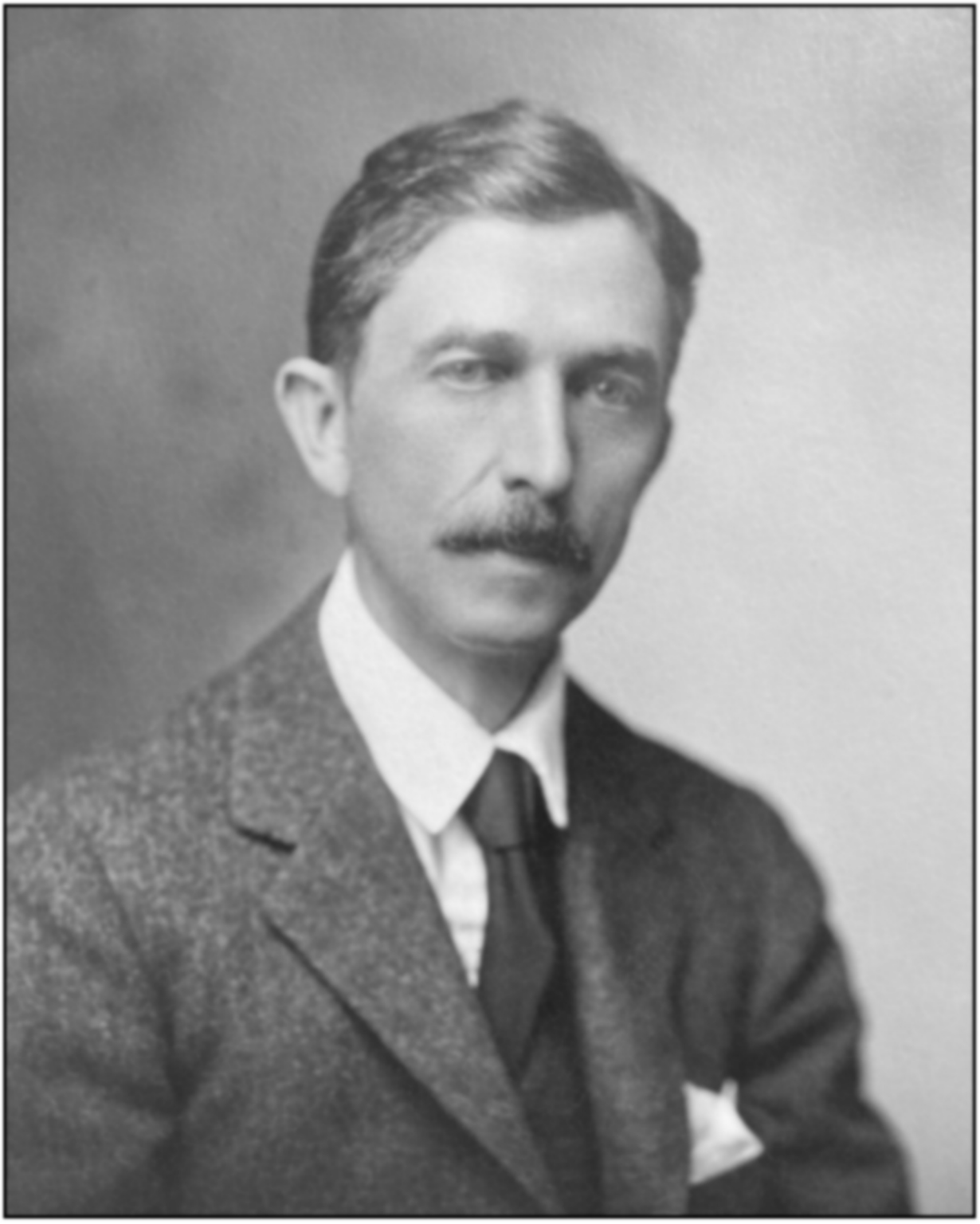

Undated photograph of George Stanley Woodward
Great grandson of Samuel Richards

Original photograph courtesy of the George Woodward Company
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Undated photo of Henry Howard Houston Woodward
Great-great grandson of Samuel Richards

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1921 memorial painting of Henry Howard Houston Woodward by Violet Oakley for the Woodward family of Philadelphia

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Diary of Samuel Richards

Diary of

Samuel Richards

Captain of Connecticut Line

War of the Revolution

1775-1781

Published by his great grandson
Philadelphia, Pa.
1909

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The Leeds & Biddle Co.
Philadelphia

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS

To My Son:—Recollecting how much I was entertained in my youth in hearing my father narrate incidents which occurred at the siege of Louisburgh on the island of Cape Briton, in the year 1745, where he acted a part—I conclude it would not be less interesting to you to learn from me some of the many incidents with which I became personally acquainted during the revolutionary war; through which I served from the commencement to the end, and coming from an eye witness in whom *you* can confide; leaving it to you to consult the many able historians for *general facts* and results as they arose in this eventfull period, and which will be long remembered and passed down to posterity; and will loose none of their interest for many generations, but will rather expand with the advance of empire in this extensive republic:

In narrating incidents it will naturally be supposed that in many instances circumstances which led to them, as well as the results which followed—will necessarily be involved: in which it is my design to be as laconic as the nature of the case will admit: the field and the incidents are sufficiently ample without much digression or studied remarks.

Those I have selected, and the manner of my treating them you will judge of by the sequel.

In the year 1774 I had arrived to the age of 21, and of course able—in some measure, to understand

the accounts of passing events, and to witness their effects on the public mind.

The shutting up of the port of Boston, after the destruction of the tea on board the ships: the arrival of an additional number of regular troops, with the accompanying circumstances, as narrated by the historians of the day, sufficiently opened the drama to the view of even common observers—of a set'led design of the british government to persevere in subjecting the colonies to a system of taxation, and an equall fixed design of resistance on the part of the colonies.

this system of taxing the colonies commenced in 1765—only two years after the peace of paris in 1763—the reasons held up in the discussions in Parliament on the subject were principally that it was right that the colonies should help to reimburse the expense of the war which was carried on principally for their defence and protection. The colonists abjected [sic]—pleading their charter rights, and the common right of citizens and subjects that none are to be taxed without their own consent, and the colonists not being represented in Parliament, could have no voice in the case: The stamp act—of 1765—repealed in 1768—the succeeding duties on paper, paints &c. and the strong effort by the duty on tea in 1773—were tests to try the right & the power of the mother country to tax the colonies; and the resistance of the colonies was in principle to oppose that right, as not existing. After the destruction of

the tea at Boston the british parliament came to the strong resolution that they had a right to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever. this was the climax at which the subject had arisen—the british government persevering in these measures—and the colonies uniformly resisting. Those things are fully treated on in history, and only inserted to keep in mind the foundation of the war of independance and the seperation of the colonies from the mother country. The firing of the british soldiery on the unarmed citizens of Boston: the burning of the Gaspee schooner—a government vessell—in the harbor of Newport—the constant custom of the british of impressing our seamen wherever found on the high seas, all served to keep up and increase the acrimony between the mother country & the colonies.

One of our whale vessels arriving into the harbor of Newport while the Gaspee schooner was lying there one of her officers came on board & declared his design of impressing one of the crew: the captain made a mark in some salt, and declared to the officer if he passed that he would harpoon him: the officer regardless of the threat advanced on which the Captain thrust the harpoon at him which caused his death.

In the autumn of 1774 and during the succeeding winter, companies of *minute men* were formed in most of the towns and villages of New England, which were drilled and exercised with great attention.

The colonies received regular information of the plans maturing in parliament during the winter '74-5—for bringing the colonies to submission—of the reinforcement of the army in Boston: the appointment of Howe, Clinton & Burgoyne—as lieut. generals—to command: of hiring 12,000 hessian auxilliers to be employed jointly with the british against us. The news of the action at Lexington, which was on the 19th of April '75 operated like electricity on the public mind—already prepared for the bursting of the volcano.

By the 5th of May a company of 100 men, including officers, was enlisted in the town of Farmington in Connecticut to serve seven months, and in ten days were on their march towards Boston, which was then compleatly shut up: this company was composed principally of the sons of the yeomen or farmers, who furnished their own arms and clothing—and was commanded by Capt.—afterwards Colonel—Noadiah Hooker. It was not necessary to urge anyone to enlist, it was only to receive the most promising of those who offered themselves to compleat the number. I hold this up as a sample of what was transacted in almost every town in Connecticut, and probably through New England to shew the spirit which pervaded the mass of the people. And I presume that female influence in society was never more evident than at this time: they appeared to vie with their brethren in sustaining the idea of a fixed and determined resistance to the tyranical

measures carrying on against us. this spirit was continued by them in a good degree thro' the war. The few days previous to their marching were occupied in preparing clothing and necessaries for the service. a few of the men had served in the last french war and therefore could instruct their comrades how to conduct and manage in their new vocation. Previous to their marching a day was set apart for religious worship, the minister prepared and delivered an appropriate discourse to the company at the church. this—like all other public addresses of the day—was calculated to add a stimulus to those engaged for the service before them; to admonish and urge them, while persevering with firmness and fortitude, to put their trust in God for succes in so righteous a cause.

The last week in May the company began their march, and I accompanied them as a volunteer with the same enthusiastic feelings of almost every one—a small proportion of *tories* excepted—and amidst the benedictions of friends and connexions.

The parting scene, the mutual adieus of connexions was very interesting and impressive: the men had a fixed expectation and a strong desire of meeting the british in real combat. those feelings absorbed the more *tender* ones.

two waggons were furnished to convey the baggage and the provision, which was abundantly furnished by families gratuitously.

The first day carried them to East Hartford—fifteen miles, where they were received and lodged in the most friendly manner in the houses with the families, all striving how to best accomodate them.

They marched about 30 miles a day through Bolton, North Coventry, Pomfret, Ashford, Thomson, Douglas & Dedham, coulors flying and music playing as they passed through a town, much apparently—to the gratification of the assembled spectators; this being the first regular company passing to the scene of action on that road.

Arriving at Jamaica plains, a parish in Roxbury—they fell under the command of Genl. Ward of Massachusetts who was stationed there to command and recive the troops as they should arrive.

This company formed part of the regiment commanded by Colonel Wyllys, of Hartford—Connecticut, and with the other companies on their arrival, were cantoned in the houses and out buildings of the inhabitants who treated them with the greatest kindness & attention.

The orders were for the troops to parade at day break and march to their alarm post, the summit of the hill in the center of Roxbury—looking towards Boston neck, there remain till about sun an hour high, awaiting the movement of the enemy—should he make any; then return to quarters for breakfast. This continued untill the morning of the 17th of June when our repairing to our alarm post was hastened by information that the enemy was ad-

vancing across the neck towards us. on reaching our post we saw them retreating back on the neck.

They then opened a severe fire upon us from their batteries on the neck which killing but one of our men—we moved back beyond the range of their shot: we being now informed of the real object and designs of the enemy, and placed on an elevated situation could plainly see all their movements in crossing the ferry over to Charlestown; advancing through the town to Breed's hill—since called Bunker hill.

Our troops having the previous night commenced a slight breastwork there, the enemies object was to dislodge them—which occasioned the severe battle which ensued.

This battle being an important point or link in the great chain of events which accompanied our arduous struggle for independence—deserves particular notice.

It appeared that some time was occupied in crossing the ferry—an arm of the sea which seperates Boston from Charlestown—and forming into order for battle: I saw their advance up the hill by the cloud of dust which was raised.

In this interim—if it may be so called—the enemy kept up a constant cannonnade on our troops from a battery on Copps hill at the North end of the town of Boston (& Charlestown which is situated on a peninsula) on one side of which lay a british ship of the line—the Somerset of 64 guns & a ten-

der—and on the other, or Mystic side was placed several Gundaloes—from both of those a constant cannonnade was kept up across the neck to prevent our troops from reinforcing the party on the hill. You may judge in some measure of the intensity of our feelings while viewing the passing scene in all its complicated points concentrating in the great conflict then commenced: tho' I am sure no one but a soldier can fully realize those feelings—to view our brethren in arms momentarily awaiting the attack—which I can assure you from experience is a moment interesting in the extreme—to see and hear the roar of the musketry which commenced about ten o'clock: to see the enemy fall back twice before the deadly fire of our musketry—and then the dispersion of our troops and the shout of the victors; the beautifull town of Charlestown in flames—which general Burgoyne's letter that I subjoin, as giving a lively picture—and a counterpart of the scene on the British side—will add to the impresion, if not already arriven to a climax.

EXTRACT OF A PRIVATE LETTER WRITTEN BY GENL. BURGOYNE.

(Copied from a London newspaper.)

"Boston is a peninsula joined to the main land only by a narrow neck which in the first of the troubles Gage fortified: Arms of the sea and har-

bor surround the rest. On the other side of one of these arms to the north is Charlestown, or rather was, for it is now rubbish, and over it a hill, which is also like Boston, a peninsula. to the South of the town is a still larger slope of ground containing three hills, joining also to the main by a tongue of land and called Dorchester neck. the heights above described both to North and South, in the soldier's phrase, command the town, *i. e.,* give an opportunity of erecting batteries above any you can make against them, and consequently they are much more advantageous. it was absolutely necessary we should make ourselves masters of these heights, and we prepared to begin with Dorchester, because from particular situations of batteries (too long to describe and unintelligible to you if I did) it could evidently be effected without any considerable loss: everything was accordingly disposed. My two colleagues and myself* (who by the bye have never differed in an iotta of military sentiment) had in concert with Genl. Gage formed the plan.

Howe was to land from transports on one point, Clinton in the center, and I was to cannonnade from the causeway on the neck—each to take advantage from circumstances. the operation must have been very easy. This was to have been executed on the 18th.

On the 17th (of June) at dawn of day we found the enemy had pushed entrenchments with great dil-

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*** Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne.**

igence during the night on the heights of Charlestown, and were there in force, and we evidently saw that every hour gave them new strength. it therefore became necessary to alter our plan and attack on that side. Howe as second in command was detached with about 2000 men and landed on the outer side of the peninsula covered by shiping and without any opposition, was to advance from thence up the hill which was over Charlestown, where the strength of the enemy lay.

He had under him Brigadier-general Pigot. Clinton and myself took our stand, for we had not a fixed post—in a large battery directly opposite Charlestown and commanding it, and also reaching to the heights above it and thereby facilitating Howe's attack.

Howe's disposition was extremely soldierlike, and in my opinion it was perfect. As his first line advanced up the hill they met with a thousand impediments from strong fences, and were much exposed. They were also exceedingly hurt by musketry from the town of Charlestown though Clinton & I did not percieve it till Howe sent us word by a boat and desired us to set fire to the town. No sooner said than done: we threw in a parcel of shells and the whole was in flames. Our battery afterwards kept up an incessant fire upon the height, it was seconded by a number of frigates and floating batteries and one ship of the line. And now ensued one of the greatest scenes of war that can be con-

cieved. If we looked to the right—Howes Corps ascending the hill in the face of entrenchments and in very disadvantageous grounds warmly engaged; to the left the enemy pouring in fresh troops by thousands over the land: and in the arm of the sea our ships and floating batteries cannonading them; straight before us a large and noble town in one great blaze: the church steeples being all of timber were great pyramids of fire above the rest; behind us the church steeples & heights and our own camp covered with spectators of the rest of our army which was disengaged; the hills all around the country crowded with spectators of the enemy all in anxious suspense.

The roar of cannon, mortars and muskets, the crash of churches ships on the stocks and whole streets falling together in ruin, to fill the ear: the storm of the redout with the objects above described to fill the eye; and the reflection that perhaps a defeat was a final loss of the British empire in America to fill the mind, made the whole a picture and complication of horror and importance beyond any it came to my lot to be witness of. I much lament Tom's absence. it was a sight for a young soldier that the longest service may never furnish again: and had he been with me he would likewise have been out of danger, for except two cannon balls that went a hundred yards over our heads, we were not in any part of the direction of the enemy's fire. a moment of the day was critical. Howes

left was staggered: two battalions had been sent to reinforce them on the beach seeming in embarrassment which way to march. Clinton then next for business took the part without waiting for orders—to throw himself into a boat to head them: This reinforcement moved to our left and poured their fire down through our entrenchment, which was the point on which the battle turned. he arrived in time to be of service: the day ended with glory, and the success was most important, considering the ascendancy it gives the regular troops, but the loss was uncommon in officers for the number engaged. Howe was untouched, but his aidecamp captain Sherwin was killed. Jordan a friend of Howe's who came to see the campain, a shipmate of our ours on board the Cerberus and who acted as aidecamp, badly wounded. Pigot was unhurt but behaved like a hero. You will see the list of the loss. poor Col. Abecrombie who commanded the grenadiers died yesterday of his wounds. Capt. Addison our poor old friend who arrived but the day before, and was to have dined with me on the day of the action was also killed; his son was upon the field at the time. Major Mitchell is slightly wounded. Young Chetwynde's wound is also slight. Lord Percy's regiment has suffered the most, and behaved the best—his Lordship was not in the action. Lord Rawdon behaved to a charm, his name is established for life.

Col: Grosvenor who performed a very active part on that day being in the heat of the battle, nar-

rated to me many striking incidents which occurred during the battle—Major Pitcairn of the British marines—mounting the top of the ditch—our works having arrived to no greater point than that—exclaimed "disperse ye rebels" when one of our men instantly shot him through and he fell in the ditch. A soldier just by the side of general Putnam had levelled his gun at Major Small—aide de Camp to Genl. Howe—on which Putnam struck it aside with his sword exclaiming "don't kill that man I love him as I do my brother." Col. Trumbull told me that Genl. Small repeated this to him in London with tears in his eyes on enquiring if Putnam was still living. I little thought on that day of the important results which the battle of Bunkers hill was to produce in this our beloved country, thro' Europe and the whole civilized world both in a political and a religious view.

The british official return stated their loss at 1052 killed and wounded: our loss as published was between 300 & 400. during the whole day & the ensuing night the enemy kept up a constant discharge on us with cannon & mortars. the next day we heard a continued tolling of bells in the town from morning till night, while they were burying their dead who fell in the battle.

Three days after this we received our tents and pitched them on *Heath's hill*—a part of Genl. Heaths estate—in the western part of the town of

Roxbury, in full view of the town of Boston & the vicinity.

Usual camp duty now became constant: General Washington arrived a few weeks after the battle and established his headquarters at Cambridge where the greatest body of our troops lay.

I occasionally saw Genl. Lee—accompanied by his two hounds. On becoming known to Genl. Spencer—I accepted his invitation to reside in his family as private secretary. I here found Dr. Cogswell as one of the family and regimental surgeon.

Here I first became acquainted with Captain—since Genl. Henry Champion and Dr. John Watrous, and my intimacy with them has continued thro' life so far.

Many gentlemen from the interior of Massachusetts and Connecticut visited our encampment.

I found Doct. Gordon the officiating minister of Roxbury a well informed & talented man: he wrote a concise history of the pending war. Almost every night the enemy would open a cannonnade from their batteries on the neck. the balls were 24 pounders and almost every house in the center of the town was pierced by them, or shatter'd by the bursting of their bombs.

Our advanced guards occupied some buildings near the gorge of the neck. The enemy knowing this directed their shott towards them. One night their fire was uncomonly severe towards one of those guard houses, and being informed that 3

or 4 of the guards were killed I went in the morning to view the place, the bodies were removed, and where one man was dashed to pieces by a cannon ball I saw pieces of his entrails and the blood sticking against the adjoining wall where he was standing.

We had a small horn work raised of earth for the defence of our sentinels: when the enemy was firing briskly a soldier peeped over the parapet to look out, when a ball just pierced the edge of the parapet and entered his body at the upper part of the breast bone, its force being nearly spent it remained in his body; I had just arrived when two men took hold of his feet and raised him up, when the ball dropped out at the place where it entered: it appeared to be a twelve pounder.

The almost constant fire of the enemy produced one effect, probably not contemplated by them; it hard'ned our soldiers rapidly to stand and bear fire; when their balls had fallen and become still the men would strive to be the first to pick them up to carry to a sutlor to exchange for spirits.

At one time they came near paying dear for their temerity; a bomb had fallen into a barn, and in the day time it could not be distinguished from a cannon ball in its passage, a number were rushing in together to seize it when it burst and shattered the barn very much without injuring any one. The barn was emptied of hay & used as a barrack.

Our guards now performed duty with the utmost vigilence, the patrolls were alert, watching if the enemy was making any movement. The capture of two of the enemys vessells in Boston bay by our cruisars—loaded with warlike stores of almost every kind—proved a very seasonable supply to us as we were very deficient in those articles.

We were highly rejoiced on the capturing of two of the british vessels in Boston Bay—loaded with all kinds of warlike stores—by Capt. Manly and Capt. Mugford—while we mourned the loss of Capt. Mugford: who on boarding the enemy had one or both of his hands cut off and he fell back and was lost.

The arrival of Capt. M. afterwards Genl. Morgan with his company of Virginia riflemen in their hunting shirts was rather a novel sight to us. about the middle of August we had erected somewhat of a regular fort on the summit of the hill in Roxbury in which was placed three 24 pound cannon—which being all discharged at once carried their balls quite into the works of the enemy on the neck, and one at least must have taken effect as I saw the next March where a ball had entered their guard house breaking & carrying away a beam—and I saw the marks of blood around the place. This was the first instance of our shewing the enemy that we had heavy cannon, and it gratified our men to see it.

The season passed on from this time without anything more than the ordinary occurrencies of a siege.

One day the enemy sent out two floating batteries upon the bay and advancing in full view towards our encampment opened their fire, but their balls all fell short of us, much to our amusement.

As the autumn advanced a considerable number of our men fell sick of dysentery that scourge of camps and some of fefers, but there was not a very great number of deaths, tho' some fine youth fell victims to those diseases.

As the term our soldiers enlisted for was about expiring Genl. W. strongly pressed them to remain a month or two longer—untill the militia which were order'd in—should arrive: to this they reluctantly submitted.

I will therefore take a stride to the closing of the campaign, as it might be called.—the beginning of December the troops abandoned their tents and occupied the various buildings, which the inhabitants had left vacant—as temporary barracks—untill February when a line of slight barracks was compleated as near the gorge of the neck as prudence dictated, just in the front of which stretched a narrow marsh, and the barracks placed on the rising bank just East of it, and partially covered by the bank: the enemy knowing our position would almost every night open their fire from their batteries on the neck, with shott and shells, which generally passing over us—fell in the marsh, where the bombs bursting gave us much amusement, which however was sometimes interrupted by a ball passing through a

barrack. One night a ball passed thro' my apartment in the barrack a few feet over me as I lay in my berth. but such things having become so common we thought little of them.

I was now serving under my first commission as a subaltern—with all the ardor which I suppose is usually felt by ardent youth in similar circumstances.

Our advanced guard were posted quite on the neck: no buildings were then standing there, and no fires could be kept up, as it would draw the enemies fire towards them, the winter being severe it was rather uncomfortable to pass a whole winter night there: but without being accused of boasting—I think I may say that patriotism had its share in stimulating us. Our only way to avoid freezing was to be constantly walking, running, or jumping. Our immediate duty was to watch the movements of the enemy at the neck, supposing they might make a *Sortie* from there: but we knew that any general movement would be by attacking at some point where we were not so well prepared to receive and oppose them. The planning we knew must be by our commanding officer of the army.

The eventfull year '76 now opened, and information being transmitted to us by our friends in England that very active measures were taking there for our subjugation; that the army and navy employed against us was to be greatly reinforced, that 12,000 german troops were hired to be employed against

us: that in parliament—among other strong measures—a resolution was passed "That parliament had a right to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever." such information—instead of disheart'ning us—served to nerve us for the struggle to maintain our charter rights or "die in the last ditch."

The british government appeared very solicitous in selecting their ablest and most experienced generals to command their armies in subjugating the colonists.

Howe—whose brother Gen. Robert Howe—had fallen in a small action near Ticonderogue—in the french war, in 1758-9—possess'd the affections of the nation—much increased by those recollections.

Clinton and Burgoyne had distinguished themselves, and acquired laurels by their services in Portugal. Richard—Viscount Howe was Admiral of the fleet, which displayed a very formidable appearance when assembled together in the outer harbor of New York. The number composing the fleet and land army was estimated at about 56,000—of which about 35,000 composed the land army.

I recollect the brilliant appearance they made in forming their line in our front on Haerlem plain on the morning of the 16th of September 1776—we being on the heights near two miles distant from them. they were formed from the North river and stretched across towards the East river, or Long Island sound, and—as I afterwards learned—consisted of about 24,000, besides artillery.

It was heart cheering to witness the ardency ardor [sic] of our men in prospect of the expected ensuing battle.

In February things became more active with us, a considerable number of militia arrived from the country, parties were sent into the swamps to prepare materials and to make up facines. On the night of the 1st & 2d of March our batteries both on the Roxbury & Cambridge side commenced & continued discharge of shott & shells on the town, some of the balls fell in the town, for after we had entered it—a gentleman, in whose house Genl. Pigot had lodged, shewed me the hole where one of the cannon balls had pass'd a little way over his bed which he was sleeping in. a fourteen inch mortar which among other military stores was captured in the ord'nance brig by Capt. Manly—was burst in firing from our lines on the enemy in Boston. we had set a high value on it—call'd it *the Congress*. it wounded one or two, in bursting, but killed none.

during our fire—on the night of the 4th of March a detachment from our army moved on to the hights of Dorchester point—this is also a peninsula joined to the main by a narrow neck; on this was placed—on the side looking toward the enemy—a line of bundles of pressed hay to defend our troops from the enemies fire while passing it.

This detachment proceeded to the top of the hill and immediately commenced making a redoubt, entrenching tools & facines being carried there &

ready: the next morning at 8 oClock a relief was sent on—of which I was one—in passing the neck the tide having overflowed it I found my boots filled with mud and water, but we had no dry clothes with us, nor any time or opportunity for changing.

Of this event I think some remarks more than a mere passing notice are proper. In perusing the various histories of the revolutionary war I have ever thought that this [sic] was passed over in too summary and slight a manner. readers of history generally seem to be looking for descriptions of bloody battles and counting the number of killed and wounded: but the real philanthrophist must experience a higher gratifycation in contemplating a series of firm, prudent and judicious arrangements tending to effect a great object without one of those sanguinary conflicts which so strongly interest the feelings of most readers. the facts and results now under consideration afford a striking exhibition of that foresight and arrangement alluded to. Having carried you to the top of the hill on Dorchester point I found a redoubt considerably advanced in a position well calculated for defence. Outside the parapet were casks filled with sand and so placed that a slight touch would set them rolling down the hill which was very steep on every side, and thus break the ranks of the enemy on their advance. On the afternoon of the 6th we very plainly saw the enemy in motion in the town: dense columns of troops moving down the main street to the wharf and em-

barking on board the ships which moved down the harbor and formed in a kind of crescent at considerable distance from the hill.

most of the next day was spent by those ships in beating up nearer to our post—the wind being a head: we continued our work incessantly in compleating the redoubt, being urged to exertion by a full expectation of being attacked by the enemy's troops we had seen embark on board the ships; we had no time to spare for reflecting on and counting the cost of the issue of the expected battle. we did not work litterally with arms in our hands, but they were lying by our sides, and it is presumed that every one ardently wished for the opportunity of shewing the enemy what freemen would do when contending for their just rights. No one needed stimulating to the performance of his duty as every one possessed the inclination.

As night approached an uncommonly severe South East rain storm came on with very high wind, and in that elevated situation, surrounded by the sea, it was felt in all its force, but the severity of the storm did not stop our work, which we pushed forward with the utmost alacrity. The next morning presented to the view of the enemy a regular fort, far advanced to completion—and to our view their ships below apparently in a very disorderly condition: the day passed without any thing worthy of particular notice. You may form some faint idea of our situation; thoroughly drenched by the copious

rain, exhausted by severe exertion and want of refreshment, & of course without cover.

At evening we broke ground on Nook, or Nuke point, a small hill very near the water oposite South Boston. The enemy could plainly hear the sound of our entrenching tools, on which they opened and continued an incessant cannonade with a general direction towards this point. I counted the number of discharges up to about 1500 during half an hour and then left off counting; this firing was continued through the night, and the morning shewed a novel sight; the ground all around where the work had been carrying on appeared as if it had been plowed irregularly, and a very great number of cannon balls were picked up: but strange as it may seem there was but a surgeons mate and two privates killed during the night.

By the enemies inactivity for several succeeding days we concluded they had abandoned the idea of attacking our fort.

This comparative inactivity continued untill the 17th of the month when the whole of our troops were paraded and commenced our march into Boston, it being announced that the enemy were evacuating it. I had the gratifycation of being selected to carry the American flag at the head of the column which entered from the Roxbury side.

When arrived in the town numerous incidents crouded upon our view: I can particurize [sic] but few of them. The burst of joy shown in the counte-

nances of our friends so long shut up and domineered over by an insulting enemy: the meeting and mutual salutations of parents and children and other members of families having been seperated and continued seperated by the sudden shuting up of the town after the battle of Lexington: the general delapidation of the houses: several churches emptied of all the inside work—and turned into riding schools for their cavalry: all the places which had been previously used for public resort torn to pieces: and at the stores around the wharves groceries—particularly salt—were in a state of destruction. As I had no particular command I rambled at my pleasure—and being the carrier of the flag attracted some attention, was almost constantly pressed with invitations to "call in and take a glass of wine with me"

I saw the last boat of the enemy put off and proceed to the shiping.

It was generally understood that an informal—not an official—agreement was made between the british commander and the select men of the town, that in case the troops were not in any way interrupted at their departure—the town should not be burnt.

The next day I went and viewed Bunker hill, and the works appeared as if they had been dictated by *Vauban*, at least the plan: The walls were of earth but regularly constructed. a variety of associations of ideas crowded on my mind on recalling the scenes of the 17th of June of the last year, too

numerous and impressive to dwell upon, as not coming within my present plan.

The next day I went and viewed the works on Castle island. the enemy had endeavored to blow up every usefull part of the works; in many instances they had succeeded, in others but partially. they had broken off the trunnions of all the heavy cannon, and in addition had spiked them up. In general every thing was mutilated and rendered useless.

I was invited to take lodgings at the house of a respectable widow lady Mrs. C. and treated with the utmost hospitality during the few days of my stay in the town.

On the 25th of the month the troops began their march by regiments toward New York, and by the 4th of April 21 regiments had moved on, ours being one of the number: five regiments being left to garrison the town. we passed through Dedham and proceeded on the direct rout through Attleboro', Seaconk plain a sterile region—and arriving at Providence enjoyed a pleasing view of that flourishing town at the head of navigation of that river.

We proceeded on thro' a barren part of Rhode Island to the border of Connecticut where the lands, buildings & general improvements appeared much better; on arriving at New London we found we had to wait for vessells to be procured to transport us to New York, we there waited five days, still enjoying the hospitality of the citizens, but the men

drawing their own rations and cooking for themselves. I was hospitably entertained during our stay—at the house of a namesake.

While at New London went on board Commodore Hopkins' ship, he having returned from his expedition to the Island of New Providence, where he siezed a considerable quantity of millitary stores belonging to the British. the powder taken was particularly needed. every thing about the ship appeared in a forlorn condition, having had no repairs since a runing fight she sustained with a british ship on her way home; she having succeeded in capturing the ships tender.

the fifth day I went on board a sloop with about 100 of the regiment—on the commencement of a N. East storm and were driven rapidly on through the sound: in passing thro' Hurlgate, or as it is popularly called Hellgate—our vessell ran on *the middle rock,* an unpleasant and dangerous circumstance indeed. As the vessell ran on at high tide, when it ebbed she slid off without our sustaining any injury. On our arrival at New York we were at first cantoned in the empty houses of the citizens, many of them having left the city to be away from the ensuing scene. we were soon furnished with tents and encampted on an open area of ground called the Jews burying ground, given up for cows to graze on—now entirely covered with elegant buildings, the populous part of the city not only covering it but extending far beyond it. For two or three weeks

we were actively employed in constructing fortifycations around the city, on Governors & long islands, besides furnishing guards at the various points. Incidents were not wanting to occupy our attention. Being on guard one day and walking in the front of a large sugar house filled with british prisoners—recruits—captured in a transport ship,—seeing the serjeant relieve the sentry I heard a female voice making a pityfull moan, I stepped to the door and asked her the cause of her mourning. she replied that it was for the loss of all their farming tools, such as axes, hoes &c &c—on board the ship when they were captured. I asked what they were going to do with those articles had they kept them she said that after they had subdued the rebels and taken possession of their lands, they were going to work with them on the land.

I saw with pain the execution of one Thomas Hickey a soldier who had been retained in the family of Genl. Washington. he was convicted of being concerned in a plot either to take the life of the general, or to assist in taking him personally to deliver up to the enemy. July 12th being on guard on the grand battery I saw two of the enemy's ships get under weight and passing our batteries—proceed up the Hudson under full sail, not appearing to receive any injury from the shott from our batteries: those were the Phoenix 44 & the Rose 28 guns. they anchored in Tapan bay: their object appeared to be to reconnauter, to find the position and strength of

our works. in our firing on them we had a 32 pounder burst killing three men.

The British commissioners having now arrived with Admiral Lord Howe at their head—to propose terms of accomodation with the colonies—being on guard at the battery I saw a barge approach from the Admirals ship, and meeting our barge—delivered a package, and returned. this being the first step taken by the commissioners, it attracted much notice, and the terms proposed and offered were soon published: they were a submission on our part: on their part offers of pardon for the past, and a pacific arrangement to take place between the british government and the colonies: this being published in history I need not go into detail of it.

I used frequently to go on board the fire ships—small vessells preparing with a design to blow up or destroy some of the enemys ships—On the night of the 3d of August five of our row gallies proceeded up the river under the command of Col: Tupper and commenced an attack on one of the enemy' ships: but without much effect.

On the night of the 16th our fire craft succeeded in burning one of the enemy's armed vessells in the North river, in which Serjeant Smith of Connecticut after applying his match to the train—jumbed [sic] overboard to one of our boats, but was so severely burnt that he died of his wounds. The effects of our fire crafts here ended, and operations on a greater scale commenced.

On the landing of the enemy on long Island on the 22d of the month—and the *general* succeeding transactions consequent on it—at this important crisis—the historian has been copious and undoubtedly correct so far as he goes: yet a sufficient number of *incidents* remain to occupy the attention.

Probably no period of our revolutionary struggle was more critical than this. It is well known that at none had the enemy concentrated a more numerous or better appointed army than at this: their foreign mercenary—as well as their own regular troops having all arrived and landed, and began their operations. The day after their landing our regiment—among others was ordered on, and myself—being in full health—of course marched with it and remained there on active duty untill the memorable retreat on the night of the 29th. The part falling to me to act was one of the detachment of 2400 posted at the woody heights of Flatbush, and overlooked the plain where the enemy lay. the detachment was divided so as to occupy the only three passes through which the enemy might advance, if not secured. Their advanced guards were posted so near us that their shott reached us from their german rifles. they also annoyed us with their grape shott from their field pieces. The soldier well knows that when the smoke from the muzzle, and the vent of the gun is seen in the same line with himself—the piece points directly towards him. being in such a situation at this time I remember I stepped behind a tree to avoid

the shott discharged from one of their pieces. when the grape had passed I perceived that one of them had struck the tree behind which I stood.

Those being the only passes through which the enemy could approach directly, and as our force so posted was viewed sufficient to defend them—both bodies remained in that position till the night of the 26th. I well remember that all the former part of the night their front guards appeared very active, frequently passing and repassing us and their fires doubtless to attract our attention from their principal movement, which was during the night—moving round and turning our left flank, approaching by the Bedford road: the remainder of the night passed as usual; not indeed very quietly—untill just at day break when we were attacked in front by the enemy which we soon repulsed, and almost at the same time an attack commenced on our rear: on which a retreat was ordered, and a scene most disastrous ensued. Those from the three posts retreating seperrately were met by the enemy in solid body and driven back alternately on either body of the enemy. during the night another strong body of the enemy had landed, which moved and joined the first assailants thus heming in our troops—except about 700 or 800 of the 2400—of which number I was one—who made our way thro' the enemy's fire—to our entrenchment at Brooklyn.

As I at seting out, informed you my narration should be of *Incidents* not mentioned by the general

historian, and altho' he has been somewhat particular in describing the several points of attack by the enemy and the general results, yet the scenes of this memorable day were so complicated that enough remains to be told to occupy an inquisitive mind.

Huntington's—a Connecticut regiment, falling under the command of Genl. Lord Stirling—he being general officer of the day—this body of about 1000 being bro't together sustained the attack of the enemy with firmness, drove them back and made a number of prisoners; the enemy being reinforced at that point our troops surrendered. We being called rebels the most barbarous treatment was inflicted by the enemy.

Capt. Jewet of Huntington's regiment, an officer much respected and beloved, of elegant and commanding appearance and unquestionable bravery—was murdered in cold blood—having surrendered his sword when demanded—the officer on receiving it instantly plunged it through his body. Our wounded were principally put to death by the bayonet. This I did not see—as you will notice by my remarks, but it was told to me by an officer of that regiment who was present and witnessed the transaction, and on whose veracity I could depend.

We were indeed hardly pressed by the enemy: one of my soldiers near me fired on one of those murderers and brought him down, leaving his own black gun—he siezed the brighter one of his fallen enemy, the bayonet of which I perceived was bloody

more than half its length. Our loss on that day you will see stated in history. No mention being made of the wounded, it is presumed they were dispatched by the bayonet.

No one unused to such scenes can form any just idea of the confusion and vicissitudes of that day. in the flight of those who broke through the enemy, numbers plunged themselves into a millpond and other marshy places which intercepted them, rather than to fall into the hands of the enemy, and were principally either drowned or shott.

Those of this advanced body who escaped—joined their regiments, and the main body formed on the swell of ground in Brooklyn behind the slight entrenchment which had been hastily thrown up and rails cut in two and stuck in the earth on the top, as at Bunker hill in that battle.

Between nine and ten in the morning the enemy appeared in force in our front, and advanced to about 300 yards distance from us, and an attack was momently expected; indeed a firing had commenced on our right. at this interesting crisis General Washington having arrived rode slowly past our rear, animating and encouraging our troops. When passing the place where I was posted he said in an annimating tone—which I distinctly recollect "Remember what you are contending for." The bulk of his speech at this memorable crises, which is preserved—I did not hear, he being too far on my right to be heard. The enemy instead of commencing the attack moved by

their right—round the swell of a small hill and were soon out of sight. I could never conceive of any good reason for general Howe's retrograde movement as it appeared by his official letters that he commanded in person through the day, except his recollection of the Bunker hill battle: our troops being similarly situated to receive him, and his known tenderness of the lives of his men, added to a confidence of his ultimate success.

Things lay apparently still for the two succeeding days: on the 29th just at dusk we commenced our memorable retreat across from our position at Brooklyn, to New York, and an interesting and busy scene it was: but from the regularity and order which was preserved—no untoward accident occurred. A dense fog arose early in the evening and continued all night, and till late in the morning: and it appeared afterwards that the enemy knew nothing of our movement untill it was completed.

The enemy were now in full possession of our works on Long Island, and Governors Island: and I noticed from day to day the removal of our military stores from the city: and it soon became evident to a common observer that things were in a train for evacuating the city.

On the evening of the 14th the greatest part of the troops marched out and took post on the bank of the East river just below Kip's bay—about three miles from the city. Myself being one of the body —we were posted behind a slight entrenchment re-

cently thrown up, opposite and near which lay five ships. on the 15th as the morning advanced we saw the road opposite to us—the sound not being two miles wide at that place—filled with a dense column of the enemy moving down to the waters edge and embarking on board flat boats. knowing their object we prepared to receive them.

As soon as they began their approach—the ships opened a tremendous fire upon us. the column of boats on leaving the shore proceeded directly towards us; when arriving about half way across the sound they turned their course and proceeded to Kip's bay—about three quarters of a mile above us—where they landed: their landing there being unexpected they met with no opposition: the firing from the ships being continued—our slight embankment being hastily thrown up—was fast tumbling away by the enemy's shott. Our troops left their post in disorder, and before being rallied the enemy had completely formed in the road on the adjoining hill. our regiment with some others being ordered on the Bloomingdale road and to march towards Kingsbridge. the weather being unusually hot for the season, the men suffered severely from thirst, not finding any water untill we arrived at a spring near Kingsbridge. On passing by the body of the enemy on the hill road they opened a sharp fire on us with their field pieces, but they being on higher ground than we, their shott—as usual in such cases—passed over us.

On arriving at the spring I found a great number around it contending for the water. I was shewn a man lying dead who I was told had died from drinking the water; he proved to be a captain Crosby of the militia from Connecticut. I was shewn by the side of a fence, a soldier who they said was dying, or was dead, from drinking the water: I had him raised up and thoroughly rubbed, his mouth pried open—his jaws being set—and some brandy poured down his throat—I left him recovering, with my heart glowing with the reflection that I had been the instrument of saving a fellow man from immediate death.

We were employed principally thro' the succeeding night in throwing up a slight entrenchment on the brow of the hill called Haerlem heights, in full expectation of being attacked by the enemy in the morning.

When the morning arose—at about 9 or 10 oClock I saw the enemy in the plain below us, at the distance of about three quarters of a mile—forming in a line: by accounts afterwards their number was said to exceed twenty thousand—they indeed made a brilliant display: by the reflection of the suns rays on their arms in wheeling.

The sharp action which took place that day under the command of Col. Knowlton is so circumstantially detailed by the historian I need not repeat it. here I first saw Lt. James Munro, he had volunteer'd to go to the attack on our right under command of

Col. Knolton. The next day I had a mournful duty assigned to me—the command of a covering party over the fatigue men who buried the dead who fell in the action the previous day. I placed myself and party on a small eminence so as to see the men at their work, and to discover the enemy should they approach to interrupt them. there was 32 or 33 bodies found on the field, and were drawn to a large hole which was prepared for the purpose and buried together. One body of a fine limbed young man had been brought into the camp with a bullet hole in the breast near the region of the heart. I was struck with reflections on the force of habit: to see those fatigue men performing this duty with as little concern as they would have perfomed any common duty. Two days after this we marched across King's bridge and took post on the high ground a little beyond it.

After our army had passed Kingsbridge Eastward and lying a short time, a detachment of about 250 was ordered to proceed in the night—down Haerlem creek and endeavor to capture an out post of the enemy on Monterures Island, near the mouth of the creek: the crew of the front boat landed promptly at the signal, when the sentinels fell back, but the other boats unaccountably laged behind—when the enemy rallied and fell upon the party which had landed and very much cut them up: a few got on board their boat and effected their retreat: a number of

our men remained prisoners: a Major Henly was killed—thus the enterprise wholly failed.

Two of the enemys ships of a 44 & a 28 guns were lying in the straight just south of Hurlgate—a detachment of artillery with two pieces of cannon was ordered to go in the night & post themselves abreast of them, they lying within the range of cannon shot from our shore: the artillery opened their fire on them as soon as light, which was briskly returned by the ships. I had the command of a covering party of 35 men taking our station on a knop a little above the artillery so as to watch the motion of the enemy in case of landing.

the enemies fire being brisk we lay flat on the ground—their cannon balls passing over us. As we lay at the foot of a large rock one of their balls struck the rock above our heads & fell down just by me & within my reach. when it became still I felt on it with my hand & found it very hot, it was a 24 pounder. The two ships fell down with the tide and hauled round behind Blackwell's island out of the reach of our shott. we did not know the damage we did to them. As they lowered down a boat & filled it with men one of our shot capcized the boat & the men were thrown into the water. We could plainly discover that our shot told against the sides of the ships, but we did not learn the effect. Capt. Crane—afterwards Col: Crane received a slight wound in his heel from one of their shot, which was all the injury we sustained.

In hasty retreat from N. York our tents were left behind and for some time we lay without cover.

I was ordered with a small detachment—to take charge of sixteen hessian soldiers who had been captured a few days before—and crossing the North river into Jersey proceeded down to fort Lee, delivering the prisoners to the care of Genl. Green. Those were well built young men, very athletic. As they were the first hessians we had taken—as we passed along the road they attracted much attention, and procured for me many civilities & some substantial refreshment.

On my return I found the battle of White plains had taken place and much to my regret I could act no part in it.

As the enemy landed at Frogs neck, up the sound from us, we in a few days were ordered to cross the river into Jersey. Here for a few weeks few incidents occurred under my notice worthy of remark. Our regiment was left to cover the country, and repel any small foraging party of the enemy; the main body of our troops moving southward towards Philadelphia.

As the enemy had landed above us and were in full force—our army retreated across King bridge—a large number of craft of different sizes being collected in Haerlem creek—were set on fire & burnt to prevent their falling into the enemies hands. the sight of this occasioned a very disagreeable sensation in my mind: but the loss of fort Washington—

a few days after—with its garruson of 2700 men filled us with deep melancholly—for the time. still our fortitude and fixed determination was unabated.

As we passed fort Lee—on the West bank of Hudson river the fort was evacuated & the garrison joined us—marching into New Jersey.

I should be glad to narrate to you from personal observation—the circumstances attending the capture of the enemy at Trenton and Princeton: but those transactions, being so important are circumstantially detailed in history as are others—the most important battles: and the regiment to which I belonged was, among others—left near New York to watch the movements of the enemy in that quarter. Common prudence dictated to have a strong body of troops kept up in & near the Highlands at all times to be ready to repel the incursions of the enemy either by land—from New York, or by the Hudson river.

A very prominent position which our army occupied was Peekskill—a village 40m. above New York, and properly at the commencement of *the Highlands*: it seemed formed by nature as a defensable place; a chain of hills ran from the S. West or North river side—North Eastward several miles with a mural like front to the Southward; might be easily defended from an attack in front, and with proper precaution the flanks might be secured from being turned.

This post was frequently occupied by our army in its various marches and countermarches after the year 1776, tho' mentioned but cursorily by the historian, as no important battle was ever fought near it. Keeping this in view as a rallying point whenever occasion occurred—was among the evidences of Genl. Washington's segacious and solid judgment in carrying on his Fabian system in the prosecution of the war, which from almost the necesity of our case forbid our rashly pushing onward to battle. As I have elsewhere remarked—a respectable body of our army were necessarily kept in that vicinity, notwithstanding their strong desire to act in a more extended and active sphere.

A Soldier has, of course, to remain at the post where he is ordered to, and it was the order of the commander in chief for the regiment to which I belonged, to be much employed in the country between New York & the highlands; which prevented my being present at the great battles of Brandywine, Germantown, & Monmouth, as well as at the Southward. but from those who were present at those several points I used to obtain on their return and joining us a particular narrative of the transactions.

The surprise and capture of the 800 or 900 hessians at Trenton, and the successfull battle at Princeton you will see recorded in history.

In the bay below N. York the british fleet made a great display; the no. of the vessells of all sizes

amounted to about 300; and as they spread their sails to dry—after a rain—they covered a large extent of the water.

The admirals ship—the Eagle of 64 guns appearing in full sight, known by her flag, and Capt. Bushnell—of the sappers & miners—having prepared his submarine engine—it was sent one night, with a magazine of powder attached to it—under the command of a serjeant and 12 men—the party proceeded to the ship and the engine was let down under the ship—having a pointed rod at top designed to be stuck into the ships bottom; but this point not taking effect—the tide which was strong—wafted the engine away from under the ship & the enterprise failed. The sergeant who had the command gave me a particular narrative of the proceeding, and said that he was of opinion that the projecting point struck the head of a bolt which prevented its success: but I judged it as probable that the point was prevented from penetrating the ship by the copper sheathing. A similar engine was used in the Delaware river in 1777—which awakened such alarm among the british shiping.

The period of our mens enlistment having arrived and returning to their homes in Connecticut I went at the same time, and while at Hartford lodged in the same house with a Capt. Peters of Massachusetts, who had the charge of the british and hessian officers captured at Trenton & Princeton, on their way to the interior of Massachusetts: he shewed me

Genl. Washington's instructions, in which was this clause "treat them as gentlemen while they behave as such."

did not realize it that we had entered on a serious war untill the declaration of independence in July 1776. but our spirits were highly elated on that occasion—our determination fixed to persevere.

I passed the rest of the winter in re-enlisting men and preparing to go into the field at the opening of the spring.

Collected my recruits which being joined by others made a command of about 100—marched to join the army in Jersey.

Passing through New Haven Genl. Parsons informed me that I had orders to take under my command one Robert Thomson of Newtown and gave me a warrant for his execution in his own town. He having been regularly tried and convicted of having been into New York and came out with enlisting orders to raise men among the disaffected—to join the british army. the order being positive I could do no other than to execute it however unpleasant and mournfull. I forwarded a serjeant with a small party to the place of execution, to make the necessary preparation: and on the 9th of June superintended his execution in presence of a large concourse of spectators, among which were his own family.

After hanging the hour—the body was taken down and a request was made from his family that

the body might be delivered to them, which—of course—was readily granted.

As I have previously informed you, I shall not make many digressions: but I cannot avoid stoping for a few moments to reflect on such a scene, which I am happy to reflect but rarely occurred during our war. but this was a crime which when fully proved, never escaped a similar punishment, and perhaps the peculiar state of our country at the time warranted it.

That night I passed on to Danbury where I took quarters and lodged; the next morning I went round and viewed the marks of the destruction of the town by burning in April previous.

Proceeding directly onward—passed North river into Jersey, joining our regiment and brigade, at the village of Bound brook where the our [sic] army was encamped: the british lying in and around New Brunswick. The enemy being superior to us in numbers duty was very vigilant.

The small action at Scotch plains, or shorthills took place, on which our army made a hasty movement to the summit of the hill, in the rear of our encampment, expecting the enemy to attempt to turn our left flank: finding us formed & prepared to receive them, they made no farther advance, but fell back to Amboy, after burning the village of Springfield, and the adjoining villages.

When the enemy advanced toward any place the women with some of their children would flee to

our rear generally carrying bundles of clothing and some victuals with them. Essex and Middlesex counties suffered severely by their depredations. The enemy gradually withdrew their out posts: and as it afterwards appeared—in order to move with their main body to Philadelphia: but as a strong body remained in New York, which by their shiping might be removed up the several rivers so as to attack or ravage—a part of our army was left in the vicinity to oppose their predatory excursions. Our regiment was part of the force thus left; and most of the summer passed in our moving from one post to another as the movements of the enemy dictated. This kind of service was very harrassing, but afforded but few incidents enough interesting to deserve particular insertion.

We marched three times across Jersey from the North river towards the Delaware, and back.

In September duty became more arduous and pressing. General Burgoyne's army being in motion towards compleating the plan of forming a junction with Genl. Clinton of the british army at Albany,—the enemy's troops in New York frequently presented the appearance of attacking us at some point: probably with a design of preventing reinforcements being sent from us to Genl. Gates who commanded that part of the army opposed to Genl. Burgoyne; this occasioned our frequent removal from one post to another.

Being one of a detachment of 80 men under the command of Major Clift—which was ordered to pass below Peekskill around the country—as a kind of scouting party we found in the morning a party of the enemy had landed from the North river and was advancing into the country.

This was undoubtedly intended by the enemy as a decoy to attract our attention from their main object, the troops being in motion—proceeding to the attack on fort Montgomery. We lay on our arms that night: the next day was a very interesting one to us, knowing the enemy to be near us in force;

We marched to several points where it was judged the enemy might approach. It appeared that they had landed at Verplank's point at evening, and the next morning they crossed over the river & landed near Stoney point, five or six miles below fort Montgomery, the capture of which was the object of their movement: it being necessary for them to possess it both to prevent the fire from it on their ships passing, as well as to remove a massive chain drawn across the river. They advanced towards it in two columns, one on each side of bald, or thunder mountain, their movements being regulated by a flag held by a man on the top of the mountain. this a man told me afterwards—who lived at its foot, and observed all their movements after they came in sight of the fort. Fort Montgomery is situated on the North side, and fort Clinton on the south side of a creek which falls into the river at that

place, the one commanded by Genl. George Clinton and the other by Genl. James Clinton. Fort Clinton, being weak was soon carried by the enemy, but fort Montgomery—commanded by George Clinton made a very stout resistance. General Putnam who commanded the troops in the highlands had ordered a detachment of 400 picked men under the command of Col. Meiggs to move across the river and reinforce the garrison. I being one of this body had an opportunity of seeing the movements; the river being less than half a mile wide at that place: we moved quietly down to the waters edge where flat boats were waiting for us: it being now near sunset, the battle raging between the combatants in the fort and the assailants, and just as we were steping into the boats the firing ceased and we heard three cheers, which convinced us that the fort had surrendered: this had an instantanious and very strong effect on the brave men of this party, whose feelings were wrought up to a high pitch in hopes of sharing in the defence of the post. I never knew chagrin and disappointment more strikingly exhibited than on this occasion by the men both in their words and countenances.

We soon rejoined our respective Corps, and lay on our arms through the night. two ships of ours lying just above the fort were set on fire on the surrendry of the fort, and the balls from their guns passed over us in the tops of the trees during the night. The second day after we—with the rest of

General Putnam's command amounting to 5,000 or 6,000—after being joined by some of the militia—commenced our march up the river to assist in capturing the army under Genl. Burgoyne. After we had proceeded to nearly opposite the armies at Saratoga we being on the East side the river—a horseman came galloping along proclaiming that Burgoyne had surrendered with his army.

In the afternoon the troops were formed into a hollow square and the official news having been received—was read to us by the Adjutant General while on horse back. A note was also read, taken from a spy—from General Sir Henry Clinton who remained in fort Montgomery after the capture—to Genl. Burgoyne informing him of his situation.

The circumstances attending the apprehension of this spy were somewhat singular: he was a young subaltern officer who for a promise of promotion had undertaken to pass through the country with this note. The day he sat out he fell in with a small scouting party of ours under the command of a serjeant of Webb's regiment who, with his men, were dressed in British uniform which had been captured in a transport ship; their speech and appearance being the same, and our serjeant managing with the utmost address, proposed to shew themselves to general Clinton who—our serjeant said—was out from the fort and not far off. On seeing the American general Clinton he instantly discovered that he was deceived and swallowed something hastily, which

being noticed, the general ordered the regimental surgeon to administer a strong emetic, which in its powerfull operation occasioned his throwing up a silver ball of the size of a pistol bullet, which on being cleansed and opened was found to contain the note. He was tried the next day, and the proof being full and compleat—was condemned and executed as a spy. Our warm and joyfull feelings were dampened the next day by a severe North East rain storm which continued two or three days, and being without tents, and in an open country where cover could not be obtained we suffered severely, being previously worn down by severe duty and exposure.

After the ending of the storm the militia were discharged, and we commenced our march back toward the highlands. during this time general Vaughn with his detachment was burning and destroying the towns and villages in the vicinity. I saw the old village of Eusopus while burning, and though not very compact, the number of buildings was considerable, and the conflagration brought mournfull ideas to mind. those facts, of the burning—you may see in history. For a few days after we saw the enemy's shiping falling down the river, conveying their troops from fort Montgomery and their other posts.

The troops who had been the captors of Burgoynes army were moving Southward to join our army near Philadelphia: our regiment with some others were retained at and near the highlands:

the enemy's force in New York being considerable, and the depth of water in the river being sufficient to admit of ships of 700 or 800 tonns as far up as West Point.

We had now an opportunity of seeing the effects of the enemy's ravages and burning at Continental village, Peekskill, and the parts adjacent. As winter sat in we were ordered to the edge of a woods back of Robinson's plantation—to build log hutts for our winter cantonment. this was the first of the kind which our army experienced, tho' resorted to for several winters afterwards.

We had but just made ourselves what we called comfortable when our regiment was ordered to remove on and occupy West Point: government viewing it absolutely necessary to have a strong post established on the river Hudson to serve as a barrier against the enemy's cutting off communication between the Northern and Southern states. This was in the month of February 1778.

I being, at the time, senior officer of the regiment present—of course led on the regiment, crossing the river on the ice, the winter proving severe—the ice had formed very firm. Coming on to the small plain surrounded by high mountains—we found it covered with a growth of yellow pines ten or fifteen feet high: no cottage or improvement on it, the snow waist high—we fell to lopping down the tops of the shrub pines and treading down the snow, spread our blankets and lodged in that condi-

tion the first and second nights. had we not been hardned by two years previous severe service we should have thought it difficult to endure this. The pines not being large enough for logs for huts, we were under the necessity of making temporary covers of those scanty materials untill we could draw logs from the edge of the mountain, and procure the luxury of log hutts: this we effected but slowly, the winter continuing severe. In two or three weeks we had erected our huts—and a french engineer by the name of La. Radiere arriving the snow being removed for the site of—the present main fort, the works were traced out, and parties sent out every fair day up the river to cut timber and drag it on to the ice to be ready to float down to the point when the river should be clear of ice. this service was rather fatigueing to the men, but as they had a cabin to lodge in at night, and provision served out with tolerable regularity, they thought themselves comparatively happy, though their work was incessant.

Our line of huts were built just below the summit of the upper bank that they might be partially sheltered from the North West wind. As spring approached we set ourselves to collect the rough stone which we found on the surface of the ground—to use in erecting the fortifycation.

Two other regiments coming on and Brigr. General Parsons arriving the brigade was formed and a regular routine of duty was established. The

duty of Brigade Major devolving on me—those of us of the staff—had a tolerable sized log hutt erected near the centre of the plain—of the point—

La. Radier the engineer was very assidious in planing and laying out the fort: and as soon as the frost was out we broke ground under his direction. He was a young gentleman educated at a military school in France, and like many other ambitious men of his nation—was attracted by the celebrity our cause had gained by the capture of the army under Burgoyne—to come and act a part with us: but his delicate frame was not equall to sustaining those hardships which were so familiar to the soldiers of the revolutionary army: he caught a severe cold which ended in consumption of which he died about midsummer following. On his leaving the point he was succeeded by the well known Koziusko as engineer. I quartered a considerable time with him in the same hut, and soon discovered in him an elevation of mind which gave fair promise of those high achievements to which he attained. his manners were soft and conciliating, and at the same time elevated. I used to take much pleasure in accompanying him with his theodolite measuring the heights of the surrounding mountains; he appeared to be very ready in the mathematics.

our family now consisted of brigadier General Parsons, Doctor—afterwards—President Dwight Kosciusko and myself with the domestics.

As spring advanced orders and injunctions were communicated to us almost every day to press forward the works. we soon began to erect fort Putnam far up the mountain. on beginning the work we found plenty of rattle snakes, which of course—we dispatched as soon as discovered. We were in dayly expectation of a visit from the enemy, but they did not see fit to interrupt us. When the weather had become mild and pleasant in April—I went one day with Dr. Dwight down to view the ruins of fort Montgomery, distant about eight or ten miles. There was a pond just North of the fort where we found the british had thrown in the bodies of their own and our men who fell in the assault of the fort. The water had receded leaving a number of the bodies entirely out of the water, while others lay covered at different depths.

I saw many fine setts of teeth bare and skeleton like, by the destruction of the skin and flesh around. Mournfull and impressive reflexsions arose in my mind. There lie the youth who stood in the hour of their countries trial; they fought and fell to purchase the independance of their country, and there they lye without a burial—I thought too of the vicissitudes to which the soldier is subject. had the fort held out a little longer, I very probably might have lain among them.

Those scenes made so deep an impression on my mind that the lapse of time has not obliterated them, though the fleeting objects of the day pass unheeded.

One day having been to Fishkill I found on my return my tempory hut which I first built had taken fire and was burnt down, with a number of my articles which remained in it, the roof being thatched with straw.

In May General Gates came on and took the command, he had been for several weeks at Robinson's plantation, where I once dined at his table: here I first saw Major Armstrong, his aid-decamp who afterwards wrote the famous *Newburgh letters,* which came so near causing much trouble. Some pieces of fine brass artillery which had been captured with Burgoyne's army were brought here and engraved with the time of their capture.

Baron Steuben having arrived in the country to introduce into our army the prussian discipline, a french officer was sent from him onto the point and 200 men were selected to pass through the exercises, as a model; of which I had the command: and two days in a week we used to go through the exercises, with manoeuvering and firing: this was a pleasant part of duty, and was like sunshine after a severe storm.

The men were employed under the direction of the engineer in compleating the fortifycations, which had now arrived to a point somewhat respectable; beside the main work, which took the name of Fort Clinton we had erected several redoubts furnished with cannon, to resist and annoy the enemy should they approach. Thus the time passed untill

the 29th of June, the day after the Monmouth battle. the main army of the enemy being advancing toward New York, we were ordered to march, leave the point and move on towards White plains. we were joined by a body of other troops in the highlands and advanced in two columns under the command of General Gates; arriving at White Plains a regular encampment was formed; the troops amounting to 5,000 or 6,000. Here I first saw Genl. La Fayette, his person and manners were prepossessing. At parading the guards in the morning, and their moving off for their several stations he was generally present, and my official duty causing me also to be present and near him, I had a fair opportunity of noticing his personal appearance. I was glad of the opportunity as he had become a favorite to the army. The news of the treaty between France and the United States having arrived and been published—much raised our spirits. On our part of the war it was policy to act on the defensive, of course watching the movements of the enemy and going to meet them whenever they pointed their operations or made their approaches—was what employed us principally.

In August general La Fayette was detached with a body consisting of 1,500—of which I was one—to be posted in New Jersey. we had no fixed station but for 3 or 4 weeks we were placed, one night on one small hill loping down the bushes for a cover; the next night removed to another hill—to prevent

a surprise—and watching the movements of the enemy, who always having superior numbers to us were able to send out marauding parties, either for foraging or to harass and plunder.

One afternoon genl. La Fayette invited some half a dozen of us to his bush hut to spend a social hour with him on account of his having heard of the birth of a dauphin—son of the King of France. We enjoyed such an hour of relaxation with a high zest, as the occurrence was so rare.

The enemy not appearing to make any movement in that quarter the party was ordered back to join our several regiments. A few days after a detachment of 400 was selected for *service* commanded by Genl. Parsons: we—of course, did not know our object untill we arrived at Norwalk, on Long Island sound where we found boats in which we embarked and passed over across the sound landing near the village of Setalket: where a considerable body of the british were posted in a meeting house, stockaded around and within the stockade a parapet was raised and planted with a few cannon. Is seems a surprise was intended: but the water at the landing place being shallow, and we having two *iron* field pieces to unlade took up considerable time: then to drag the cannon up the beach, where the sand and pebbles was over shoes increased our delay: the noise our movement made awakened all the dogs in the village, their noise gave the alarm to the garrison who were ready to receive us, and as soon as we had

approached within the range of their shott they began their fire on us, day break having arrived—we indeed returned their fire, but they being sheltered by their works probably did not receive much injury: we had two men wounded—only, except Genl. Parsons' receiving a slight graze on his arm. Genl. Parsons finding his object so far unsuccessful ordered a retreat, tho' there was little doubt but the place might have been carried by assault: but the object to be gained would not have compensated for the loss of half a dozen men, and as they were picked men prudence dictated that their lives should be held dear.

After the battle of Monmouth, and the return of the British army to New York things lay comparatively still for some time. Our position being in the middle department, the enemy's force being concentrated and powerfull they might approach us by the rivers, or along the coast of the sound and arrive at a point we did not expect them. this kept us constantly on the alert but without producing any particular incidents to attract attention. You are to keep in mind my suggestion on seting out, that I am narrating incidents which came under my own observation; for other transactions carrying on upon a larger scale I must refer you to history, cautioning you against some things in Botta, which on reading I was led to the conclusion that he had not been sufficiently diligent in his collection of facts. Thus the rest of the year passed away, we marching and

countermarching with full confidence in our commander in chief that he would point out our steps to the path of duty and honor.

We of the Connecticut line moved to Redding in Connecticut where we established our log hut encampment for the winter, and were but once interrupted by the enemy's pushing out a party—into the country, which proved only a foraging party.

In the month of May 1779 we left our huts and marched to Peekskill. The movement of the british up the North river the beginning of June—when they took possession of Stoney point—made it necessary for us to be on the alert: we advanced near to their main body—when discovering some troops on a hill in our front—we were ordered to form and load our guns; but they proved to be a party of our own, returning from reconnoitering. All this time we lay on our arms in rediness to meet the enemy at whatever point they should attack. When it was discovered that the enemy was making their attack on the Connecticut coast, burning the town of Norwalk &c. we were ordered to make a forced march to Fairfield.

Part of our regiment only—arrived in season to have an opportunity of firing on the enemy, and that in a cornfield. I was not so fortunate as to arrive in season to share in the conflict. as I was advancing I was met by Capt. Eells who with his advance party had been firing on the enemy's rear as they were retreating. he told me he had just lost one particu-

larly valuable man, John Robinson father of Reuben, shot through the breast at his side, he was a neighbor of mine, and left a wife and three young chlidren. It gave me pleasure to see the enemy's ships depart after having taken their party on board.

Marching back to the highlands, and arriving near Stoney point on the 16th of July we heard a heavy firing during the night in the direction of Stoney point; and in the morning were informed of its capture by Genl. Wayne and the light infantry under his command. The date I take from my journal of the time.

Capt.—afterwards General—Champion who led in the second battalion, told me the second day after the capture many particular circumstances of the assault, but I dont recollect as he mentioned that the men had orders to take the flints out of their locks, as is mentioned by some in history.

I was present at the auction sale of the articles captured and saw the coat of a Captain Tew who fell in the assault—and noticed a *bullet hole* in it near the breast.

I was much gratified to find that our soldiers gave quarter to all after the surrendery, it being so different from the custom of the british towards us *rebels* in similar cases.

A few days after this was the first interview I had with Capt.—since Judge—Marshall, while taking orders at the markey of the adjutant general. After leaving the office—as several of us were walking

together he walked a head by himself appearing in a contemplative frame; I found his habit and manner to be reserved.

Count D'Estang's arrival on the American coast about this time with a land force as well as naval occasioned the british to withdraw their troops from their out posts. New York being the central point of their main army, and a communication by water opening to every point there from kept us constantly on the alert during the remainder of the season.

The last of October we crossed the Hudson at Dobb's ferry and lay several days on its Western bank. from here I was ordered to New Burgh with a small detachment to draw clothing for the brigade. having obtained it I put it on board a large Periague, and as no time was to be lost—proceeded just before night, down the river in a severe North East snow storm.

Our boat runing on a rock at flood tide she lay there untill morning when a higher tide enabled her to slide off. After remaining near Dobbs ferry two or three days that the clothing might be issued to the men—the 5th of November we resumed our march towards Morristown in New Jersey, the snow being five or six inches deep.

This snow remained on the ground through the succeeding memorable cold winter. We proceeded by slow marches to the place of our winter cantonment at Kemble's farm, a village five or six miles from Morristown, Head quarters of the Army being

established in Morristown. The winter having commenced, increased in severity and proved the most intense of any winter for the last half century. Our army—as usual—lay out uncovered untill the enemy had retired to their winter quarters, and about the 20th of December we were marched on to the ground for our winter cantonments. It was on the southern side of a hill thickly wooded, a brook running in the front: here our men went to felling trees to procure logs for building their hutts, and in about a week a line of hutts was formed sufficient to cover the army. For want of proper tools our hutts were constructed in a rude and coarse manner even for log hutts: before the mud, or mortar could be applied to fill the vacancies between the logs—it was frozen. All those things could have been endured—accustomed as we had become to them—had not our rations of provisions failed; for some time the daily allowance was curtailed: then for three days it was entirely cut off. This situation was indeed gloomy in the extreme. during the previous curtailment our family consisting of Major C. the surgeon and myself—had drawn some corn for our horses from the forage master; we directed the waiters to hull it and prepare it for eating for ourselves. to facilitate the process they used weak ley, and not cleaning it sufficiently it produced extreme pain by corroding in the stomach and bowels. During the entire suspension of our allowance of provision for three days—I having a young dog—though fully grown and fat we

held a consultation on the necessity of killing him to eat, and nothing saved poor Hector's life but the idea of the story's reaching the enemy's quarters, that the American officers were reduced to such straits as to eat dogs flesh.

On the request of the Pay Master general—I went to his quarters to assist him for a few weeks: he occupied a large roomy house in Morristown There being spare rooms Genl. Howe requested the use of one of them to accomodate the court martial of which he was president, on the trial of Genl. Arnold, accused of peculation in Philadelphia. General Howe used to spend some evenings in our room and narrated many details of the battle near Savannah, in which he commanded—The pivot on which the defeat turned, which he remarked would never come up to public view, but was like the cleving of the air after the flight of a bird. The decision of this court is well known to have issued in the conviction of Arnold, and the consequent sentance of the Court, which is generally supposed to have laid the foundation in his mind for revenge which he afterwards found an opportunity to put in practice.

Seeing Arnold halt in his walk, from the fracture of his leg in [sic] battle made a strong impression on my mind occasioned by an association of ideas on a military life, which I had observed witnessed [sic] in its most active forms during the last five years.

Winter quarters are generally supposed to give some repose to an army, the present gave us but little. part of the time on short allowance, or destitute; our clothes worn out, our pay suspended for months beyond the stipulated time, and when recd. was in depreciated paper. the winter extremely severe; no bright prospect before us of a speedy termination of the war: we spending the prime and vigor of our lives without laying any foundation for old age, and those who had families unable to afford them any thing for their present subsistence; those things kept our heads on a pillow of thorns rather than of roses. Added to all this our soldiers looked up to us urging a fulfillment of promises, or encouragement held up to them on enlistment—can it be said that any thing but patriotism sustained us?

On leaving our cantonments in the spring we marched toward the Hudson river; halted and remained some time in Essex & Middlesex counties in New Jersey. In May witnessed a very painfull spectacle, the execution of three young men of the vicinity convicted of having gone over to the enemy in New York and returning with enlisting orders to induce their comrades to join the army of the enemy. One of those was named Hutchinson, whose father —with his family emigrated from Yorkshire in England a few years before the war and brought with him some very fine horses and horned cattle— purchased a fine landed estate in the best part of Morris county where he lived in a good degree of

independance; but adhering to the royal cause, he left his estate, went over to the enemy, his family broken up and scattered, this son hanged and a brother remaining in New York; his estate afterwards confiscated. This item is one of the thousands which occurred during our unhappy struggle—if not issuing in so sanguinary a manner, yet accompanied with circumstances of great distress.

Another season of starvation occurred: while remaining in New Jersey. for several days previous to the 25th of May the rations were curtailed; and then entirely suspended. on that day two Connecticut regiments—Wyllys' & Miegs' appeared paraded under arms without an officer to head them, and directed in their movements by serjeants: Their movements had been silent untill then. The officers all sprang out and enquiring the object of their movement and their designs; they replied thro' a leading serjeant, that their sufferings had become so great they could endure them no longer, and were determined to quit the service and return home: adding that from the commencement of the year they had received neither pay nor clothing, and now provision failed.

Col. Meigs who was a favorite of the soldiers—having his sword drawn—moved near to the serjeant, who was the speaker, and commanded him to fall into the ranks and return with the men to quarters; on this the serjeant levelled his gun with the bayonet fixed towards Col: M. saying their resolu-

tion was formed and they should not recede from it. The moment was a critical one and had Marshall witnessed it as I did I trust he would not have passed it over so philosophically as he has done in his history, unless he was restrained by motives arising from the honor of the army and of the country. A short season of calm ensued and the officers assured the men that if they would quietly return to their duty, and their pressing wants were not supplied by a given day, they—the officers—would not attempt to prevent their dispersing. The officers then retired and by midday all was apparently quiet.

A brigade of Pennsylvania troops lay near us, and one of the officers—a Mr. Stevenson—came to us and remained with us untill the disorder had subsided. I presume his object was to watch our motions and report to his line, that they might pursue such measures as the case might require. The situation of the officers was very painfull; themselves being in the same state of privation with the men, but pressed by motives of duty and honor to preserve discipline, and knowing that the demands of the men were just they still had to perservere in the performance of their own duty.

The army moved toward Pompton Orange County N J and encamped; advancing at time toward where the enemy pointed their movements watching their motions, and I presume waiting for an opportunity to strike some stroke to our advant-

age. The army was thus occupied untill the beginning of September without any striking incidents.

At this time Genl. Washington went to Hartford in Connecticut to meet the french General Rochambeau who had come there for the meeting, from New Port, where the french troops of his command lay.

General Green remained as commander—during the absence of Genl. Washington. On one fine day the army which then consisted of about 11,000 was paraded and divided into two seperate bodies, one occupying a small hill and the other moved on to attack them. In this sham fight the various manoeuverings common in a real battle were acted over;

After the assailants had continued the attack for some time the reserve came up which turned the battle in their favor. The usual shouting of the victors ensued, while the defeated retreated: the victors then took possession of the hill and pitched their tents on the battle ground. The army continued near Pompton untill the return of General Washington from the East, when the catastrophy of the defection of General Arnold ensued: that produced a strong sensation in the army. every thing was put upon the alert, expecting the enemy to approach and attack West point, or strike some important stroke. two days were spent in anxious suspense by the army. A board of general officers consisting of twelve was assembled and Major André was brought before it, heard in his defence, and the proof being full and

completely satisfactory he was adjudged to be a spy and sentenced to be executed as such.

General Patterson—with whom I was well acquainted—& who was a member of the board, stated to me the particulars of his trial and the impressions made on their minds and feelings while contemplating his situation and destiny. Andre appeared during the trial altogether firm and collected in his mind and manner.

In the interim between his trial and execution an informal proposal was made by Genl. Washington to Sir Henry Clinton who commanded in New York, that Andre might be restored back in exchange for Arnold. Genl. Clinton's refusing to comply with the proffer, and the intimation thereof being communicated to Capt. Ogden, who was the bearer of the message and returned during the night—an order was given for his execution. I was on my horse and of course outside of the line of infantry, and could plainly see Andre and all that passed; he walked up the hill in Pompton the place of his execution Arm in arm with Col: Hamilton with a firm and gracefull step. My feelings had been previously drawn out favorably towards him from what had passed, but when I come to view him, an elegant and fine person, every way gracefull, at the age of twenty eight, and to be thus publicly executed, almost overcame me, but I had to endure it while I contemplated the similar fate of my former acquaintance Capt. Nathan

Hale who was executed by the british in Brooklyn in 1776.

Sep. 1776. The british having landed on long island—Genl. W. wanting to find out their real position—after due enquiry Capt. Hale of the Connt. line was selected to be employed as a spy, & having proceeded on to the island, pursued his discoveries, taking plans &c—was returning and fell into the hands of the enemy near Brooklyn. The next day was examined by some board by the enemy and convicted as a spy, condemned, and order'd to be executed in two hours, was denied his request for an opportunity & time to write to his friends, & the sentance was carried into execution. was of Glastenbury in Connt. aged abt. 24 or 25: educated & of high promise.

The remains of Major Andre were removed from the place of his interment in A.D. 1821—by order of the British government: he having been buried near the place of his execution. It was found that a red cedar tree had grown up over his grave; a piece of this tree was conveyed to England in the ship—with his remains; and the King ordered a gold snuff-box made, inlaid with a part of this tree—to be presented to the episcopal minister who officiated at the disinterment.

Altho' there was no particular battle in this department during the season, the incidents almost dayly occurring were sufficiently interesting to occupy the attention. The army being pretty much

together, In midsummer a selection of 2,500 of the troops who were judged fit to make the best appearance were selected and prepared for review on a plain. a temporary stage was raised with seats to accomodate spectators, on which was seated General Washington, the other general officers present; the french minister Luzerne: the spanish minister Don Juan, and a large number of respectable citizens from the adjacent parts.

Baron Steuben ordered and conducted the review. the exercises were commenced by skirmishes in the adjoining woods as if scouts had fallen in with each other, and were returning: after they had joined the main body the evolutions were commenced, each one preceeded by discharge of a cannon. The weather being fine and no accident happening, the day passed off brilliantly. Not long after we were ordered out to attend the funeral of Don Juan the spanish minister who died of a fever. The ceremonies attending it were as shewy as circumstances would admit, and to those of us having been accustomed to plain republican simplicity were very impressive imposing [sic]. The body was placed in a coffin in a very rich dress trimmed with a broad gold lace; his sword laid conspicuously by his side: minute guns firing during the whole time, except while religious service was performing.

As the year opened and advanced brighter prospects for the U. States began to appear: a special deputation had been sent to the french court to lay

our case and situation fairly before the king, urging the necessity of some important effort being made which should bring the war to a close. the french king very promptly dispatched an agent Courier [sic] to the spanish court, the reigning king being uncle to the—then french king—strongly suggesting a co-operation [sic] with france and the United states to accomplish the object. The spanish government readily and promptly acceeded to the proposed measures which issued in a compleat success.

As the spring opened our army left their cantonments in the highlands, took the field and advanced towards White plains; the first part of the season for the campaign was spent by our army in marching and counter-marching—it seemed as watching the movements of the enemy. The british army kept closely shut up in New York, and appeared looking sharply on the defensive for the time being; Genl. Rochambeau was with a body of about 5000 regular and choice troops lying in New Port Rhode Island—and a french fleet commanded by Count D'Estang arriving on our coast effectually prevented the british army from attempting any considerable enterprise. Thus the season advanced untill the fore part of September when the great plan which had been concerted between Genl. Washington and our allies was put in operation. The period having arrived for the necessary movements to commence—General Washington formed the plan which so com-

pletely eluded the enemy—the detail of which is minutely described in history.

The french army at New Port was put in motion; at the same time the American army began its movements by crossing the river Hudson into New Jersey: hovering around New York and puting on the appearance of a design to attack it: parties were advanced forward of bakers with instructions to prepare ovens and other fixaments for the accomodation of the army in its meditated attack.—

An express was forwarded by Genl. Washington with his letter containing directions for the forming a camp &c to accomodate the army on its arrival: the bearer—it seems conformable with his instructions—passed so near an out guard of the enemy that he was captured by them.

The intercepted letter added strength to the delusion which was designed, and among other circumstances lulled the enemy from any apprehension of the real object contemplated. By a sudden movement our army marched onward toward Yorktown: the success which followed you will read in history.

Rochambeau with his five thousand soon moved on: as they passed thro' Farmington in Connecticut I being there at the time—had a fine opportunity of seeing them. they were said to be the flower of the french army, having been raised principally in Normandy and the North of France.

Beside the officers who held rank in the army—were many men of science, as Chatteilux & others who it seems were collecting & preparing materials for a practical description of things in the United States, and which were afterwards published by them.

I was particularly struck—while in conversation with Count D'Ponts, who commanded the regiment *Du Ponts*—to observe with what fluency and precission he spoke english. at a small distance one on hearing him, would not have supposed that he spoke any otherwise than a well educated English gentleman. I viewed their manner of encamping over night, the perfect mechanical manner of performing all they had to do: such as diging a circular hole & making nitches in which to set their camp kettles for cooking their food, &c every necessary accomodation was performed in the most natural and convenient manner. They rose in the morning and paraded by day light; soon struck tents and began their march which they completed—for the day—about noon, then pitched tents and set about their cookery:

They marched on the road in open order, untill the music struck up, they then closed into close order.

On the march—a quarter master preceeded and at the forking of the road would be stuck a pole with a bunch of straw at top to shew the road they were to take.

Not being at the siege of Yorktown—I must refer you to the history of it in detail.

On the surrender of Yorktown all concluded it was the closing part of active war, which it ultimately proved to be.

Having served this the whole of our eventfull struggle for independance; and being preserved to the age of 78, I say with my feeble voice to my children and grandchildren of whom God has given me numbers, should an equal imperious call of duty ever press on you—go and do likewise.

The irregularity and frequent destitution of supplies you will see adverted to in the history of the war: but the impression made by reading it falls far short of the reality of experience. when I recall to mind those scenes I am now astonished at the perseverance of our army under such circumstances.

had we money received for our pay the inhabitants of the country thro' which we passed would have brought articles of provision to us as a market, but by this time—1777—the paper currency had become of little value. The counterfeiting of our bills was carried on in New York extensively, and sent out into the country by agents employed for the purpose. I once saw in New Jersey a large bundle of these bills in the hands of a justice of peace, brought for inspection: he pronounced them counterfeit, another justice of peace had previously judged them genuine.

When I look back I find that the close of the year 1776 and the beginning of '77 was the darkest and most trying time of the war.

When encamped at Bound brook N. J. an officer of my acquaintance called on me—after how d'e he says how do you live? I replied—very well—says he we have nothing but indian meal & that sour—with salted beef in bad order—the teamster's having drawn out the brine to lighten their loads. I replied—do you think that we—of the same brigade fare any better? he said *he* could not and would not live so: I found he soon after obtained a discharge & returned home.

The details of a lawless set of banditta constantly in action between the lines of the two armies commiting every kind of crime—robbery, house burning, murder &c. I have reserved hitherto that I might introduce it in more compact order. The various isolated acts of this kind would—if collected—serve to fill a small volume: nor can I pretend to give but a mere glance at some of them, they being so numerous.

They began as soon as the enemy became fully possessed of New York and the posts appending to it. A kind of lineway formed by their out posts looking towards us; and a similar one formed by us, looking towards them: this left a tract of country extending from the Hudson to long Island sound

of ten or fifteen miles in width, with a tolerable dense population previous to the war; the inhabitants did not at first leave their homes and become victims—pretty generally to these merauders: those who retained any moveable property in cattle or anything else were soon robbed of it.

The british commander appointed Lord Tarlton over a corps of rangers who were very active in making incursions on our most exposed places, making what prisoners he could, and his men considering themselves as free booters made light of lives which fell in their way, or in any manner opposed them.

Next to him one Barmore a native of Connecticut—had permission to raise a company of desperadoes to plunder and murder at their pleasure. A number of other voluntary companies were formed and acted in some concert, all following the trade of destruction. If the british commander did not directly authorize those things, he at least only winked at them: probably counting that they all came into the general plan of subduing rebels.

Beside those who were formed into somewhat regular companies—a considerable number acting without concert were springing up attacking the persons and property of all who were exposed to them. among those was one Joshua Houston a noted desperado who was a terror to all around him: he on attempting to enter a home for robbery was discovered & met by the keeper of the house, who

having provided himself with a bayonet fixed on the end of a stick or staff plunged it into him, which caused his death. Those for a time were called cow boys; having become very bold in driving off cows as well plundering other property.

The scenes of their depredations varied with the movemints and position of the armies, but wherever the armies were posted there was a space called *between the lines* infected by a similar banditta. New Jersey was grievously scourged by such merauders in the course of the war. Complaints being frequently made to Genl. Washington of those enormities, he remonstrated strongly to the british commander against them, and assured him if they were continued he should be forced to retaliate on the british prisoners—War operations becoming very pressing he did not have recourse to this measure untill the latter part of the year 1781, the circumstances of which I shall notice in its place.

In '78 when our troops were lying in New Jersey, an officer of the Connecticut line, on his return to his regiment, from whence he had been on some business—was shot down by some one concealed in the bushes by the road side. The assassin was never discovered, but was supposed to belong to one of those companies of banditta.

Soon after this I was designated to go to head quarters—then at Morristown—to draw money for the brigade as pay. On my return—approaching near the ground where I left the regiment—I found

they had taken up their march for a distant place: as night approached I pursued on to overtake them. I was unexpectedly hailed by a stentorian voice *Who comes there*—I instantly put spurs to my horse, he being very fleet I shot ahead of two men also mounted—they constantly hallowing "stop or I will fire on you." knowing the country to be infested by merauders and desperadoes I without minding their threats—pushed on untill coming to the foot of a hill they came up with me. it may well be supposed my situation was an unpleasant one: I had no arms but my sword, they two to one and armed with muskets: I asked them what they wanted of me—they replied—go to the next house and we will inform you: I of course went to a house when I told them I was an officer of the army dispatched on important business and—if they did not kill and conceal me—any other violence would be made known, and they would be pursued. they each produced a subalterns commission of the militia.—thus ended a scene which commenced rather abruptly. I felt indeed some solicitude for the money I had in my portmanteau, but my principal concern was for my own personal safety. This night I spent far less pleasant than the one previous: being acquainted with Col. Hamilton and Major Colfax who commanded the generals guard—I was invited to spend the evening in a room with an agreeable circle—the adjutant general of Burgoyne's army being one; being on parole he was

spending some time here; he was an Irish gentleman, highly polished, and appeared to enjoy himself & the society very well. Col. Scammell—whose memory I shall ever hold in high estimation—was one of the party.

As I previously remarked I shall attempt to give only a scetch [sic] of the outlines of their praeditory and murderous transactions.

The murder of Col. Baylor & Major Clough—of the cavalry, with a great part of the regiment was the result of one of their praedatory enterprizes. a detail of this you will see in the history.

The frequent open and private attacks, waylaying and murdering by hanging and otherways having become so numerous—and representations being frequently made to general Washington of them—he proceeded—late in the year '81 to put in force his threats of retaliation he had so often express'd. He selected from a great number of others—a case of much notoriety which occurr'd on Staten Island. A party in their way siezed on one Capt. Huddy and as usual—without much delay hung him on a staddle which they bent down for the purpose—where his friends found him with a label on his breast "Up goes Huddy for Henry White."

Those things having arisen to a climax—Genl. Wn. selected by lot—from among the prisoners captured at Yorktown—a Capt. Argill—son of Sir Charles Argill—of very respectable standing—as the victim for retaliation. He was kept in close con-

finement for a considerable time, apparently awaiting his execution: His mother Lady Argill wrote a very moving letter to Vergennes—the then prime minister in France—uring him to intercede with Genl. Wn. to spare her sons life. Those things having become a subject of considerable notoriety the british commander order'd the companies he had commissioned—to be dissolved: thus those barbarities were in a considerable degree checked, and Capt. Argill released on parole. The feelings of the mass of the people were shewn to be strongly interested in favour of Capt. Argill, as they were for Major Andre—previously; and much to the praise of their humanity. A similar opportunity occurred to shew the general state of feeling; the two British ships—the Java and the Massadonian recently captured—were placed for safe keeping in the river Thames 8 or 10 miles from New London, and a number of British seamen—prisoners—confined in them. Orders were either given out or expected to be—to retaliate on those prisoners some of the severities practiced on our marine prisoners confined in the ship Jersey lying at Brooklyn.

The populace interfered which prevented the orders being carried into effect.

In the year 1783—the war being ended—I was travelling through East and West Chester counties, in the state of New York—and was forcibly struck by the appearance of this once beautiful sec-

tion of country. the inhabitants had acquired and collected around them—previous to the war—all the conveniencies and accomodations of rural life; and the country now appeared in a state of desolation. I stopped at an inn on the great road—which was reopened as a house of entertainment—and one I had lodged at in 1774—the year preceeding the war—it was a large stone building with out houses, surrounded with fruit trees, and appearing to possess every convenience of rural life: it then appeared almost in ruins, like every thing else around it.

I said to the hostess—Mother Day your place dont look as it did when I was here in '74: No says she then we had every thing we wanted: now we found the out buildings and all the fences burnt; all the fruit trees destroyed, with every thing else—and we as poor as the *free negroe*.

Being in Boston I saw the part of the french army which had acted in the siege of Yorktown in September & October previous—enter the town under the command of Baron *Viominel* to embark on board shiping which had arrived and were lying ready to receive them. I conversed with some of the officers and noticed the high gratification they appeared to feel in adverting to their fortunate success in this country.

Being in Boston I saw the arrival of the British transport ships in the harbour—come to receive the prisoners of Burgoynes army captured October pre-

vious. A prominent article in the capitulation was "that those troops should be delivered up to the British government, with a guarantee that they should not be employed against the United states again during the war."

Our government waited for the british government to ratify the convention, or articles of capitulation agreed on at the surrendery. The British finding it would be recognizing our independance to ratify it—refused: and the ships returned without the prisoners.

It being proved to Europe and the world by the battle of Bunker hill & the capture of Burgoyne's army that the United States were able to sustain their independance—the treaty offensive and defensive between the French government and ours was ratified at Passi near Paris in February 1778: on which the British government immediately declared against France.

Battle of Lexington. The british march out from Boston to Lexington to destroy some stores of the americans: they fired on a militia company—the fire returned. The british made a precipitate retreat toward Boston, being fired on by the militia of the country.

Boston shut up. The men from the adjoining towns assembled in arms and invest it: bodies of men hastily raised and formed round Boston to keep the British in.

The middle of May the new raised troops from Connecticut & the adjoining towns in Massachusetts arrive & something like military arrangements made. Cambridge fixed on as the head quarters: a strong body stationed at Roxbury.

slight fortifications erected on Roxbury side: alarm posts affixed, to which the troops repaired every morning at day break. Things remained quiet untill the night of the 16th of June, when a detachment of our army went on to Breed's hill—since called Bunker hill, and began to fortify.

Battle of Bunker hill—the british marched out in force and attacked us in our trenches: they were repulsed three several times, but by the arrival of 2000 fresh troops as a reinforcement they succeeded in carrying our works: the enemy in his official report acknowledged the loss of 1052 men in killed & wounded. Our loss was between 3 & 400. This affair prevented an attack of the enemy on the south side of the town: as the 18th of June was fixed on to take possession of the hill on Dorchester point, by the british.

General Washington arrived in a few days after the action & took the command of our army.

troops continued to arrive to strengthen our army, which had become so strong that the enemy did not move out to attack it during the rest of the year. Our guards were extremely vigilent.

The enemy had very strong works on Boston neck mounted with a numerous train of heavy artillery,

and their firing from there was kept up almost every night, which killed some of our advanced guards. Both armies lay still untill the beginning of the next march; when on the 2d & 3d nights we commenced a heavy fire from all our batteries on the Cambridge & Roxbury side: and on the night of the 4th a detachment of ours moved on to Dorchester point & began to entrench.

during the most of the 6th the enemy were embarking troops on board their ships, and at evening they fell down to the outer harbor & formed round the point, intending to commence an attack on it the next day.

but that night the vernal equinoxal storm of rain sat in which continued with increasing violence durthe night: and in the morning their ships appeared in disorder, and the troops were not landed, but the ships returned up the harbor. it subsequently appeared that they had abandoned the design of attacking us at our post, but to make preparation to evacuate the town and proceed for Halifax. Their preparations went on till the 17th of the month when they completely evacuated the town and harbor, and sailed for Halifax: and our army moved in and took possession.

(Original entry)

The 17th of March 1776 The enemy evacuated the town of Boston—the particular circumstances of which are too recent in every one's memory to need

a new recital. the American Army immediately marched in & took possession of the Town together with what stores the enemy had left—the night before they went away they destroy'd all the fortifications on Castle Island.—The enemy then proceeded with their fleet directly to Hallifax—the Towns along shore were in great consternation for some time, expecting the enemy would make some descent on them, nor was new York out of fear—the Inhabitants of it went to fortifying their streets &c —under the direction of Genl. Lee.—Our Army now prepared for marching to the Southward & Northward to meet the Common enemy—About the first of April Genl. Thomas arrived at near [sic] Quebec & found our Army but a handfull & those destitute of almost every convenience for subsistance—scatter'd twenty or thirty miles round on different Guards.

The reinforcements from different parts which he expected to find there had not arrived—the few who were really on the ground he set about collecting together so as to form them into something regular—but while he was giving such necessary orders & making proper distributions—he died of the small pox, after a very days illness—at this juncture two or three of the enemys frigates came in sight of the Town from Hallifax—to reconnoitre & find in what situation the garrison was, in the Town, & likewise to see if the river was clear of Ice so as to be navigable by larger ships—on their com-

ing in sight, our people supposing they had brought a reinforcement for the Garrisson & thinking also that there were more on their passage—agreed to retreat while they could with safety,—accordingly they collected together, convey'd what Artillery & Stores they had, & march'd as far as the three Rivers & there made a fortification with a view to make a stand.—The fatigues our Army underwent in this department thro the winter was very great—the detachment under Col. Arnold had to perform a march of six hundred miles over a wild inhospitable Country in October & November—when they arrived they found themselves destitute of almost every necessary of life as well as warlike stores for attacking or Blockading a City like Quebeck—in a Country where the Cold is intense—the inhabitants unable & unwilling to supply them with provision—nor has there been a post in America of that importance so neglected as that for After the defeat our people were very dilatory in sending any kind of succour & relief either in men money or provisions. Quebec assaulted by Genl. Montgomery Dec. 31, 1775.—After the death of Genl. Thomas the Command devolv'd on Genl. Arnold who held it but a short time.

But to return to affairs nearer home—about the twenty fifth of March the Troops began their March from Boston towards New York & by the 4th of April Twenty One Regiments had left that place—leaving 5 Regs. to Garrison the Town. On

arriving at New York five Regts. were order'd to March & join the Northern Army under the Command of Brigr. Genl. Thomson of Virginia, & the of April 6 Regts. more under the Command of Brigr. Genl. Sullivan of New Hampshire—march'd to join the Army in that department.—On their Arriving near there our people who were left at the 3 rivers met them near a place call'd the Cedars informing them that the Enemy had been reinforced at Quebeck by Genl. Burgoyne & about four thousand under him & that immediately on their arriving at Quebeck they pursued our Troops to the 3 rivers & obliged them to retreat—large numbers of them were sick with the small pox & in a dispirited situation—They immediately communicated the infection to them—The number of Troops now collected in this department amounted to about 9 or 10,000 & in a Months time near half of them were sick of the small pox & the fatigue of their march.—The enemy still push'd on & arrived at the Cedars, while our Troops retreated before them. while the enemy were at the Cedars Genl. Thomson agreed to attack them,—he accordingly went himself at the head of about 1500 men to execute his plan, but his guides missing the roads led them round about in swamps & Morasses till they were discover'd by the enemy, who were ready to receive them—a small action ensued—but our Troops not being able to come on properly to the charge by reason of the badness of the ground—Genl. Thomson was surrounded by a

superior number of the enemy & made a prisoner of, together with 4 field Officers & about 20 or 30 men—abt. this time a party of about 300 Under command of Majr. Butterfield was attack'd by abt. 60 Regular Troops & 400 Indians & Canadians—at a small breastwork they had erected, & surrender'd without any opposition—of this party a number were murder'd by the Savages under the connivance of the British Officers—Genl. Arnold found means to have those prisoners return'd by promising to give as many more in exchange, & left four Captains as hostages to bind him to the performance of his promise.—In the month of June Genl. Gates was appointed Major Genl. & Commander in chief in that department & set off immediately: On his arriving there he found Affairs in an unsettled confused way. The Army were sick & dispirited—fast retreating before the enemy—they made but a short stay at Montreal—Chambli—St. Johns—Isle Au Noix &c till they arrived at Ticonderogue

News arrived from Great Britain during the Spring—by the way of the West Indies—of the designs of Parliament; during the past Winter their whole attention seem'd to be taken up about America—People of all ranks were *inveterate* against us & viewed us as Rebels—while the most vigorous plan was adopted for our subjection:—& the most experienced Commanders by land & Sea appointed to Command: twelve thousand Hessian Troops &

1500 other Germans were taken into British pay—& sent against America. Levies were made in England & Ireland & the land Army by that means augmented to thirty odd thousand: Lord Howe was appointed to Command the fleet & his Brother Genl. Howe—the land Army—the plan of operation agreed upon was to send a part of their Army to Quebeck: a part to the Southward & the main body to New York—in consequence of which Genl. Burgoyne had been sent to Quebeck with abt. 4 or 5 thousand, to be join'd by a large number of Savages & Canadians & retake the fortifications on the Lakes & penetrate through the Country to the River Hudson, & go to New York & join the main Army there under the Command of Genl. Howe: & by that means cut off the communication between the Southern & the New England Governments & distress our back Settlements.

Genl. Howe with the fleet remaining at Hallifax Arrived at New York the 30th of June with a large fleet & about 12000 Troops—they came into the Bay & anchored under [sic] Straten Island shore where they form'd a Camp & landed a part of their men finding themselves too weak to attack us, they agreed to lye there & wait for a reinforcement of the foreign mercenaries—which they expected soon—the 12th of July the Ship Phoenix of 44 Guns & the Rose of 28—commanded by Wallace with three tenders went with a fair wind & tide up the River Hudson—thro' the fire from our Batteries—they went up past

Kingsbridge as far as Taupan Bay & there came to Anchor—their design was to reconnoitre & learn the strength of our Batteries & perhaps find the most convenient place to land their Troops—The Troops had been coming in & joining our Army this fortnight—which now amounted to about 30,000—but as the enemy did not attack us immediately as was expected—our Militia &c drew off, & left the Army to consist of about 22,000—

The Commissioners now arrived with Lord Howe who took command of the fleet—Independancy was now declared by the Congress on the 4th of July The enemy sent two flags of truce to the General with a letter superscribed to Geo. Washington Esqr. which were rejected on acct. of the superscription—The 15th the Adjutant Genl. of the British army ask'd and obtain'd a conference with Genl. Washington—on the subject of exchanging prisoners.—The Congress now came to a resolve that if the enemy should commit any more inhuman murders on our soldiery whom they should take prisoners—that retaliation should be made on them—

The enemy on Staten Island now set vigorously to fortifying & laid out very large works; the General Officers of Our army held a Council of war to consult whether to attack them or not, but it was still concluded best to act on the defensive—A proclaimation from Lord Howe was now publish'd offering pardon & protection to all who shou'd lay down their Arms & implicitly submit.—News now arrived from

Genl. Lee at Charlestown S. Carolina—that the enemy had been repulsed in attempting to Land—the particulars are that on the 2d of July two fifty Gun Ships & 6 frigates came over the bar & came close up to the fort on Sullivans Island & there commenced a most furious fire on the fort—our people returned it with equall spirit & had the sattisfaction to see the fleet almost entirely destroy'd thereby—as they were within half musquet shott from the fort—almost every shott did execution—during the Cannonade the enemy attempted three several times to land at the end of the Island, & were as often re-repulsed—during the action the enemy had 172 kill'd & wounded—On our side were 10 kill'd & 20 wounded—

A plan was in the spring conjectured adopted [sic] to fix a number of fire ships & attempt thereby to destroy some of the enemy's fleet.—a number of Vessels & Chiveaux De frize's were made & sunk in the channell of the river to stop the Ships from passing.—They are now vigorously preparing.—

August 3d. Five of our Row Galleys went up the River & attack'd the two ships of the enemy's—after a brisk Cannonade of about three Quarters of an hour our Galleys moved off by order of Col. Tupper who commanded—with the loss of 9 kill'd & wounded—seven shott had gone thro' the providence Galley as she lay nearest the Phoenix—which was within musquet shott—the whole was conducted with regularity & coolness & the enemy much dam-

aged. On the night of August 16th we had the good fortune to burn out one of the enemys Tenders in the north River.

On the 18th very early in the morning the Shiping came down the river thro' a brisk fire from our Batterys—

The whole of the enemys reinforcement now arriving except five thousand Germans, & the southern Army after their defeat join'd the Grand Army—the enemy opened the Campaine in this department by landing a large body of Troops on Long Island & march'd up to Flat Bush about 5 miles from New York ferry: which was on the 22d.—a detachment of our Army were accordingly sent to intercept them consisting of 2400 who were posted at three different places where the passage was very narrow between the hills—these were the only passes where they could approach directly from their incampment towards our lines in a direct course, & that body of men was sufficient to defend those passes had the enemy approach'd that way.—both Armys appear'd silent almost till monday the 26th when the enemy just at evening decamp'd & filed off from their right & by a forced march all night they came round the left wing of our Guards & just at day break of the 27th they appeared in the Bedford road between our out guards & the lines—just at the time of their coming in sight a considerable body of them attacked us in front at each post, for a diversion to us to prevent our discovering those in the rear, at the same

time another body landed from the fleet between our out post & our lines & met those who came round our left: as soon as we perceived their design, orders were given for us to retreat to the lines, but in attempting it we found our retreat nearly cut off—abt. 7 or 800 cut their way through, the remainder join'd Genl. Lord Stirling who commanded on the right in consequence of his being Brigadier of the day—the remainder of Huntington's & Smallwood's Regts. reinforced him so that his little army consisted of about a thousand when after possessing the most advantageous ground—he received the enemy's attack with the intrepidity that becomes Heroes, & repulsed them, the enemy being Strongly reinforced, renewed the attack & most of those brave men were kill'd, wounded & or [sic] imprison'd, only about 150 or 200 got to our Army, some by the way of Hull Gate going round the enemy & some by going thro' their Guards—it was then expected the enemy would attempt forcing our lines which were well man'd; & march'd a column within musket shott of them but retreated without attempting them—Affairs remained in this Situation till the 29th when we evacuated the Iland [sic] intirely, but we brought off the most of the Stores—Governor's Island was evacuated the same night.—Removing the Stores & Artillery from New York was the next step to be taken, as the enemy then possess'd our front & both flanks the Army was therefore posted so as to favour a good retreat from the City—while we were prepar-

ing to evacuate the City—the enemy were preparing to land above us & cut off our retreat, the movements and manoeuvers of both Armies were therefore calculated to favour their designs—the enemy moved up & encamp'd opposite Horns hook, erected a battery there & play'd briskly on our battery, which was returned as briskly.

Our army moved & encamp'd opposite the enemy along the bank of the East River—& made lines at the most defensible places—in this way the time was spent till the 14th of September when the General designed to evacuate the City, beginning at Seven oClock in the evening & at three the Guards to march off—but by the Solicitations of his other General Officers, he order'd that at three in the morning of the 15th we should repair to our lines & begin our march at day light—the 15th the enemy perceiving by our movements that the critical time was come when they were like to loose the opportunity of heming us in on the Island—they drew up two 50 Gun Ships & 2 36 Gun frigates close under the shore & opened a most furious cannonade on us—which almost levell'd our lines as they were only proff against musquetry—favour'd by this cannonade they landed abt. 3000 of their best troops about a mile below Turtle bay Kipp's bay—the boats after they had come within about half a mile of shore—took a tack & rowed round a point of Land which projected out, which carried them a mile & a half above where we expected them to land as we did not in the least ex-

pect them here—our lines were not so well man'd, for our force was mostly opposite the Shipping, & the fire was so surprisingly hot that we could not shift our post—so that they landed without much opposition & formed on the bank—orders were then given for us to secure a retreat, which was done with as much regularity as the situation would admit of—but not without the loss of some men & baggage, but the loss was inconsiderable.—

We then march'd & took possession of the heights of Haerlem & immediately flung up lines for our defence.

The enemy (the next morning) march'd on after us & encamp'd at the extremity of the plain, about 3 miles distant from us—from there they sent a detachment of abt. 500 along the bank of the North river, which our people attack'd with spirit with about an equall number & drove them back to their main body, The loss on our side was about 30 kill'd & 60 or 70 wounded—the loss of the enemy must a' been more than that, as we repulsed them after a warm fire of three quarters of an hour.—The two Armys went now to strengthening their lines—we made our lines so good across at the heights that the enemy dare not attempt to force them by Storm.—

The enemy having a small guard of abt. 100 on Montazures Island—it was proposed to take them off—accordingly a detachment of 1 Lt. Coll, 1 Majr. 4 Capts. 8 Suba. & 200 rank & file were sent to attack them—going in boats down Haerlem Creek—

at day break they had orders to land—when only one boat out of the six landed with 46 men, who after a most obstinate struggle—were drove off—the other boats crews were so cowardly they durst not land, so those who landed fell a sacrifise to the enemy all except eight—among those who fell was Majr. Henly & Maj. Hatfield taken prisoner—This happened on the 23d of September—

On the 12th of October the enemy landed a body of their Troops on frogs point in East Chester—& another body landed on Rodmans point:—in marching up from the point, they were opposed by three Regiments which were posted behind a Stone wall near East Chester Church—who repulsed them three several times, but they having a strong reinforcement—our people left them the ground—with the loss of only three men.

The whole of the enemys reinforcement, which consisted of about five thousand Germans—now arriving they took the field with a strong Army of nearly 20,000 effective—& our Army retreated back to the White plains & posses'd themselves of the most advantagous heights;—the enemy took the heights opposite them & there lay in sight of each other.

A detachment of our Army consisting of abt. 400 were left at Kings bridge—to secure that pass, but as the enemy were posted between them & our Army across to the North River, & that party being judged too small to defend the post, they were order'd to

retreat to Fort Washington—which they did after burning the barracks & removing the Artillery & Stores—leaving the enemy masters of East & West Chester & all New York Island except Fort Washington—which had a good store of provision, a good Artillery & a strong garrison.—

Skirmises happened now almost every day between the two Armies, but they were mostly very small & the successes various—a party of Rogers's Rangers attack'd a party of Ours, but were repulsed with a number kill'd & 36 taken prisoners.—

On the 28th of October the enemy began their Manoeuvers early in the morning & show'd us that their design was to attack us—accordingly they posted a large number of field pieces opposite our right wing where was posted Genl. McDougle's Brigade—& opened a brisk fire on them, while their Infantry advanced in two Columns to the attack—our troops were formed on an eminence—& while one column of the enemy advanced & attacked in front—the other march'd round & attempted to gain our right flank as the enemy were superior in number & during the action which lasted with musquetry about half an hour—they were twice relieved with fresh troops—we having suffered considerably by the artillery—& no reinforcement or relief coming up—our troops left the ground to the enemy—after losing in kill'd & wounded—about 150—the loss of the enemy was not known—but as our troops

behaved with coolness & spirit—the enemy's loss could not be less than ours.

at the time of our retreating Genl. Putnam was coming up with a reinforcement of 5,000—but I suppose his orders were to keep the enemy from advancing any farther, & so to cover the retreat of Gen. McDougles men—& not to join them in the attack which if he had, must have drawn on a General action—as both armies were in spirits & confident of their own strength & good disposition:—but our General in consequence of the directions of Congress, was obliged to shun a General action—if it could possibly be avoided with honor.—Nothing more of any consequence happened between the two Armies in the field—They march'd, countermarch'd & manouver'd—the enemy looking for an opportunity to attack us at a time when we were unguarded —as they had no opportunity for that—they decamp'd the beginning of November & moved towards Kings bridge—burning & destroying every thing in their way.—

On the 15th they appeared before the lines near Fort Washington—on the South side of it, & at the bridge north of it—marching in Columns—The Garrison which then amounted to abt. 2,300 march'd out each way to attack them, leaving a proper Guard in the Fort: The party at the Bridge were repulsed with a very considerable loss—but while the action was at the hottest at the lines—the enemy landed a large body across harlem Creek—east of the Fort &

moved briskly on & attacked our Troops in the rear while they were fighting them in front—in consequence of which they were obliged to surrender—being overpowered with numbers.

The party who had fought near the bridge, returning victorious—to the assistance of their brothers at the lines—found them surrender'd—they then repaired immediately to the fort & so many of them got in that the Guns could not play without killing more of them than of the enemy—Who immediately sent & demanded a Surrendery of the fort—the Garrison being in this disagreeable situation—the lines taken which was the key to the fort—the fort without either wood or water sufficient to hold out three days—the Enemy consisting of 10,000 determined to storm it if it did not surrender.

Coll. M'Gaw surrender'd the fort, Artillery &c. & the Garrison prisoners of war, on conditions only that the Garrison should not be rob'd of their baggage.

The enemy now possessing all York Island—dismantled the fort & turned their force against the Jersey shore—Fort Lee was the first object of their attention—its chief design was to annoy the Shiping in passing up & down the river: it mounted thirty heavy Cannon on the water side, & but only two or three field pieces on the land side—

Our people knowing it to be untenable had resolved to evacuate it—they therefore moved off the

Stores but left the heavy Artillery in it & evacuated it on the night of the 17th of Novr.—The same night the enemy landed about 3000 of their troops five miles above the fort,—& abt. the same number at Hackinsack (a River running past there)—marched those two bodys across with a design to hem our people in before they had left the fort—they then went & took possession of the fort.—Thus were both Fort Washington & Fort Lee reduced—they were built opposite each other on the banks of the river Hudson, where it was narrow, & a *Chivauxdefrieze* together with the hulks of old vessell sunk across the river to Stop the passage of Shiping, but on the forts being given up, the Chivauxdefrieses were render'd useless, which was the last effort we have try'd to impede the course of the ships—much dependance having been placed on the fire Craft & them & large sums expended in preparing them—but they have both disappointed us without answering any end except the burning one tender for the enemy by the fire Craft in the river.—

Our Army posted themselves across from Newark to the River—

The Amn. army surprised a body of the enemy at Trenton, N. Jersey & captured 800 or 900 hessians.—

Two days after we attacked a body of the british at Princetown: & after a sharp acttion took 4 or 500 prisoners.

This closed the year in this department.

In the autumn previous—Genl. Montgomery had marched from New York at the head of about troops to proceed on to Quebec, it being known that the town contained a large quantity of military stores of all kinds, which were much wanted by the amn. army—and the garrison weak.

Majr. Henly & Majr. Hatfield taken prisoner—This

Another body of about 1500 moved from near Boston under command of Genl. Arnold to join Montgomery at Quebec and when joined to assault the place: which they did on the night of the last of December, but were repulsed with the loss of Genl. Montgomery killed, with a considerable number of men, and a number made prisoners.

Was filled with important transactions.

the british capturing fort Montgomery and we capturing Burgoyne's Army—and in Novr. the enemy took Philadelphia.

Through November no particular action took place the british army pressing forward, in New Jersey, & the Amn. army falling back.

Decr. 25 & 26—capture of the Hessians at Trenton & the british at Princeton.—I was not present at either.

Commenced with great exertions on our part to raise a permanent army—British in a very high ex-

hulting state. the first of our army regularly taking the field—at Bound brook—N. Jersey.—the British at N Brunswick: their outposts extending some distance out.

Amn. army was posted on the Southern side of the range of hills between the village of bound brook & scotch plains the front Southward towards the enemy: Genl. Grey with about 3 or 4,000 made a circuitous movement to turn our left flank: general W. had advanced a strong body of troops in that quarter, with two field pieces—Genl. Lord Stirling as officer of the day had the command a brisk action ensued, which lasted but a short time when our troops fell back and occupied the pass in the hills; the rest of the troops moved to join them—but the enemy did not proceed to attack them in that post. This a most critical time for our general cause.

important movements in the Northern department. Burgoyne with a strong army pressing down Southward: ours retreating before him, but reinforced by a general rally of the militia: a strong detachment of the enemy under Col. Baum defeated & mostly made prisoners at the battle of Bennington.

battle at Bemas heighths

Another severe battle near Seratoga—enemy defeated.

Burgoyne's army surrended.

At the south—

Octr. the british under command of Genl. Clinton move from New York up the river: capture fort Montgomery; burn Eusopus & other places. On hearing of the capture of Burgoyne move down the river again to N York:

thence proceed by shiping to Philadelphia, which surrenders to them, after the battle of Brandewyne.

Our main army passed the winter at Valley forge near Philadelphia.

The first Connt. brigade remained in the middle department & built hutts in the highlands.

Those troops of the middle department under the command of Genl. Putnam went on to West Point & began to collect materials to fortify it: Kosiesco engineer. Our regiment continued there till June following.

The British main army moved from Philadelphia across New Jersey towards New York. Our army attacked them at Monmouth the 28th of June.

nothing decisive.

News of the treaty between France & the United states made last February much raised our spirits.

The british army after arriving at New York— did not attempt any thing considerable the rest of the year.

Wyllys' regiment & the rest of the 1st Connt. brigade were kept in the middle department principally during the rest of the year. And in Decr. went to Reading in Connt. where they built hutts & continued thro' the winter.

The enemy detached a strong body of their army to act against Charleston S. C.

The enemy advanced up the Hudson river & took from us Stoney Point &c.

A detachment of the enemy under Genl. Tryon made a descent on the coast of Connecticut: plundered the town of New Haven: plundered & burnt the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk.

At night our light infantry under command of Genl. Wayne stormed stoney point, made prisoners of 1 Lieut. Col. 30 other officers & 500 men, with the loss of 14 kill'd & 50 wounded: this occasioned the plundering party on our coast to return to N York.

War declared by Spain against England.

Our army moved to Morristown N J.—head quarters at Kimball's farm—built log hutts—remained there during the winter which was very severe—suffered much for want of provision.

left our winter cantonments & marched to the vicinity of Amboy & New Brunswick—observing the movements of the enemy.

marched & countermarched the remainder of the year.

Genl. Lafayette—who had marched the 18th of Feby. from the main army towards Virginia with about 1200 or 1500 men having arrived & entering the town of Richmond on James river—towards which the british were advancing with about 1500 men—they learning that our troops were there—returned to their former station near the mouth of the river.

Genl. Green arrived before Cambden but finding the place too strong to attack moved back about a mile from the town & occupied an eminence expecting the enemy to sally out and attack him, which they did on the 25th & obliged Genl. Green to retreat with the loss of 1 Capt. & 17 rank & file kill'd: & 2 Lt. Col. 2 Capt. & 3 Lieut. wounded & about 200 privates wounded & missing.

March 15 a small action happened between the french fleet consisting of 6 ships of the line & 4 frigates—commanded by
and a detachment of the english fleet consisting of 7 ships of the line & 3 frigates commanded by
at the mouth of cheasopeake bay in Virginia: the action continued an hour—in which the french lost one Officer killed: and eighty privates killed & 120 wounded. The english lost one Officer & 40 privates killed and 80 wounded.

the english having established a post at Portsmouth on the bay, and having but a small naval force to co-operate with it—the french—then at Newport embarked 2000 of their land troops and sail'd with an intention to opperate in conjunction with the Marquess De La Feyatte who march'd from the American Army for Virginia—with 1100 light infantry—against the english garrison at that place, then commanded by General Arnold:

The english fleet sailing immidiately after the french and not having to make so great an offing in passing New York as the french—arrived at the bay before them: the action happening near night—the english took advantage of the night & went into the bay: on which the french returned to New Port.

March 16th. A severe action happened between General Green & Lord Cornwallis near Guilford Court House in

General Green's small army consisted of about 1400 regular troops & about 2000 militia of Virginia & North Carolina with which he attacked the english army consisting of 2500 regulars.—Greene was defeated with the loss of Major Anderson, Captn. Barret & about 90 killed & 200 wounded: four pieces of artillery fell into the enemy's hands with all the wounded.

The enemy having met with a severe loss, did not pursue.

Greene retreated three miles in good order to where his baggage had remainded during the action.

The enemy's loss in this action was so severe that without attempting to pursue the advantages they before hoped to have gained by a victory—they immediately began a retreat towards Charlestown South Carolina,—where Greene pursued them.

Genl. Marion reduced fort Watson & made prisoners 3 officers & 100 Rank & file.

Fort Mott reduced.

The post at Orangeburgh reduced.

Maryland having fully acceded to the articles of Confederation—that being the last State which has hitherto neglected to do it—the confederation was finally closed, by which Congress has fully become a legislative body.

By the United States in Congress Assembled March 16, 1781.

Resolved that all debts due from the United States which have been liquidated in spcie [sic] value; and all debts which have been, or shall be made payable

General Washington marched from his winter cantonments in the highlands—& took post in Philipsburgh: the four French regiments & the ligion which had been lying at New Port arrived there at the same time & encamped on the left of the American line. Some skirmishing happened between the advanced parties of both the English & Americans—the loss on each side was about 60; without any Officers.—

An action happened between Admiral H. Parker with 7 ships; & a dutch squadron of 8 ships—in the English Seas—it lasted near 4 hours very severe; the English owned the loss of 443 & it appears they were worsted—for after the action the dutch with their large convoy proceeded to the Texell.

General Washington with the French line & two regiments of Americans crossed the Hudson at Kings Ferry & moved on southward.

Count DeBarras with eight ships of the line & frigates sailed from New Port to join the fleet of Count DeGrasse bound from the West Indies to the bay of Cheaseapeake.

Admiral De Grasse arrived with 28 ships of the line & frigates in the bay of Cheasepeake & sent two 64 Gun ships to shut in General Cornwallis at Yorktown on York River: on their arrival an English 22 gun ship fell into their hands.

Three thousand land forces were landed from the fleet to operate with the Marquess DLa Feyatte against Cornwallis.

Brigadier General Arnold with two twenty gun ships, 40 transports & a detachment of about 1,500 troops made a descent at New London in Connecticut. About 130 of the inhabitants flung themselves into a small fort on the east side of the harbour—which the English attacked and after being

twice repulsed—carried by storm & the Garrison fell a sacrifice; all but about 20, 75 being killed dead, among the latter was Col. Ledyard of the militia. The enemy lost Col. Airs, Majors Stewart & Montgomery & fifty odd killed.

the towns of New London & Groton were then pillaged & burnt & about 20 vessells in the harbour.

An action happened off Cape Henry in Virginia between the French fleet, consisting of 24 Sail of the line commanded by Count De Grasse And the English fleet consisting of 18 ships of the line commanded by Admiral Greaves.

An action was fought between General Greene and the British forces under the command of Col. Stewart—at Eutaw 53 miles distant from Charles town in South Carolinia [sic]. Greene defeated the English, killed & wounded 600 & took 500 prisoners: with the loss of 500 killed & wounded & 42 missing: Lieut. Col Campbell was the highest in rank killed.

The enemy fled to Charlestown.

REVOLUTIONARY RECOLLECTIONS.

Battle of Bunker Hill.

Altho' this has been so often described, it is presumed a recollection of the scenes of the 17th of June 1775 will be felt with interest by the few re-

maining survivors of that day, as well as by those of the present generation.

At day break the road on Boston neck appeared fill'd with the enemy moving out from the town; this though a feint, designed to attract our attention from the real object, caused our instantly repairing to our *alarm post,* which was on the swell of the hill in Roxbury: as we were forming for the expected attack the enemy poured a heavy and constant discharge of shott & shells from all their batteries which would reach us.

By sun rise their troops appeared moving back, and the real object of the day discovered itself—the landing of their army on Charlestown side, which was covered by a tremendous fire from their ships, floating batteries, and all their works which could be brought to bear on our troops who wer [sic] entrenching themselves on Bunker hill. It is well known that a soldier has nothing to do but to obey his orders. My position was a most painful one: being on the hill in Roxbury from whence I could see all the general movements without the opportunity of sharing in the most active parts. every *real soldier* knows the extreme solicitude felt on such an occasion. As the scene progressed I saw the enemy advancing up the hill, heard the roar of musketry commence, the dense body of smoke ascending, by which I saw the enemy three times retreating before the deadly fire of our brave defenders of their country's rights. Burgoyne in his letter has drawn a veil over

this—but the arrival of the reinforcement of the 2,000 fresh troops completely turned the scale, as they moved to the left of our entrenchment and enfiladed it.

Col. Grosvenor who performed a very active part on that day described to me many striking incidents which occurred during the bustle of battle: such as Major Pitcairn of the marines mounting the top of the ditch and exclaiming *disperse ye rebels;* when one of our men instantly shot him thro' and he fell in the ditch. A soldier just by the side of General Putnam had levelled his gun at Major Small, aid de camp to Genl. Howe, on which Putnam struck it aside with his sword saying *dont kill that man I love him as I do my brother.* Col. Trumbull told me Genl. Small repeated this to him in London, with tears in his eyes. I little thought on that day of the important results which were to be produced by it in this our favoured country: thro' Europe and the whole civilized world.

The subjoined letter of Genl. Burgoyne will be read with deep interest. The return of this 4th of July has refreshed those things in my mind. R.

Extract of a private letter written by Genl. Burgoyne.

Boston is a peninsula joined to the main land only by a narrow neck, which in the first of the troubles Genl. Gage fortified; arms of the sea and harbor surround the rest. On the other side of one of these

arms to the North is Charles Town, or rather, was, for it is now rubbish, and over it a large hill which is also, like Boston, a peninsula. to the South of the town is a still larger scope of ground, containing three hills, joining also to the main by a tongue of land, and called Dorchester neck. The heights above described, both to North & South, in the soldier's phrase, commanded the town—i. e.—give an opportunity of erecting batteries above any you can make against them, and consequently they are much more advantageous. It was absolutely necessary we should make ourselves masters of these heights, and we proposed to begin with Dorchester: because from particular situations of batteries and shiping—too long to describe and unintelligible to you if I did—it would evidently be effected without any considerable loss.

Every thing was accordingly disposed. my two colleagues & myself—who by the bye have never differed in an iota of miletary sentiment—had in soncert with Genl. Gage formed the plan. Howe was to land from transports on one point, Clinton on the center, and I was to cannonade from the causeway on the neck, each to take advantage from circumstances. The operation must have been very wary. This was to have been executed on the 18th (June) On the 17th at dawn of day we found the enemy had pushed entrenchments with great diligence during the night—on the heights of Charles Town, were there in force, & we evidently saw that every hour

gave them new strength. it therefore became necessary to alter our plan and attack on that side. Howe as second in command was detached with about 2000 men and landed on the outside of the peninsula covered by shiping, without opposition. he was to advance from thence up the hill which was over Charlestown, where the strength of the enemy lay: He had under him Brigadier general Pigot.

Clinton & myself took our stand (for we had not a fixed post) in a large battery directly opposite to Charlestown, and commanding it, & also reaching to the heights above it, and thereby facilitating Howe's attack. Howes disposition was extremely soldier like; in my opinion it was perfect. As his first line advanced up the hill they met with a thousand impediments, from strong fences, & wer [sic] much exposed. They were also exceedingly hurt by musquetry from the town of Charlestown; though Clinton & I did not perceive it till Howe sent us word by a boat, and desired us to set fire to the town. No sooner said than done. we threw in a parcell of shells and the whole was instantly in flames. Our battery afterwards kept an incessant fire upon the height. it was seconded by a number of frigates & floating batteries, & one ship of the line.

And now ensued one of the greatest scenes of war that can be conceived. if we looked to the right, Howe's corps ascending the hill in the face of intrenchments, and in very disadvantageous ground, warmly engaged: to the left—the enemy pouring in

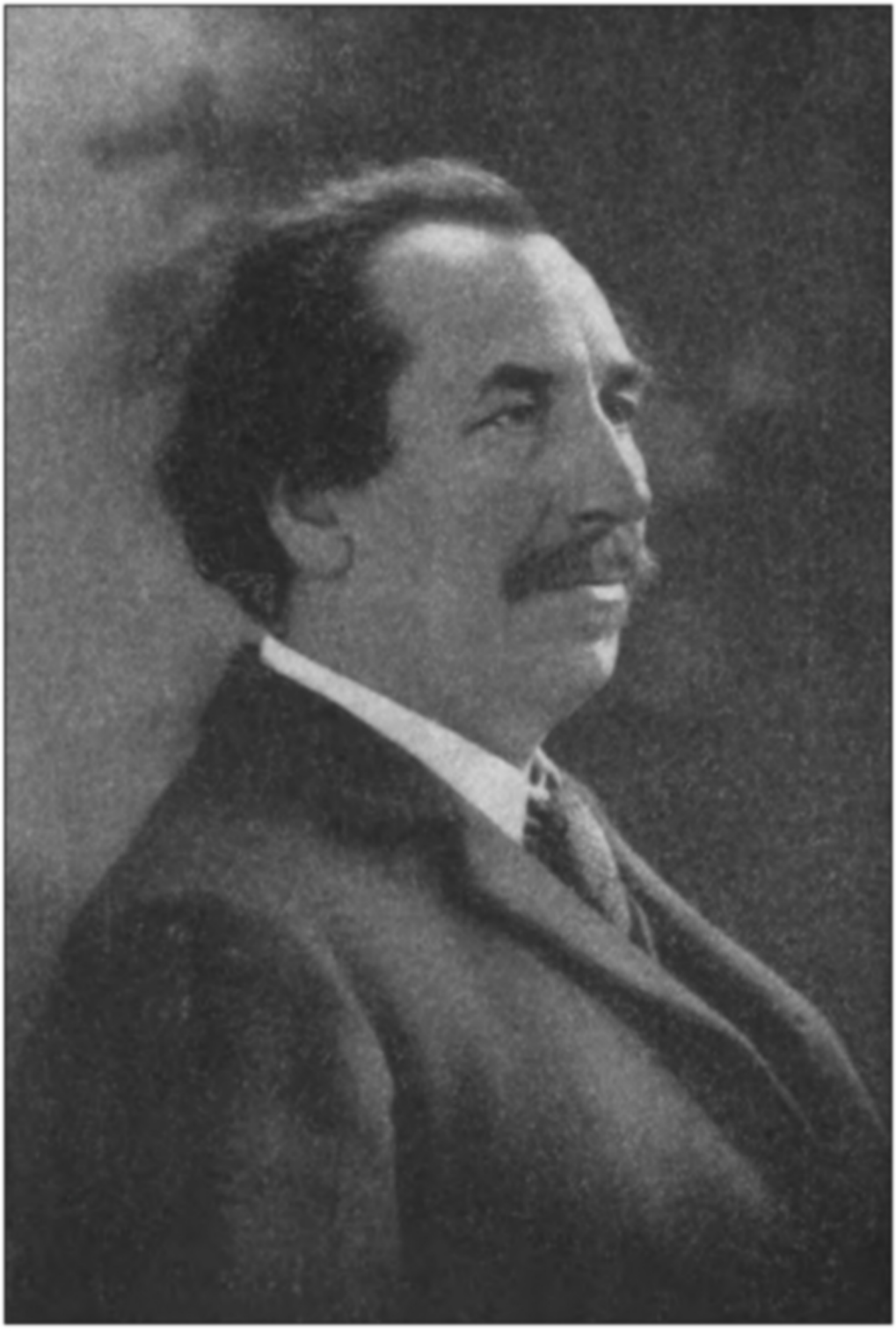
fresh troops by thousands over the land: and in the arm of the sea, our ships & floating batteries cannonading them. straight before us a large & noble town in one great blaze, the church steeples, being all of timber, were great pyramids of fire above the rest: behind us the church steeples & heights & our own camp covered with spectators of the rest of our army which was disengaged: The hills all round the country crouded with spectators of the enemy, all in anxious suspense.

(Endorsed) Bunker hill
1775.

AT the close of the war Captain Richards returned to Farmington, Conn., and served as postmaster for twenty years. He married Sarah Welles, of Glastenbury, Conn., daughter of Jonathan Welles and Katherine Saltonstall. Their daughter Cornelia married John Lord Butler, and lived in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Captain Richards removed to Wilkes-Barre and lived there to be 87 years old. He is buried in the Hollenback Cemetery near Colonel Zebulon Butler, his comrade in arms and father of his son-in-law. He was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati.

CARRY ON
LETTERS IN WARTIME

DIGITALLY RESTORED VERSION FROM
AN ORIGINAL 1917 EDITION



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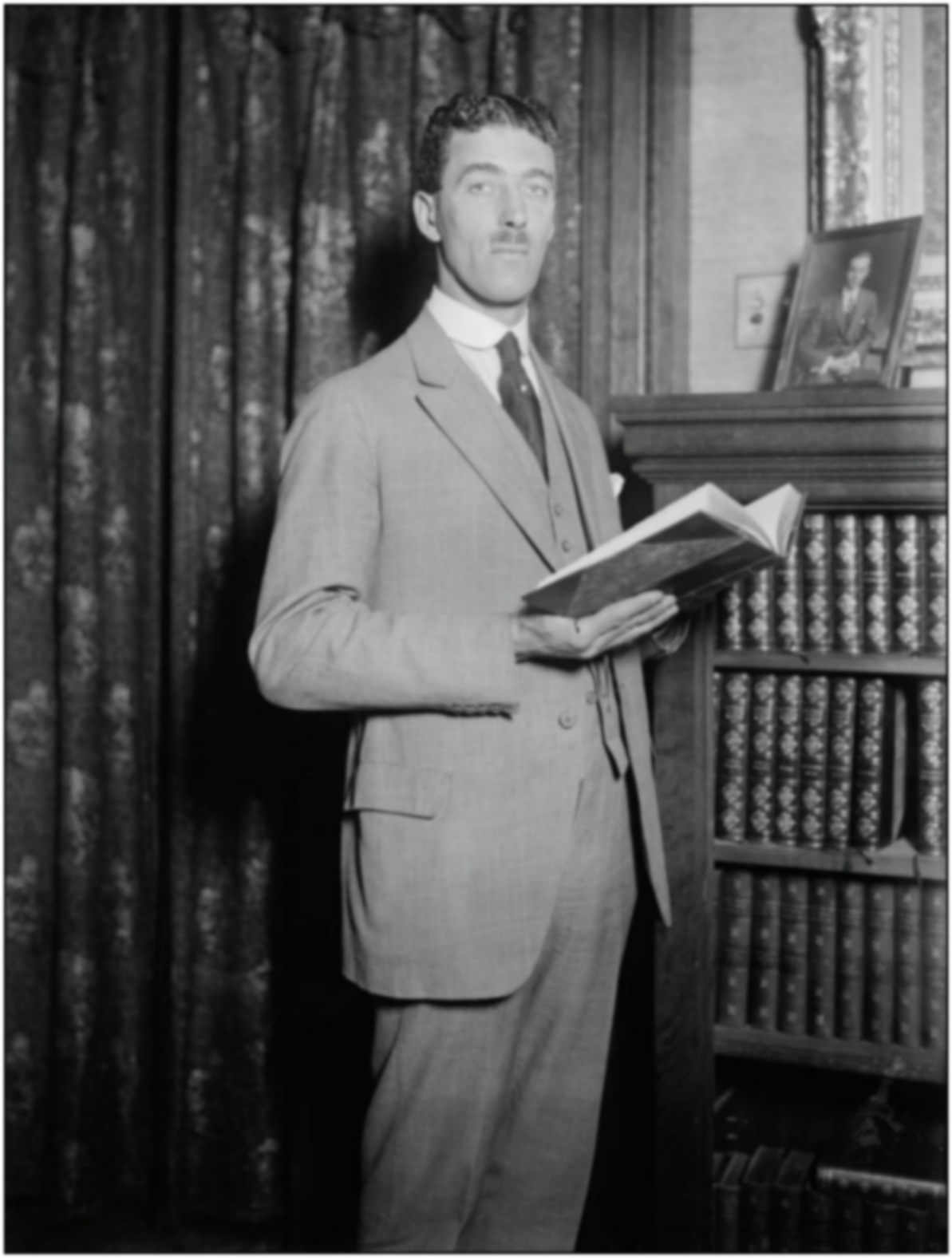

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CARRY ON

CARRY ON

LETTERS IN WAR-TIME

BY

CONINGSBY DAWSON
NOVELIST AND SOLDIER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
BY HIS FATHER, W. J. DAWSON

NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY
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WHEN THE WAR'S AT AN END

At length when the war's at an end
And we're just ourselves,—you and I,
And we gather our lives up to mend,
We, who've learned how to live and to die:

Shall we think of the old ambition
For riches, or how to grow wise,
When, like Lazarus freshly arisen,
We've the presence of Death in our eyes?

Shall we dream of our old life's passion,—
To toil for our heart's desire,
Whose souls War has taken to fashion
With molten death and with fire?

I think we shall crave the laughter
Of the wind through trees gold with the sun,
When our strife is all finished,—after
The carnage of War is done.

Just these things will then seem worth while:—
How to make Life more wondrously sweet;
How to live with a song and a smile;
How to lay our lives at Love's feet.

ERIC P. DAWSON,
Sub. Lieut. R. N. V. R.

INTRODUCTION

THE letters in this volume were not written for publication. They are intimate and personal in a high degree. They would not now be published by those to whom they are addressed, had they not come to feel that the spirit and temper of the writer might do something to strengthen and invigorate those who, like himself, are called on to make great sacrifices for high causes and solemn duties.

They do not profess to give any new information about the military operations of the Allies; this is the task of the publicist, and at all times is forbidden to the soldier in the field. Here and there some striking or significant fact has been allowed to pass the censor; but the value of the letters does not lie in these things. It is found rather in the record of how the dreadful yet heroic realities of war affect an unusually sensitive mind, long trained in moral and romantic idealism; the process by which this mind adapts itself to unanticipated and incredible conditions, to acts and duties which lie close to horror, and are only saved from being horrible by the efficacy

of the spiritual effort which they evoke. Hating the brutalities of War, clearly perceiving the wide range of its cruelties, yet the heart of the writer is never hardened by its daily commerce with death; it is purified by pity and terror, by heroism and sacrifice, until the whole nature seems fresh annealed into a finer strength.

The intimate nature of these letters makes it necessary to say something about the writer.

Coningsby Dawson graduated with honours in history from Oxford in 1905, and in the same year came to the United States with the intention of taking a theological course at Union Seminary. After a year at the Seminary he reached the conclusion that his true lifework lay in literature, and he at once began to fit himself for his vocation. In the meantime his family left England, and we had made our home in Taunton, Massachusetts. Here, in a quiet house, amid lawns and leafy elms, he gave himself with indefatigable ardour to the art of writing. He wrote from seven to ten hours a day, producing many poems, short stories, and three novels. Few writers have ever worked harder to attain literary excellence, or have practised a more austere devotion to their art. I often marvelled how a young man, fresh from a brilliant career at the greatest of English Universities, could be content

with a life that was so widely separated from association with men and affairs. I wondered still more at the patience with which he endured the rebuffs that always await the beginner in literature, and the humility with which he was willing to learn the hard lessons of his apprenticeship in literary form. The secret lay, no doubt, in his secure sense of a vocation, and his belief that good work could not fail in the end to justify itself. But, not the less, these four years of obscure drudgery wore upon his spirit, and hence some of the references in these letters to his days of self-despising. The period of waiting came to an end at last with the publication in 1913 of his *Garden Without Walls,* which attained immediate success. When he speaks in these letters of his brief burst of fame, he refers to those crowded months in the Fall of 1913, when his novel was being discussed on every hand, and, for the first time, he met many writers of established reputation as an equal.

Another novel, *The Raft,* followed *The Garden Without Walls.* The nature of his life now seemed fixed. To the task of novel-writing he had brought a temperament highly idealistic and romantic, a fresh and vivid imagination, and a thorough literary equipment. His life, as he planned it, held but one purpose for him, outside

the warmth and tenacity of its affections—the triumph of the efficient purpose in the adequate expression of his mind in literature. The austerity of his long years of preparation had left him relatively indifferent to the common prizes of life, though they had done nothing to lessen his intense joy in life. His whole mind was concentrated on his art. His adventures would be the adventures of the mind in search of ampler modes of expression. His crusades would be the crusades of the spirit in search of the realities of truth. He had received the public recognition which gave him faith in himself and faith in his ability to achieve the reputation of the true artist, whose work is not cheapened but dignified and broadened by success. So he read the future, and so his critics read it for him. And then, sudden and unheralded, there broke on this quiet life of intellectual devotion the great storm of 1914. The guns that roared along the Marne shattered all his purposes, and left him face to face with a solemn spiritual exigency which admitted no equivocation.

At first, in common with multitudes more experienced than himself, he did not fully comprehend the true measure of the cataclysm which had overwhelmed the world. There had been wars before, and they had been fought out by

standing armies. It was incredible that any war should last more than a few months. Again and again the world had been assured that war would break down with its own weight, that no war could be financed beyond a certain brief period, that the very nature of modern warfare, with its terrible engines of destruction, made swift decisions a necessity. The conception of a British War which involved the entire manhood of the nation was new, and unparalleled in past history. And the further conception of a war so vast in its issues that it really threatened the very existence of the nation was new too. Alarmists had sometimes predicted these things, but they had been disbelieved. Historians had used such phrases of long past struggles, but often as a mode of rhetoric rather than as the expression of exact truth. Yet, in a very few weeks, it became evident that not alone England, but the entire fabric of liberal civilisation was threatened by a power that knew no honour, no restraints of either caution or magnanimity, no ethic but the armed might that trampled under blood-stained feet all the things which the common sanction of centuries held dearest and fairest.

Perhaps, if Coningsby had been resident in England, these realities of the situation would

have been immediately apparent. Residing in America, the real outlines of the struggle were a little dimmed by distance. Nevertheless, from the very first he saw clearly where his duty lay. He could not enlist immediately. He was bound in honour to fulfil various literary obligations. His latest book, *Slaves of Freedom,* was in process of being adapted for serial use, and its publication would follow. He set the completion of this work as the period when he must enlist; working on with difficult self-restraint toward the appointed hour. If he had regrets for a career broken at the very point where it had reached success and was assured of more than competence, he never expressed them. His one regret was the effect of his enlistment on those most closely bound to him by affections which had been deepened and made more tender by the sense of common exile. At last the hour came when he was free to follow the imperative call of patriotic duty. He went to Ottawa, saw Sir Sam Hughes, and was offered a commission in the Canadian Field Artillery on the completion of his training at the Royal Military College, at Kingston, Ontario. The last weeks of his training were passed at the military camp of Petewawa on the Ottawa River. There his family was able to meet him in the July of 1916. While

we were with him he was selected, with twenty-four other officers, for immediate service in France; and at the same time his two younger brothers enlisted in the Naval Patrol, then being recruited in Canada by Commander Armstrong.

The letters in this volume commence with his departure from Ottawa. Week by week they have come, with occasional interruptions; mud-stained epistles, written in pencil, in dug-outs by the light of a single candle, in the brief moments snatched from hard and perilous duties. They give no hint of where he was on the far-flung battle-line. We know now that he was at Albert, at Thiepval, at Courcelette, and at the taking of the Regina trench, where, unknown to him, one of his cousins fell in the heroic charge of the Canadian infantry. His constant thoughtfulness for those who were left at home is manifest in all he writes. It has been expressed also in other ways, dear and precious to remember: in flowers delivered by his order from the battlefield each Sabbath morning at our house in Newark, in cables of birthday congratulations, which arrived on the exact date. Nothing has been forgotten that could alleviate the loneliness of our separation, or stimulate our courage, or make us conscious of the unbroken bond of love.

The general point of view in these letters is, I

think, adequately expressed in the phrase "*Carry On,*" which I have used as the title of this book. It was our happy lot to meet Coningsby in London in the January of the present year, when he was granted ten days' leave. In the course of conversation one night he laid emphasis on the fact that he, and those who served with him, were, after all, not professional soldiers, but civilians at war. They did not love war, and when the war was ended not five per cent of them would remain in the army. They were men who had left professions and vocations which still engaged the best parts of their minds, and would return to them when the hour came. War was for them an occupation, not a vocation. Yet they had proved themselves, one and all, splendid soldiers, bearing the greatest hardships without complaint, and facing wounds and death with a gay courage which had made the Canadian forces famous even among a host of men, equally brave and heroic. The secret of their fortitude lay in the one brief phrase, "Carry On." Their fortitude was of the spirit rather than the nerves. They were aware of the solemn ideals of justice, liberty, and righteousness for which they fought, and would never give up till they were won. In the completeness of their surrender to a great cause they had been lifted out of themselves to

a new plane of living by the transformation of their spirit. It was the dogged indomitable drive of spiritual forces controlling bodily forces. Living or dying those forces would prevail. They would carry on to the end, however long the war, and would count no sacrifice too great to assure its triumph.

This is the spirit which breathes through these letters. The splendour of war, as my son puts it, is in nothing external; it is all in the souls of the men. "There's a marvellous grandeur about all this carnage and desolation—men's souls rise above the distress—they have to, in order to survive." "Every man I have met out here has the amazing guts to wear his crown of thorns as though it were a cap-and-bells." They have shredded off their weaknesses, and attained that "corporate stout-heartedness" which is "the acme of what Aristotle meant by virtue." For himself, he discovers that the plague of his former modes of life lay in self-distrust. It was the disease of the age. The doubt of many things which it were wisdom to believe had ended in the doubt of one's own capacity for heroism. All those doubts and self-despisings had vanished in the supreme surrender to sacrificial duty. The doors of the Kingdom of Heroism were flung so wide that the meanest might enter in, and in that act the

humblest became comrades of Drake's men, who could jest as they died. No one knows his real strength till it is put to the test; the highest joy of life is to discover that the soul can meet the test, and survive it.

The Somme battlefield, from which all these letters were despatched, is an Inferno much more terrible than any Dante pictured. It is a vast sea of mud, full of the unburied dead, pitted and pock-marked by shell-holes, treeless and houseless, "the abomination of desolation." And the men who toil across it look more like outcasts of the London Embankment than soldiers. "They're loaded down like pack-animals, their shoulders are rounded, they're wearied to death, but they go on and go on. . . . There's no flash of sword or splendour of uniforms. They're only very tired men determined to carry on. The war will be won by tired men who can never again pass an insurance test." Yet they carry on—the "broken counter-jumper, the ragged ex-plumber," the clerk from the office, the man from the farm; Londoner, Canadian, Australian, New Zealander, men drawn from every quarter of the Empire, who daily justify their manhood by devotion to an ideal and by contempt of death. And in the heart of each there is a settled conviction that the cause for which they have sacrificed so

much must triumph. They have no illusions about an early peace. They see their comrades fall, and say quietly, "He's gone West." They do heroic things daily, which in a lesser war would have won the Victoria Cross, but in this war are commonplaces. They know themselves re-born in soul, and are dimly aware that the world is travailing toward new birth with them. They are still very human, men who end their letters with a row of crosses which stand for kisses. They are not dehumanised by war; the kindliness and tenderness of their natures are unspoiled by all their daily traffic in horror. But they have won their souls; and when the days of peace return these men will take with them to the civilian life a tonic strength and nobleness which will arrest and extirpate the decadence of society with the saving salt of valour and of faith.

It may be said also that they do not hate their foe, although they hate the things for which he fights. They are fighting a clean fight, with men whose courage they respect. A German prisoner who comes into the British camp is sure of good treatment. He is neither starved nor insulted. His captors share with him cheerfully their rations and their little luxuries. Sometimes a sullen brute will spit in the face of his captor when he offers him a cigarette; he is always an officer,

never a private. And occasionally between these fighting hosts there are acts of magnanimity which stand out illumined against the dark background of death and suffering. One of the stories told me by my son illustrates this. During one fierce engagement a British officer saw a German officer impaled on the barbed wire, writhing in anguish. The fire was dreadful, yet he still hung there unscathed. At length the British officer could stand it no longer. He said quietly, "I can't bear to look at that poor chap any longer." So he went out under the hail of shell, released him, took him on his shoulders and carried him to the German trench. The firing ceased. Both sides watched the act with wonder. Then the Commander in the German trench came forward, took from his own bosom the Iron Cross, and pinned it on the breast of the British officer. Such an episode is true to the holiest ideals of chivalry; and it is all the more welcome because the German record is stained by so many acts of barbarism, which the world cannot forgive.

This magnanimous attitude toward the enemy is very apparent in these letters. The man whose mind is filled with great ideals of sacrifice and duty has no room for the narrowness of hate. He can pity a foe whose sufferings ex-

ceed his own, and the more so because he knows that his foe is doomed. The British troops do know this to-day by many infallible signs. In the early days of the war untrained men, poorly equipped with guns, were pitted against the best trained troops in Europe. The first Canadian armies were sacrificed, as was that immortal army of Imperial troops who saved the day at Mons. The Canadians often perished in that early fighting by the excess of their own reckless bravery. They are still the most daring fighters in the British army, but they have profited by the hard discipline of the past. They know now that they have not only the will to conquer, but the means of conquest. Their artillery has become conspicuous for its efficiency. It is the ceaseless artillery fire which has turned the issue of the war for the British forces. The work of the infantry is beyond praise. They "go over the top" with superb courage, and all who have seen them are ready to say with my son, "I'm hats off to the infantry." And in this final efficiency, surpassing all that could have been thought possible in the earlier stages of the war, the British forces read the clear augury of victory. The war will be won by the Allied armies; not only because they fight for the better cause, which counts for much, in spite of Napoleon's

cynical saying that "God is on the side of the strongest battalions"; but because at last they have superiority in equipment, discipline and efficiency. Upon that shell-torn Western front, amid the mud and carnage of the Somme, there has been slowly forged the weapon which will drive the Teuton enemy across the Rhine, and give back to Europe and the world unhindered liberty and enduring peace.

W. J. Dawson.

March, 1917.

THE LETTERS

In order to make some of the allusions in these letters clear I will set down briefly the circumstances which explain them, and supply a narrative link where it may be required.

I have already mentioned the Military Camp at Petewawa, on the Ottawa river. The Camp is situated about seven miles from Pembroke. The Ottawa river is at this point a beautiful lake. Immediately opposite the Camp is a little summer hotel of the simplest description. It was at this hotel that my wife, my daughter, and myself stayed in the early days of July, 1916.

The hotel was full of the wives of the officers stationed in the Camp. During the daytime I was the only man among the guests. About five o'clock in the afternoon the officers from the Camp began to arrive on a primitive motor ferry-boat. My son came over each day, and we often visited him at the Camp. His long training at Kingston had been very severe. It included besides the various classes which he attended a great deal of hard exercise, long rides or foot marches over frozen roads before breakfast, and so forth.

After this strenuous winter the Camp at Petewawa was a delightful change. His tent stood on a bluff, commanding an exquisite view of the broad stretch of water, diversified by many small islands. We had a great deal of swimming in the lake, and several motor-boat excursions to its beautiful upper reaches. One afternoon when we went over in our launch to meet him at the Camp wharf, he told us that that day a General had come from Ottawa to ask for twenty-five picked officers to supply the casualties among the Canadian Field Artillery at the front. He had immediately volunteered and been accepted.

At this time my two younger sons, who had joined us at Petewawa in order to see their brother, enrolled themselves in the Royal Naval Motor Patrol Service, and had to return to Nelson, British Columbia, to settle their affairs. Near Nelson, on the Kootenay Lake, we have a large fruit ranch, managed by my second son, Reginald. My youngest son, Eric, was with a law-firm in Nelson, and had just passed his final examinations as solicitor and barrister.

This ranch had played a great part in our lives. The scenery is among the finest in British Columbia. We usually spent our summers there, finding not only continual interest in the

development of our orchards, but a great deal of pleasure in riding, swimming, and boating. We had often talked of building a modern house there, but had never done so. The original "little shack" was the work of Reginald's own hands, in the days when most of the ranch was primeval forest. It had been added to, but was still of the simplest description. One reason why we had not built a modern house was that this "little shack" had become much endeared to us by association and memory. We were all together there more than once, and Coningsby had written a great deal there. We built later on a sort of summer library—a big room on the edge of a beautiful ravine—to which reference is made in later letters. Some of the happiest days of our lives were spent in these lovely surroundings, and the memory of those blue summer days, amid the fragrance of miles of pine-forest, often recurs to Coningsby as he writes from the mud-wastes of the Somme.

We left Petewawa to go to the ranch before Coningsby sailed for England, that we might get our other two sons ready for their journey to England. They left us on August 21st, and the ranch was sub-let to Chinamen in the end of September, when we returned to Newark, New Jersey.

CARRY ON

I

OTTAWA, July 16th, 1916.

DEAREST ALL:

So much has happened since last I saw you that it's difficult to know where to start. On Thursday, after lunch, I got the news that we were to entrain from Petewawa next Friday morning. I at once put in for leave to go to Ottawa the next day until the following Thursday at reveille. We came here with a lot of the other officers who are going over and have been having a very full time.

I am sailing from a port unknown on board the *Olympic* with 6,000 troops—there is to be a big convoy. I feel more than ever I did—and I'm sure it's a feeling that you share since visiting the camp—that I am setting out on a Crusade from which it would have been impossible to withhold myself with honour. I go quite gladly and contentedly, and pray that in God's good time we may all sit again in the little shack at Kootenay and listen to the rustling of the or-

chard outside. It will be of those summer days that I shall be thinking all the time.

Yours, with very much love,

CON.

II

HALIFAX, July 23rd.

MY DEAR ONES:

We've spent all morning on the dock, seeing to our baggage, and have just got leave ashore for two hours. We have had letters handed to us saying that on no account are we to mention anything concerning our passage overseas, neither are we allowed to cable our arrival from the other side until four clear days have elapsed.

You are thinking of me this quiet Sunday morning at the ranch, and I of you. And I am wishing—— As I wish, I stop and ask myself, "Would I be there if I could have my choice?" And I remember those lines of Emerson's which you quoted:

> "Though love repine and reason chafe,
> There comes a voice without reply,
> 'Twere man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the Truth he ought to die."

I wouldn't turn back if I could, but my heart cries out against "the voice which speaks without reply."

Things are growing deeper with me in all sorts of ways. Family affections stand out so desirably and vivid, like meadows green after rain. And religion means more. The love of a few dear human people and the love of the divine people out of sight, are all that one has to lean on in the graver hours of life. I hope I come back again—I very much hope I come back again; there are so many finer things that I could do with the rest of my days—bigger things. But if by any chance I should cross the seas to stay, you'll know that that also will be right and as big as anything that I could do with life, and something that you'll be able to be just as proud about as if I had lived to fulfil all your other dear hopes for me. I don't suppose I shall talk of this again. But I wanted you to know that underneath all the lightness and ambition there's something that I learnt years ago in Highbury. * I've become a little child again in God's hands, with full confidence in His love and wisdom, and a growing trust that whatever He decides for me will be best and kindest.

This is the last letter I shall be able to send to you before the other boys follow me. Keep

*We resided over thirteen years at Highbury, London, N., during my pastorate of the Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church.

brave, dear ones, for all our sakes; don't let any of us turn cowards whatever ultimately happens. We've a tradition to live up to now that we have become a family of soldiers and sailors.

I shall long for the time when you come over to England. Where will our meeting be and when? Perhaps the war may be ended and then won't you be glad that we dared all this sorrow of good-byes?

God bless and keep you,

CON.

III

ON BOARD,
July 27th, 1916.

MY VERY DEAR PEOPLE:

Here we are scooting along across the same old Atlantic we've crossed so many times on journeys of pleasure. I'm at a loss to make my letters interesting, as we are allowed to say little concerning the voyage and everything is censored.

There are men on board who are going back to the trenches for the second time. One of them is a captain in the Princess Pat's, who is badly scarred in his neck and cheek and thighs, and has been in Canada recuperating. There is also a young flying chap who has also seen ser-

vice. They are all such boys and so plucky in the face of certain knowledge.

This morning I woke up thinking of our motor-tour of two years ago in England, and especially of our first evening at *The Three Cups* in Dorset. I feel like running down there to see it all again if I get any leave on landing. How strange it will be to go back to Highbury again like this! The little boy who ran back and forth to school down Paradise Row little thought of the person who to-day masquerades as his elder self.

Heigho! I wish I could tell you a lot of things that I'm not allowed to. This letter would be much more interesting then.

In seventeen days the boys will also have left you—so this will arrive when you're horribly lonely. I'm so sorry for you dear people—but I'd be sorrier for you if we were all with you. If I were a father or mother, I'd rather have my sons dead than see them failing when the supreme sacrifice was called for. I marvel all the time at the prosaic and even coarse types of men who have risen to the greatness of the occasion. And there's not a man aboard who would have chosen the job ahead of him. One man here used to pay other people to kill his pigs because he couldn't endure the cruelty of

doing it himself. And now he's going to kill men. And he's a sample. I wonder if there is a Lord God of Battles—or is he only an invention of man and an excuse for man's own actions.

Monday.

We are just in—safely arrived in spite of everything. I hope you had no scare reports of our having been sunk—such reports often get about when a big troop ship is on the way.

I'm baggage master for my draft, and have to get on deck now. You'll have a long letter from me soon.

Good-bye,

Yours ever,

Con.

IV

Shorncliff, August 19th, 1916.

My Dearests:

We haven't had any hint of what is going to happen to us—whether Field Artillery, the Heavies or trench mortars. There seems little doubt that we are to be in England for a little while taking special courses.

I read father's letter yesterday. You are very brave—you never thought that you would be the father of a soldier and sailors; and, as you say,

there's a kind of tradition about the way in which the fathers of soldiers and sailors should act. Confess—aren't you more honestly happy to be our father as we are now than as we were? I know quite well you are, in spite of the loneliness and heartache. We've all been forced into a heroism of which we did not think ourselves capable. We've been carried up to the Calvary of the world where it is expedient that a few men should suffer that all the generations to come may be better.

I understand in a dim way all that you suffer —the sudden divorce of all that we had hoped for from the present—the ceaseless questionings as to what lies ahead. Your end of the business is the worse. For me, I can go forward steadily because of the greatness of the glory. I never thought to have the chance to suffer in my body for other men. The insufficiency of merely setting nobilities down on paper is finished. How unreal I seem to myself! Can it be true that I am here and you are in the still aloofness of the Rockies? I think the multitude of my changes has blunted my perceptions. I trudge along like a traveller between high hedgerows; my heart is blinkered so that I am scarcely aware of landscapes. My thoughts are always with you—I make calculations for the differences of time that

I may follow more accurately your doings. I'd love to come down to the study summer-house and watch the blueness of the lake with you—I love those scenes and memories more than any in the world.

Good-bye for the present. Be brave.

Yours,

Con.

V

Shorncliff, August 19th, 1916.

My Dears:

It's not quite three weeks to-day since I came to England, and it seems ages. The first week was spent on leave, the second I passed my exams in gun drill and gun-laying, and this week I have finished my riding. Next Monday I start on my gunnery.

Do you remember Captain S. at the Camp? I had his young brother to dinner with me last night—he's just back from France minus an eye. He lasted three and a half weeks, and was buried four feet deep by a shell. He's a jolly boy, as cheerful as you could want and is very good company. He gave me a vivid description. He had a great boy-friend. At the start of the war they both joined, S. in the Artillery, his

friend in the Mounted Rifles. At parting they exchanged identification tokens. S.'s bore his initials and the one word "Violets"—which meant that they were his favourite flower and he would like to have some scattered over him when he was buried. His friend wore his initials and the words "No flowers by request." It was S.'s first week out—they were advancing, having driven back the enemy, and were taking up a covered position in a wood from which to renew their offensive. It was night, black as pitch, but they knew that the wood must have been the scene of fighting by the scuttling of the rats. Suddenly the moon came out, and from beneath a bush S. saw a face—or rather half a face—which he thought he recognised, gazing up at him. He corrects himself when he tells the story, and says that it wasn't so much the disfigured features as the profile that struck him as familiar. He bent down and searched beneath the shirt, and drew out a little metal disc with "No flowers by request" written on it.

I don't know whether I ought to repeat things like that to you, but the description was so graphic. I have met many who have returned from the Front, and what puzzles me in all of them is their unawed acceptance of death. I don't think I could ever accept it as natural; it's

too discourteous in its interruption of many dreams and plans and loves.

Yours with very much love,

Con.

VI

Shorncliff, August 30th, 1916.

My Dearests:

I have just returned from sending you a cable to let you know that I'm off to France. The word came out in orders yesterday, and I shall leave before the end of the week with a draft of officers—I have been in England just a day over four weeks. My only regret is that I shall miss the boys who should be travelling up to London about the same time as I am setting out for the Front. After I have been there for three months I am supposed to get a leave—this should be due to me about the beginning of December, and you can judge how I shall count on it. Think of the meeting with R. and E., and the immensity of the joy.

Selfishly I wish that you were here at this moment—actually I'm glad that you are away. Everybody goes out quite unemotionally and with very few good-byes—we made far more fuss in the old days about a week-end visit.

Now that at last it has come—this privileged

moment for which I have worked and waited—my heart is very quiet. It's the test of a character which I have often doubted. I shall be glad not to have to doubt it again. Whatever happens, I know you will be glad to remember that at a great crisis I tried to play the man, however small my qualifications. We have always lived so near to one another's affections that this going out alone is more lonely to me than to most men. I have always had some one near at hand with love-blinded eyes to see my faults as springing from higher motives. Now I reach out my hands across six thousand miles and only touch yours with my imagination to say good-bye. What queer sights these eyes, which have been almost your eyes, will witness! If my hands do anything respectable, remember that it is your hands that are doing it. It is your influence as a family that has made me ready for the part I have to play, and where I go, you follow me.

Poor little circle of three loving persons, please be tremendously brave. Don't let anything turn you into cowards—we've all got to be worthy of each other's sacrifice; the greater the sacrifice may prove to be for the one the greater the nobility demanded of the remainder. How idle the words sound, and yet they will take deep meanings when time has given them graver

sanctions. I think gallant is the word I've been trying to find—we must be gallant English women and gentlemen.

It's been raining all day and I got very wet this morning. Don't you wish I had caught some quite harmless sickness? When I didn't want to go back to school, I used to wet my socks purposely in order to catch cold, but the cold always avoided me when I wanted it badly. How far away the childish past seems—almost as though it never happened. And was I really the budding novelist in New York? Life has become so stern and scarlet—and so brave. From my window I look out on the English Channel, a cold, grey-green sea, with rain driving across it and a fleet of small craft taking shelter. Over there beyond the curtain of mist lies France—and everything that awaits me.

News has just come that I have to start. Will continue from France.

Yours ever lovingly,

Con.

VII

Friday, September 1st, 1916, 11 a.m.

DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER:

I embark at 12.30—so this is the last line before I reach France. I expect the boys are

now within sight of English shores—I wish I could have had an hour with them.

I'm going to do my best to bring you honour—remember that—I shall do things for your sake out there, living up to the standards you have taught me.

Yours with a heart full of love,

Con.

VIII

France, September 1st, 1916.

Dearest M.:

Here I am in France with the same strange smells and street cries, and almost the same little boys bowling hoops over the very cobbly cobble stones. I had afternoon tea at a patisserie and ate a great many gâteaux for the sake of old times. We had a very choppy crossing, and you would most certainly have been sick had you been on board. It seemed to me that I must be coming on one of those romantic holidays to see churches and dead history—only the khaki-clad figures reminded me that I was coming to see history in the making. It's a funny world that batters us about so. It's three years since I was in France—the last time was with Arthur in Provence. It's five years since you and I did our famous trip together.

I wish you were here—there are heaps of English nurses in the streets. I expect to sleep in this place and proceed to my destination to-morrow. How I wish I could send you a really descriptive letter! If I did, I fear you would not get it—so I have to write in generalities. None of this seems real—it's a kind of wild pretence from which I shall awake—and when I tell you my dream you'll laugh and say, "How absurd of you, dreaming that you were a soldier. I must say you look like it."

Good-bye, my dearest girl,

God bless you,

Con.

IX

September 8th, 1916.

My Dearest Ones:

I'm sending this to meet you on your return from Kootenay. I left England on September 1st and had a night at my point of disembarkation, and then set off on a wandering adventure in search of my division. I'm sure you'll understand that I cannot enter into any details—I can only give you general and purely personal impressions. There were two other officers with me, both from Montreal. We had to picnic on chocolate and wine for twenty-four

hours through our lack of forethought in not supplying ourselves with food for the trip. I shaved the first morning with water from the exhaust of a railroad engine, having first balanced my mirror on the step. The engineer was fascinated with my safety razor. There were Tommies from the trenches in another train, muddied to the eyes—who showed themselves much more resourceful. They cooked themselves quite admirable meals as they squatted on the rails, over little fires on which they perched tomato cans. Sunday evening we saw our first German prisoners—a young and degenerate-looking lot. Sunday evening we got off at a station in the rain, and shouldered our own luggage. Our luggage, by the way, consists of a sleeping bag, in which much of our stuff is packed, and a kit sack—for an immediate change and toilet articles one carries a haversack hung across the shoulder. Well, as I say, we alighted and coaxed a military wagon to come to our rescue. As we set off through a drizzling rain, trudging behind the cart, a double rainbow shone, which I took for an omen. Presently we came to a rest camp, where we told our sad story of empty tummies, and were put up for the night. A Jock—all Highlanders are called Jock—looked after us. Next morning we started out afresh in a motor

lorry and finished at a Y. M. C. A. tent, where we stayed two nights. On Wednesday we met the General in Command of our Division, who posted me to the battery, which is said to be the best in the best brigade in the best division—so you may see I'm in luck. I found the battery just having come out of action—we expect to go back again in a day or two. Major B. is the O. C.—a fine man. The lieutenant who shares my tent won the Military Cross at Ypres last Spring. I'm very happy—which will make you happy—and longing for my first taste of real war.

How strangely far away I am from you—all the experiences so unshared and different. Long before this reaches you I shall have been in action several times. This time three years ago my streak of luck came to me and I was prancing round New York. To-day I am much more genuinely happy in mind, for I feel, as I never felt when I was only writing, that I am doing something difficult which has no element of self in it. If I come back, life will be a much less restless affair.

This letter! I can imagine it being delivered and the shout from whoever takes it and the comments. I make the contrast in my mind—this little lean-to spread of canvas about four

feet high, the horse-lines, guns, sentries going up and down—and then the dear home and the well-loved faces.

Good-bye. Don't be at all nervous.

Yours lovingly,

Con.

X

September 12th, Tuesday.

DEAREST M.:

You will already have received my first letters giving you my address over here. The wagon has just come up to our position, but it has brought me only one letter since I've been across. I'm sitting in my dug-out with shells passing over my head with the sound of ripping linen. I've already had the novel experience of firing a battery, and to-morrow I go up to the first line trenches.

It's extraordinary how commonplace war becomes to a man who is thrust among others who consider it commonplace. Not fifty yards away from me a dead German lies rotting and uncovered—I daresay he was buried once and then blown out by a shell.

Wednesday, 7 p.m.

Your letters came two hours ago—the first to reach me here—and I have done little else but

read and re-read them. How they bring the old ways of life back with their love and longing! Dear mother's tie will be worn to-morrow, and it will be ripping to feel that it was made by her hands. Your cross has not arrived yet, dear. Your mittens will be jolly for the winter. I've heard nothing from the boys yet.

To-day I took a trip into No-Man's Land—when the war is ended I'll be able to tell you all about it. I think the picture is photographed upon my memory forever. There's so much you would like to hear and so little I'm allowed to tell. Ask G. M'C. if he was at Princeton with a man named Price—an instructor there.

You ought to see the excitement when the water-cart brings us our mail and the letters are handed out. Some of the gunners have evidently told their Canadian girls that they are officers, and so they are addressed on their letters as lieutenants. I have to censor some of their replies, and I can tell you they are as often funny as pathetic. The ones to their mothers are childish, too, and have rows of kisses. I think men are always kiddies if you look beneath the surface. The snapshots did fill me with a wanting to be with you in Kootenay. But that's not where you'll receive this. There'll probably be a fire in the sitting-room at home, and a strong

aroma of coffee and tobacco. You'll be sitting in a low chair before the fire and your fingers rubbing the hair above your left ear as you read this aloud. I'd like to walk in on you and say, "No more need for letters now." Some day soon, I pray and expect.

Tell dear Papa and Mother that their answers come next. What a lot of love you each one manage to put into your written pages! I'm afraid if I let myself go that way I might make you unhappy.

Since writing this far I have had supper. I'm now sleeping in a new dug-out and get a shower of mould on my sleeping-kit each time the guns are fired. One doesn't mind that particularly, especially when you know that the earth walls make you safe. I have a candle in an old petrol tin and dodge the shadows as I write. You know, this artillery game is good sport and one takes everything as it comes with a joke. The men are splendid—their cheeriness comes up bubbling whenever the occasion calls for the dumps. Certainly there are fine qualities which war, despite its unnaturalness, develops. I'm hats off to every infantry private I meet nowadays.

God bless you and all of you.

Yours lovingly, Con.

The reference in the previous letter to a cross is to a little bronze cross of Francis of Assisi.

Many years ago I visited Assisi, and, on leaving, the monks gave me four of these small bronze crosses, assuring me that those who wore them were securely defended in all peril by the efficacious prayers of St. Francis.

Just before Coningsby left Shorncliff to go to France he wrote to us and asked if we couldn't send him something to hang round his neck for luck. We fortunately had one of these crosses of St. Francis at the ranch, and his sister—the M. of these letters—sent it to him. It arrived safely, and he has worn it ever since.

XI

September 15th, 1916.

DEAR FATHER:

Your last letter to me was written on a quiet morning in August—in the summer house at Kootenay. It came up yesterday evening on a water-cart from the wagon-lines to a scene a little in contrast.

It's a fortnight to-day since I left England, and already I've seen action. Things move quickly in this game, and it is a game—one

which brings out both the best and the worst qualities in a man. If unconscious heroism is the virtue most to be desired, and heroism spiced with a strong sense of humour at that, then pretty well every man I have met out here has the amazing guts to wear his crown of thorns as though it were a cap-and-bells. To do that for the sake of corporate stout-heartedness is, I think, the acme of what Aristotle meant by virtue. A strong man, or a good man or a brainless man, can walk to meet pain with a smile on his mouth because he knows that he is strong enough to bear it, or worthy enough to defy it, or because he is such a fool that he has no imagination. But these chaps are neither particularly strong, good, nor brainless; they're more like children, utterly casual with regard to trouble, and quite aware that it is useless to struggle against their elders. So they have the merriest of times while they can, and when the governess, Death, summons them to bed, they obey her with unsurprised quietness. It sends the mercury of one's optimism rising to see the way they do it. I search my mind to find the bigness of motive which supports them, but it forever evades me. These lads are not the kind who philosophise about life; they're the sort, many of them, who would ordinarily wear corduroys and smoke a

cutty pipe. I suppose the Christian martyrs would have done the same had corduroys been the fashion in that day, and if a Roman Raleigh had discovered tobacco.

I wrote this about midnight and didn't get any further, as I was up till six carrying on and firing the battery. After adding another page or two I want to get some sleep, as I shall probably have to go up to the observation station to watch the effect of fire to-night. But before I turn in I want to tell you that I had the most gorgeous mail from everybody. Now that I'm in touch with you all again, it's almost like saying "How-do?" every night and morning.

I daresay you'll wonder how it feels to be under shell-fire. This is how it feels—you don't realise your danger until you come to think about it afterwards—at the time it's like playing cocoa-nut shies at a coon's head—only you're the coon's head. You take too much interest in the sport of dodging to be afraid. You'll hear the Tommies saying if one bursts nearly on them, "Line, you blighter, line. Five minutes more left," just as though they were reprimanding the unseen Hun battery for rotten shooting.

The great word of the Tommies here is "No bloody bon"—a strange mixture of French and English, which means that a thing is no good.

If it pleases them it's *Jake*—though where Jake comes from nobody knows.

Now I must get a wink or two, as I don't know when I may have to start off.

Ever yours, with love,

CON.

XII

September 19th, 1916.

DEAREST MOTHER:

I've been in France 19 days, and it hasn't taken me long to go into action. Soon I shall be quite an old hand. I'm just back from 24 hours in the Observation Post, from which one watches the effect of fire. I understand now and forgive the one phrase which the French children have picked up from our Tommies on account of its frequent occurrence—"bl—— mud." I never knew that mud could be so thick and treacly. All my fear that I might be afraid under shell-fire is over—you get to believe that if you're going to be hit you're going to be. But David's phrase keeps repeating itself in my mind, "Ten thousand shall fall at thy side, etc., but it shall not come nigh unto thee." It's a curious thing that the men who are most afraid are those who get most easily struck. A friend of G. M'C.'s was hit the other day within thirty yards of me—

he was a Princeton chap. I mentioned him in one of my previous letters. Our right section commander got a blighty two days ago and is probably now in England. He went off on a firing battery wagon, grinning all over his face, saying he wouldn't sell that bit of blood and shrapnel for a thousand pounds. I'm wearing your tie—it's the envy of the battery. All the officers wanted me to give them the name of my girl. It never occurs to men that mothers will do things like that.

Thank the powers it has stopped raining and we'll be able to get dry. I came in plastered from head to foot with lying in the rain on my tummy and peering over the top of a trench. Isn't it a funny change from comfortable breakfasts, press notices and a blazing fire?

Do you want any German souvenirs? Just at present I can get plenty. I have a splendid bayonet and a belt with Kaiser Bill's arms on it—but you can't forward these things from France. The Germans swear that they're not using bayonets with saw-edges, but you can buy them for five francs from the Tommies—ones they've taken from the prisoners or else picked up.

You needn't be nervous about me. I'm a great little dodger of whizz-bangs. Besides I

have a superstition that there's something in the power of M.'s cross to bless. It came with the mittens, and is at present round my neck.

You know what it sounds like when they're shooting coals down an iron run-way into a cellar—well, imagine a thousand of them. That's what I'm hearing while I write.

God bless you; I'm very happy.

Yours ever,

CON.

XIII

September 19th, 1916.

DEAREST FATHER:

I'm writing you your birthday letter early, as I don't know how busy I may be in the next week, nor how long this may take to reach you. You know how much love I send you and how I would like to be with you. D'you remember the birthday three years ago when we set the victrola going outside your room door? Those were my high-jinks days when very many things seemed possible. I'd rather be the person I am now than the person I was then. Life was selfish though glorious.

Well, I've seen my first modern battlefield and am quite disillusioned about the splendour of war. The splendour is all in the souls of the

men who creep through the squalor like vermin—it's in nothing external. There was a chap here the other day who deserved the V. C. four times over by running back through the Hun shell fire to bring news that the infantry wanted more artillery support. I was observing for my brigade in the forward station at the time. How he managed to live through the ordeal nobody knows. But men laugh while they do these things. It's fine.

A modern battlefield is the abomination of abominations. Imagine a vast stretch of dead country, pitted with shell-holes as though it had been mutilated with small-pox. There's not a leaf or a blade of grass in sight. Every house has either been leveled or is in ruins. No bird sings. Nothing stirs. The only live sound is at night—the scurry of rats. You enter a kind of ditch, called a trench; it leads on to another and another in an unjoyful maze. From the sides feet stick out, and arms and faces—the dead of previous encounters. "One of our chaps," you say casually, recognising him by his boots or khaki, or "Poor blighter—a Hun!" One can afford to forget enmity in the presence of the dead. It is horribly difficult sometimes to distinguish between the living and the slaughtered—they both lie so silently in their little ken-

nels in the earthen bank. You push on—especially if you are doing observation work, till you are past your own front line and out in No Man's Land. You have to crouch and move warily now. Zing! A bullet from a German sniper. You laugh and whisper, "A near one, that." My first trip to the trenches was up to No Man's Land. I went in the early dawn and came to a Madame Tussaud's show of the dead, frozen into immobility in the most extraordinary attitudes. Some of them were part way out of the ground, one hand pressed to the wound, the other pointing, the head sunken and the hair plastered over the forehead by repeated rains. I kept on wondering what my companions would look like had they been three weeks dead. My imagination became ingeniously and vividly morbid. When I had to step over them to pass, it seemed as though they must clutch at my trench coat and ask me to help. Poor lonely people, so brave and so anonymous in their death! Somewhere there is a woman who loved each one of them and would give her life for my opportunity to touch the poor clay that had been kind to her. It's like walking through the day of resurrection to visit No Man's Land. Then the Huns see you and the shrapnel begins to fall—you crouch like a dog and run for it.

One gets used to shell-fire up to a point, but there's not a man who doesn't want to duck when he hears one coming. The worst of all is the whizz-bang, because it doesn't give you a chance—it pounces and is on you the same moment that it bangs. There's so much I wish that I could tell you. I can only say this, at the moment we're making history.

What a curious birthday letter! I think of all your other birthdays—the ones before I met these silent men with the green and yellow faces, and the blackened lips which will never speak again. What happy times we have had as a family—what happy jaunts when you took me in those early days, dressed in a sailor suit, when you went hunting pictures. Yet, for all the damnability of what I now witness, I was never quieter in my heart. To have surrendered to an imperative self-denial brings a peace which self-seeking never brought.

So don't let this birthday be less gay for my absence. It ought to be the proudest in your life—proud because your example has taught each of your sons to do the difficult things which seem right. It would have been a condemnation of you if any one of us had been a shirker.

"I want to buy fine things for you
And be a soldier if I can."

The lines come back to me now. You read them to me first in the dark little study from a green oblong book. You little thought that I would be a soldier—even now I can hardly realise the fact. It seems a dream from which I shall wake up. Am I really killing men day by day? Am I really in jeopardy myself?

Whatever happens I'm not afraid, and I'll give you reason to be glad of me.

Very much love,

CON.

The poem referred to in this letter was actually written for Coningsby when he was between five and six years old. The dark little study which he describes was in the old house at Wesley's Chapel, in the City Road, London—and it was very dark, with only one window, looking out upon a dingy yard. The green oblong book in which I used to write my poems I still have; and it is an illustration of the tenacity of a child's memory that he should recall it. The poem was called *A Little Boy's Programme,* and ran thus:

I am so very young and small,
That, when big people pass me by,
I sometimes think they are so high
I'll never be a man at all.

And yet I want to be a man
Because so much I want to do;
I want to buy fine things for you,
And be a soldier, if I can.

When I'm a man I will not let
Poor little children starve, or be
Ill-used, or stand and beg of me
With naked feet out in the wet.

Now, don't you laugh!—The father kissed
The little serious mouth and said
"You've almost made me cry instead,
You blessed little optimist."

XIV

September 21st, 1916.

My Very Dear M.:

I am wearing your talisman while I write and have a strong superstition in its efficacy. The efficacy of your socks is also very noticeable—I wore them the first time on a trip to the Forward Observation Station. I had to lie on my tummy in the mud, my nose just showing above the parapet, for the best part of twenty-four hours. Your socks little thought I would take them into such horrid places when you made them.

Last night both the King and Sir Sam sent us congratulations—I popped in just at the right

time. I daresay you know far more about our doings than I do. Only this morning I picked up the *London Times* and read a full account of everything I have witnessed. The account is likely to be still fuller in the New York papers.

"Home for Christmas"—that's what the Tommies are promising their mothers and sweethearts in all their letters that I censor. Yesterday I was offered an Imperial commission in the army of occupation. But home for Christmas, will be Christmas, 1917—I can't think that it will be earlier.

Very much love,

CON.

XV

Sunday, September 24th, 1916.

DEAREST MOTHER:

Your locket has just reached me, and I have strung it round my neck with M.'s cross. Was it M.'s cross the other night that accounted for my luck? I was in a gun-pit when a shell landed, killing a man only a foot away from me and wounding three others—I and the sergeant were the only two to get out all right. Men who have been out here some time have a dozen stories of similar near squeaks. And talking of squeaks, it was a mouse that saved one man. It

kept him awake to such an extent that he determined to move to another place. Just as he got outside the dug-out a shell fell on the roof.

You'll be pleased to know that we have a ripping chaplain or Padre, as they call chaplains, with us. He plays the game, and I've struck up a great friendship with him. We discuss literature and religion when we're feeling a bit fed up. We talk at home of our faith being tested—one begins to ask strange questions here when he sees what men are allowed by the Almighty to do to one another, and so it's a fine thing to be in constant touch with a great-hearted chap who can risk his life daily to speak of the life hereafter to dying Tommies.

I wish I could tell you of my doings, but it's strictly against orders. You may read in the papers of actions in which I've taken part and never know that I was there.

We live for the most part on tinned stuff, but our appetites make anything taste palatable. Living and sleeping in the open air keeps one ravenous. And one learns to sleep the sleep of the just despite the roaring of the guns.

God bless you each one and give us peaceful hearts.

Yours ever,

CON.

XVI

September 28th, 1916.

My Dears:

We're in the midst of a fine old show, so I don't get much opportunity for writing. Suffice it to say that I've seen the big side of war by now and the extraordinary uncalculating courage of it. Men run out of a trench to an attack with as much eagerness as they would display in overtaking a late bus. If you want to get an idea of what meals are like when a row is on, order the McAlpin to spread you a table where 34th crosses Broadway—and wait for the uptown traffic on the Elevated. It's wonderful to see the waiters dodging with dishes through the shell-holes.

It's a wonderful autumn day, golden and mellow; I picture to myself what this country must have looked like before the desolation of war struck it.

I was Brigade observation officer on September 26th, and wouldn't have missed what I saw for a thousand dollars. It was a touch and go business, with shells falling everywhere and machine-gun fire—but something glorious to remember. I had the great joy of being useful in

setting a Hun position on fire. I think the war will be over in a twelvemonth.

Our great joy is composing menus of the meals we'll eat when we get home. Good-bye for the present.

CON.

XVII

October 1st, 1916.

MY DEAREST M.:

Sunday morning, your first back in Newark. You're not up yet owing to the difference in time—I can imagine the quiet house with the first of the morning stealing greyly in. You'll be presently going to church to sit in your old-fashioned mahogany pew. There's not much of Sunday in our atmosphere—only the little one can manage to keep in his heart. I shall share the echo of yours by remembering.

I'm waiting orders at the present moment to go forward with the Colonel and pick out a new gun position. You know I'm very happy—satisfied for the first time I'm doing something big enough to make me forget all failures and self-contempts. I know at last that I can measure up to the standard I have always coveted for myself. So don't worry yourselves about any note of hardship that you may interpret into my let-

ters, for the deprivation is fully compensated for by the winged sense of exaltation one has.

Things have been a little warm round us lately. A gun to our right, another to our rear and another to our front were knocked out with direct hits. We've got some of the chaps taking their meals with us now because their mess was all shot to blazes. There was an officer who was with me at the 53rd blown thirty feet into the air while I was watching. He picked himself up and insisted on carrying on, although his face was a mass of bruises. I walked in on the biggest engagement of the entire war the moment I came out here. There was no gradual breaking-in for me. My first trip to the front line was into a trench full of dead.

Have you seen Lloyd George's great speech? I'm all with him. No matter what the cost and how many of us have to give our lives, this War must be so finished that war may be forever at an end. If the devils who plan wars could only see the abysmal result of their handiwork! Give them one day in the trenches under shell-fire when their lives aren't worth a five minutes' purchase—or one day carrying back the wounded through this tortured country, or one day in a Red Cross train. No one can imagine the damnable waste and Christlessness of this battering

of human flesh. The only way that this War can be made holy is by making it so thorough that war will be finished for all time.

Papa at least will be awake by now. How familiar the old house seems to me—I can think of the place of every picture. Do you set the victrola going now-a-days? I bet you play Boys in Khaki, Boys in Blue.

Please send me anything in the way of eatables that the goodness of your hearts can imagine—also smokes.

Later.

I came back from the front-line all right and have since been hard at it firing. Your letters reached me in the midst of a bombardment—I read them in a kind of London fog of gunpowder smoke, with my steel helmet tilted back, in the interval of commanding my section through a megaphone.

Don't suppose that I'm in any way unhappy—I'm as cheerful as a cricket and do twice as much hopping—I have to. There's something extraordinarily bracing about taking risks and getting away with it—especially when you know that you're contributing your share to a far-reaching result. My mother is the mother of a soldier now, and soldiers' mothers don't lie awake at night imagining—they just say a prayer

for their sons and leave everything in God's hands. I'm sure you'd far rather I died than not play the man to the fullest of my strength. It isn't when you die that matters—it's how. Not but what I intend to return to Newark and make the house reek of tobacco smoke before I've done.

We're continually in action now, and the casualty to B. has left us short-handed—moreover we're helping out another battery which has lost two officers. As you've seen by the papers, we've at last got the Hun on the run. Three hundred passed me the other day unescorted, coming in to give themselves up as prisoners. They're the dirtiest lot you ever set eyes on, and looked as though they hadn't eaten for months. I wish I could send you some souvenirs. But we can't send them out of France.

I'm scribbling by candlelight and everything's jumping with the stamping of the guns. I wear the locket and cross all the time.

Yours with much love,

CON.

XVIII

October 13th, 1916.

DEAR ONES:

I have only time to write and assure you that I am safe. We're living in trenches at pres-

ent—I have my sleeping bag placed on a stretcher to keep it fairly dry. By the time you get this we expect to be having a rest, as we've been hard at it now for an unusually long time. How I wish that I could tell you so many things that are big and vivid in my mind—but the censor——!

Yesterday I had an exciting day. I was up forward when word came through that an officer still further forward was wounded and he'd been caught in a heavy enemy fire. I had only a kid telephonist with me, but we found a stretcher, went forward and got him out. The earth was hopping up and down like pop-corn in a frying pan. The unfortunate thing was that the poor chap died on the way out. It was only the evening before that we had dined together and he had told me what he was going to do with his next leave.

God bless you all,

CON.

XIX

October 14th, 1916.

DEAREST MOTHER:

I'm still all right and well. To-day I had the funniest experience of my life—got caught in a Hun curtain of fire and had to lie on my

tummy for two hours in a trench with the shells bursting five yards from me—and never a scratch. You know how I used to wonder what I'd do under such circumstances. Well, I laughed. All I could think of was the sleek people walking down Fifth Avenue, and the equally sleek crowds taking tea at the Waldorf. It struck me as ludicrous that I, who had been one of them, should be lying there lunchless. For a little while I was slightly deaf with the concussions.

That poem keeps on going through my head,

Oh, to come home once more, when the dusk is falling,
To see the nursery lighted and the children's table spread;
"Mother, mother, mother!" the eager voices calling,
"The baby was so sleepy that he had to go to bed!"

Wouldn't it be good, instead of sitting in a Hun dug-out?

Yours lovingly,

CON.

XX

October 15th, 1916.

DEAR ONES:

We're still in action, but are in hopes that soon we may be moved to winter quarters. We've had our taste of mud, and are anxious to move into better quarters before we get our next.

I think I told you that our O. C. had got wounded in the feet, and our right section commander got it in the shoulder a little earlier—so we're a bit short-handed and find ourselves with plenty of work.

I have curiously lucid moments when recent happenings focus themselves in what seems to be their true perspective. The other night I was Forward Observation officer on one of our recent battlefields. I had to watch the front all night for signals, etc. There was a full white moon sailing serenely overhead, and when I looked at it I could almost fancy myself back in the old melancholy pomp of autumn woodlands where the leaves were red, not with the colour of men's blood. My mind went back to so many by-gone days—especially to three years ago. I seemed so vastly young then, upon reflection. For a little while I was full of regrets for many things wasted, and then I looked at the battlefield with its scattered kits and broken rifles. Nothing seemed to matter very much. A rat came out—then other rats. I stood there feeling extraordinarily aloof from all things that can hurt, and—you'll smile—I planned a novel. O, if I get back, how differently I shall write! When you've faced the worst in so many forms,

you lose your fear and arrive at peace. There's a marvellous grandeur about all this carnage and desolation—men's souls rise above the distress—they have to in order to survive. When you see how cheap men's bodies are you cannot help but know that the body is the least part of personality.

You can let up on your nervousness when you get this, for I shall almost certainly be in a safer zone. We've done more than our share and must be withdrawn soon. There's hardly a battery which does not deserve a dozen D. S. O.'s with a V. C. or two thrown in.

It's 4.30 now—you'll be in church and, I hope, wearing my flowers. Wait till I come back and you shall go to church with the biggest bunch of roses that ever were pinned to a feminine chest. I wonder when that will be.

We have heaps of humour out here. You should have seen me this morning, sitting on the gun-seat while my batman cut my hair. A sandbag was spread over my shoulders in place of a towel and the gun-detachment stood round and gave advice. I don't know what I look like, for I haven't dared to gaze into my shaving mirror.

Good luck to us all,

CON.

XXI

October 18th, 1916.

DEAREST M.:

I've come down to the lines to-day; to-morrow I go back again. I'm sitting alone in a deep chalk dug-out—it is 10 p.m. and I have lit a fire by splitting wood with a bayonet. Your letters from Montreal reached me yesterday. They came up in the water-cart when we'd all begun to despair of mail. It was wonderful the silence that followed while every one went back home for a little while, and most of them met their best girls. We've fallen into the habit of singing in parts. Jerusalem the Golden is a great favourite as we wait for our breakfast—we go through all our favourite songs, including Poor Old Adam Was My Father. Our greatest favourite is one which is symbolising the hopes that are in so many hearts on this greatest battlefield in history. We sing it under shell-fire as a kind of prayer, we sing it as we struggle knee-deep in the appalling mud, we sing it as we sit by a candle in our deep captured German dug-outs. It runs like this:

"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams:

There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you."

You ought to be able to get it, and then you will be singing it when I'm doing it.

No, I don't know what to ask from you for Christmas—unless a plum pudding and a general surprise box of sweets and food stuffs. If you don't mind my suggesting it, I wouldn't a bit mind a Christmas box at once—a schoolboy's tuck box. I wear the locket, cross, and tie all the time as kind of charms against danger—they give me the feeling of loving hands going with me everywhere.

God bless you.

Yours ever,

CON.

XXII

October 23rd, 1916.

DEAREST ALL:

As you know I have been in action ever since I left England and am still. I've lived in various extemporised dwellings and am at present writing from an eight foot deep hole dug in the ground and covered over with galvanised iron and sand-bags. We have made ourselves

very comfortable, and a fire is burning—I correct that—comfortable until it rains, I should say, when the water finds its own level. We have just finished with two days of penetrating rain and mist—in the trenches the mud was up to my knees, so you can imagine the joy of wading down these shell-torn tunnels. Good thick socks have been priceless.

You'll be pleased to hear that two days ago I was made Right Section Commander—which is fairly rapid promotion. It means a good deal more work and responsibility, but it gives me a contact with the men which I like.

I don't know when I'll get leave—not for another two months anyway. It would be ripping if I had word in time for you to run over to England for the brief nine days.

I plan novels galore and wonder whether I shall ever write them the way I see them now. My imagination is to an extent crushed by the stupendousness of reality. I think I am changed in some stern spiritual way—stripped of flabbiness. I am perhaps harder—I can't say. That I should be a novelist seems unreasonable—it's so long since I had my own way in the world and met any one on artistic terms. But I have enough ego left to be very interested in my book. And by the way, when we're out at the front and

the battery wants us to come in they simply 'phone up the password, "Slaves of Freedom," the meaning of which we all understand.

You are ever in my thoughts, and I pray the day may not be far distant when we meet again.

CON.

XXIII

October 27th, 1916.

DEAREST FAMILY:

All to-day I've been busy registering our guns. There is little chance of rest—one would suppose that we intended to end the war by spring.

Two new officers joined our battery from England, which makes the work lighter. One of them brings the news that D., one of the two officers who crossed over from England with me and wandered through France with me in search of our Division, is already dead. He was a corking fellow, and I'm very sorry. He was caught by a shell in the head and legs.

I am still living in a sand-bagged shell-hole eight feet beneath the level of the ground. I have a sleeping bag with an eider-down inside it, for my bed; it is laid on a stretcher, which is placed in a roofed-in trench. For meals, when there isn't a block on the roads, we do very well; we subscribe pretty heavily to the mess, and

have an officer back at the wagon-lines to do our purchasing. When we move forward into a new position, however, we go pretty short, as roads have to be built for the throng of traffic. Most of what we eat is tinned—and I never want to see tinned salmon again when this war is ended. I have a personal servant, a groom and two horses—but haven't been on a horse for seven weeks on account of being in action. We're all pretty fed up with continuous firing and living so many hours in the trenches. The way artillery is run to-day an artillery lieutenant is more in the trenches than an infantryman—the only thing he doesn't do is to go over the parapet in an attack. And one of our chaps did that the other day, charging the Huns with a bar of chocolate in one hand and a revolver in the other. I believe he set a fashion which will be imitated. Three times in my experience I have seen the infantry jump out of their trenches and go across. It's a sight never to be forgotten. One time there were machine guns behind me and they sent a message to me, asking me to lie down and take cover. That was impossible, as I was observing for my brigade, so I lay on the parapet till the bullets began to fall too close for comfort, then I dodged out into a shell-hole with the German barrage bursting all around

me, and had a most gorgeous view of a modern attack. That was some time ago, so you needn't be nervous.

Have I mentioned rum to you? I never tasted it to my knowledge until I came out here. We get it served us whenever we're wet. It's the one thing which keeps a man alive in the winter—you can sleep when you're drenched through and never get a cold if you take it.

At night, by a fire, eight feet underground, we sing all the dear old songs. We manage a kind of glee—Clementina, The Long, Long Trail, Three Blind Mice, Long, Long Ago, Rock of Ages. Hymns are quite favourites.

Don't worry about me; your prayers weave round me a mantle of defence.

Yours with more love than I can write,

CON.

XXIV

October 31st, 1916.
Hallowe'en.

DEAREST PEOPLE:

Once more I'm taking the night-firing and so have a chance to write to you. I got letters from you all, and they each deserve answers, but I have so little time to write. We've been having beastly weather—drowned out of our little

houses below ground, with rivers running through our beds. The mud is once more up to our knees and gets into whatever we eat. The wonder is that we keep healthy—I suppose it's the open air. My throat never troubles me and I'm free from colds in spite of wet feet. The main disadvantage is that we rarely get a chance to wash or change our clothes. Your ideas of an army with its buttons all shining is quite erroneous; we look like drunk and disorderlies who have spent the night in the gutter—and we have the same instinct for fighting.

In the trenches the other day I heard mother's Suffolk tongue and had a jolly talk with a chap who shared many of my memories. It was his first trip in and the Huns were shelling badly, but he didn't seem at all upset.

We're still hard at it and have given up all idea of a rest—the only way we'll get one is with a blighty. You say how often you tell yourselves that the same moon looks down on me; it does, but on a scene how different! We advance over old battlefields—everything is blasted. If you start digging, you turn up what's left of something human. If there were any grounds for superstition, surely the places in which I have been should be ghost-haunted. One never thinks about it. For myself I have increasingly the feel-

ing that I am protected by your prayers; I tell myself so when I am in danger.

Here I sit in an old sweater and muddy breeches, the very reverse of your picture of a soldier, and I imagine to myself your receipt of this. Our chief interest is to enquire whether milk, jam and mail have come up from the wagon-lines; it seems a faery-tale that there are places where milk and jam can be had for the buying. See how simple we become.

Poor little house at Kootenay! I hate to think of it empty. We had such good times there twelve months ago. They have a song here to a nursery rhyme lilt, Après le Guerre Finis; it goes on to tell of all the good times we'll have when the war is ended. Every night I invent a new story of my own celebration of the event, usually, as when I was a kiddie, just before I fall asleep—only it doesn't seem possible that the war will ever end.

I hear from the boys very regularly. There's just the chance that I may get leave to London in the New Year and meet them before they set out. I always picture you with your heads high in the air. I'm glad to think of you as proud because of the pain we've made you suffer.

Once again I shall think of you on Papa's birthday. I don't think this will be the saddest

he will have to remember. It might have been if we three boys had still all been with him. If I were a father, I would prefer at all costs that my sons should be men. What good comrades we've always been, and what long years of happy times we have in memory—all the way down from a little boy in a sailor-suit to Kootenay!

I fell asleep in the midst of this. I've now got to go out and start the other gun firing. With very much love.

Yours,

CON.

XXV

November 1st, 1916.

MY DEAREST M.:

Peace after a storm! Your letter was not brought up by the water-wagon this evening, but by an orderly—the mud prevented wheel-traffic. I was just sitting down to read it when Fritz began to pay us too much attention. I put down your letter, grabbed my steel helmet, rushed out to see where the shells were falling, and then cleared my men to a safer area. (By the way, did I tell you that I had been made Right Section Commander?) After about half an hour I came back and settled down by a fire made of smashed ammunition boxes in a stove borrowed

from a ruined cottage. I'm always ashamed that my letters contain so little news and are so uninteresting. This thing is so big and dreadful that it does not bear putting down on paper. I read the papers with the accounts of singing soldiers and other rubbish; they depict us as though we were a lot of hair-brained idiots instead of men fully realising our danger, who plod on because it's our duty. I've seen a good many men killed by now—we all have—consequently the singing soldier story makes us smile. We've got a big job; we know that we've got to "Carry On" whatever happens—so we wear a stern grin and go to it. There's far more heroism in the attitude of men out here than in the footlight attitude that journalists paint for the public. It isn't a singing matter to go on firing a gun when gun-pits are going up in smoke within sight of you.

What a terrible desecration war is! You go out one week and look through your glasses at a green, smiling country—little churches, villages nestling among woods, white roads running across a green carpet; next week you see nothing but ruins and a country-side pitted with shell-holes. All night the machine guns tap like riveting machines when a New York sky-scraper is in the building. Then suddenly in the night a

bombing attack will start, and the sky grows white with signal rockets. Orders come in for artillery retaliation, and your guns begin to stamp the ground like stallions; in the darkness on every side you can see them snorting fire. Then stillness again, while Death counts his harvest; the white rockets grow fainter and less hysterical. For an hour there is blackness.

My batman consoles himself with singing,

> "Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
> And smile, smile, smile."

There's a lot in his philosophy—it's best to go on smiling even when some one who was once your pal lies forever silent in his blanket on a stretcher.

The great uplifting thought is that we have proved ourselves men. In our death we set a standard which in ordinary life we could never have followed. Inevitably we should have sunk below our highest self. Here we know that the world will remember us and that our loved ones, in spite of tears, will be proud of us. What God will say to us we cannot guess—but He can't be too hard on men who did their duty. I think we all feel that trivial former failures are washed out by this final sacrifice. When little M. used to recite "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

who never to himself had said, 'This is my own, my native land,' " I never thought that I should have the chance that has now been given to me. I feel a great and solemn gratitude that I have been thought worthy. Life has suddenly become effective and worthy by reason of its carelessness of death.

By the way, that Princeton man I mentioned so long ago was killed forty yards away from me on my first trip into the trenches. Probably G. M'C. and his other friends know by now. He was the first man I ever saw snuffed out.

I'm wearing your mittens and find them a great comfort. I'll look forward to some more of your socks—I can do with plenty of them. If any of your friends are making things for soldiers, I wish you'd get them to send them to this battery, as they would be gratefully accepted by the men.

I wish I could come to *The Music Master* with you. I wonder how long till we do all those intimately family things together again.

Good-bye, my dearest M. I live for home letters and am rarely disappointed.

God bless you, and love to you all.

Yours ever,

CON.

XXVI

November 4th, 1916.

My Dearest Mother:

This morning I was wakened up in the gunpit where I was sleeping by the arrival of the most wonderful parcel of mail. It was really a kind of Christmas morning for me. My servant had lit a fire in a punctured petrol can and the place looked very cheery. First of all entered an enormous affair, which turned out to be a stove which C. had sent. Then there was a sand-bag containing all your gifts. You may bet I made for that first, and as each knot was undone remembered the loving hands that had done it up. I am now going up to a twenty-four-hour shift of observing, and shall take up the malted milk and some blocks of chocolate for a hot drink. It somehow makes you seem very near to me to receive things packed with your hands. When I go forward I shall also take candles and a copy of *Anne Veronica* with me, so that if I get a chance I can forget time.

Always when I write to you odds and ends come to mind, smacking of local colour. After an attack some months ago I met a solitary private wandering across a shell-torn field. I watched him and thought something was wrong

by the aimlessness of his progress. When I spoke to him, he looked at me mistily and said, "Dead men. Moonlit road." He kept on repeating the phrase, and it was all that one could get out of him. Probably the dead men and the moonlit road were the last sights he had seen before he went insane.

Another touching thing happened two days ago. A Major turned up who had travelled fifty miles by motor lorries and any conveyance he could pick up on the road. He had left his unit to come to have a glimpse of our front-line trench where his son was buried. The boy had died there some days ago in going over the parapet. I persuaded him that he ought not to go alone, and that in any case it wasn't a healthy spot. At last he consented to let me take him to a point from which he could see the ground over which his son had attacked and led his men. The sun was sinking behind us. He stood there very straightly, peering through my glasses—and then forgot all about me and began speaking to his son in childish love-words. "Gone West," they call dying out here—we rarely say that a man is dead. I found out afterwards that it was the boy's mother the Major was thinking of when he pledged himself to visit the grave in the front-line.

But there are happier things than that. For instance, you should hear us singing at night in our dug-out—every tune we ever learnt, I believe. Silver Threads Among the Gold, In the Gloaming, The Star of Bethlehem, I Hear You Calling Me, interspersed with Everybody Works but Father, and Poor Old Adam, etc.

I wish I could know in time when I get my leave for you to come over and meet me. I'm going to spend my nine days in the most glorious ways imaginable. To start with I won't eat anything that's canned and, to go on, I won't get out of bed till I feel inclined. And if you're there——!

Dreams and nonsense! God bless you all and keep us near and safe though absent. Alive or "Gone West" I shall never be far from you; you may depend on that—and I shall always hope to feel you brave and happy. This is a great game—cheese-mites pitting themselves against all the splendours of Death. Please, please write well ahead, so that I may not miss your Christmas letters.

Yours lovingly,

CON.

XXVII

November 6th, 1916.

My Dear Ones:

Such a wonderful day it has been—I scarcely know where to start. I came down last night from twenty-four hours in the mud, where I had been observing. I'd spent the night in a hole dug in the side of the trench and a dead Hun forming part of the roof. I'd sat there reliving so many things—the ecstatic moments of my life when I first touched fame—and my feet were so cold that I could not feel them, so I thought all the harder of the pleasant things of the past. Then, as I say, I came back to the gun position to learn that I was to have one day off at the back of the lines. You can't imagine what that meant to me—one day in a country that is green, one day where there is no shell-fire, one day where you don't turn up corpses with your tread! For two months I have never left the guns except to go forward and I have never been from under shell-fire. All night long as I have slept the ground had been shaken by the stamping of the guns—and now after two months, to come back to comparative normality! The reason for this privilege being granted was that the powers that be had come to the conclusion that

it was time I had a bath. Since I sleep in my clothes and water is too valuable for washing anything but the face and hands, they were probably right in their guess at my condition.

So with the greatest holiday of my life in prospect I went to the empty gunpit in which I sleep, and turned in. This morning I set out early with my servant, tramping back across the long, long battlefields which our boys have won. The mud was knee-deep in places, but we floundered on till we came to our old and deserted gun-position where my horses waited for me. From there I rode to the wagon-lines—the first time I've sat a horse since I came into action. Far behind me the thunder of winged murder grew more faint. The country became greener; trees even had leaves upon them which fluttered against the grey-blue sky. It was wonderful—like awaking from an appalling nightmare. My little beast was fresh and seemed to share my joy, for she stepped out bravely.

When I arrived at the wagon-lines I would not wait—I longed to see something even greener and quieter. My groom packed up some oats and away we went again. My first objective was the military baths; I lay in hot water for half-an-hour and read the advertisements of my book. As I lay there, for the first time since I've been

out, I began to get a half-way true perspective of myself. What's left of the egotism of the author came to life, and—now laugh—I planned my next novel—planned it to the sound of men singing, because they were clean for the first time in months. I left my towels and soap with a military policeman, by the roadside, and went prancing off along country roads in search of the almost forgotten places where people don't kill one another. Was it imagination? There seemed to me to be a different look in the faces of the men I met—for the time being they were neither hunters nor hunted. There were actually cows in the fields. At one point, where pollarded trees stand like a Hobbema sketch against the sky, a group of officers were coursing a hare, following a big black hound on horseback. We lost our way. A drenching rainstorm fell over us—we didn't care; and we saw as we looked back a most beautiful thing—a rainbow over green fields. It was as romantic as the first rainbow in childhood.

All day I have been seeing lovely and familiar things as though for the first time. I've been a sort of Lazarus, rising out of his tomb and praising God at the sound of a divine voice. You don't know how exquisite a ploughed field can

look, especially after rain, unless you have feared that you might never see one again.

I came to a grey little village, where civilians were still living, and then to a gate and a garden. In the cottage was a French peasant woman who smiled, patted my hair because it was curly, and chattered interminably. The result was a huge omelette and a bottle of champagne. Then came a touch of naughtiness—a lady visitor with a copy of *La Vie Parisienne,* which she promptly bestowed on the English soldier. I read it, and dreamt of the time when I should walk the Champs Elysées again. It was growing dusk when I turned back to the noise of battle. There was a white moon in a milky sky. Motor-bikes fled by me, great lorries driven by Jehus from London buses, and automobiles which too poignantly had been Strand taxis and had taken lovers home from the Gaiety. I jogged along thinking very little, but supremely happy. Now I'm back at the wagon-line; to-morrow I go back to the guns. Meanwhile I write to you by a guttering candle.

Life, how I love you! What a wonderful kindly thing I could make of you to-night. Strangely the vision has come to me of all that you mean. Now I could write. So soon you

may go from me or be changed into a form of existence which all my training has taught me to dread. After death is there only nothingness? I think that for those who have missed love in this life there must be compensations—the little children whom they ought to have had, perhaps. To-day, after so many weeks, I have seen little children again.

And yet, so strange a havoc does this war work that, if I have to "Go West," I shall go *proudly* and quietly. I have seen too many men die bravely to make a fuss if my turn comes. A mixed passenger list old Father Charon must have each night—Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Huns. To-morrow I shall have another sight of the greenness and then—the guns.

I don't know whether I have been able to make any of my emotions clear to you in my letters. Terror has a terrible fascination. Up to now I have always been afraid—afraid of small fears. At last I meet fear itself and it stings my pride into an unpremeditated courage.

I've just had a pile of letters from you all. How ripping it is to be remembered! Letters keep one civilised.

It's late and I'm very tired. God bless you each and all.

CON.

XXVIII

November 15th, 1916.

DEAR FATHER:

I've owed you a letter for some time, but I've been getting very little leisure. You can't send steel messages to the Kaiser and love-notes to your family in the same breath.

I am amazed at the spirit you three are showing and almighty proud that you can muster such courage. I suppose none of us quite realised our strength till it came to the test. There was a time when we all doubted our own heroism. I think we were typical of our age. Every novel of the past ten years has been more or less a study in sentiment and self-distrust. We used to wonder what kind of stuff Drake's men were made of that they could jest while they died. We used to contrast ourselves with them to our own disfavour. Well, we know now that when there's a New World to be discovered we can still rise up reincarnated into spiritual pirates. It wasn't the men of our age who were at fault, but the New World that was lacking. Our New World is the Kingdom of Heroism, the doors of which are flung so wide that the meanest of us may enter. I know men out here who are the dependable daredevils of their brigades, who in

peace times were nuisances and as soon as peace is declared will become nuisances again. At the moment they're fine, laughing at Death and smiling at the chance of agony. There's a man I know of who had a record sheet of crimes. When he was out of action he was always drunk and up for office. To get rid of him, they put him into the trench mortars and within a month he had won his D. C. M. He came out and went on the spree—this particular spree consisted in stripping a Highland officer of his kilts on a moonlight night. For this he was sentenced to several months in a military prison, but asked to be allowed to serve his sentence in the trenches. He came out from his punishment a King's sergeant—which means that whatever he did nobody could degrade him. He got this for lifting his trench mortar over the parapet when all the detachment were killed. Carrying it out into a shell-hole, he held back the Hun attack and saved the situation. He got drunk again, and again chose to be returned to the trenches. This time his head was blown off while he was engaged in a special feat of gallantry. What are you to say to such men? Ordinarily they'd be blackguards, but war lifts them into splendour. In the same way you see mild men, timid men, almost girlish men, carrying out duties which in other wars

would have won V. C.'s. I don't think the soul of courage ever dies out of the race any more than the capacity for love. All it means is that the occasion is not present. For myself I try to analyse my emotions; am I simply numb, or do I imitate other people's coolness and shall I fear life again when the war is ended? There is no explanation save the great army phrase "Carry on." We "carry on" because, if we don't, we shall let other men down and put their lives in danger. And there's more than that—we all want to live up to the standard that prompted us to come.

One talks about splendour—but war isn't splendid except in the individual sense. A man by his own self-conquest can make it splendid for himself, but in the massed sense it's squalid. There's nothing splendid about a battlefield when the fight is ended—shreds of what once were men, tortured, levelled landscapes—the barbaric loneliness of Hell. I shall never forget my first dead man. He was a signalling officer, lying in the dawn on a muddy hill. I thought he was asleep at first, but when I looked more closely, I saw that his shoulder blade was showing white through his tunic. He was wearing black boots. It's odd, but the sight of black boots have the same effect on me now that black and white

stripes had in childhood. I have the superstitious feeling that to wear them would bring me bad luck.

To-night we've been singing in parts, Back in the Dear Dead Days Beyond Recall—a mournful kind of ditty to sing under the circumstances—so mournful that we had to have a game of five hundred to cheer us up.

It's now nearly 2 a.m., and I have to go out to the guns again before I go to bed. I carry your letters about in my pockets and read them at odd intervals in all kinds of places that you can't imagine.

Cheer up and remember that I'm quite happy. I wish you could be with me for just one day to understand.

Yours,

CON.

XXIX

December 3rd, 1916.

DEAR BOYS:

By this time you will be all through your exams and I hope have both passed. It'll be splendid if you can go together to the same station. You envy me, you say; well, I rather envy you. I'd like to be with you. You, at least, don't have Napoleon's fourth antagonist with

which to contend—mud. But at present I'm clean and billeted in an estaminet, in a not too bad little village. There's an old mill and still older church, and the usual farmhouses with the indispensable pile of manure under the front windows. We shall have plenty of hard work here, licking our men into shape and re-fitting.

You know how I've longed to sleep between sheets; I can now, but find them so cold that I still use my sleeping bag—such is human inconsistency. But yesterday I had a boiling bath—as good a bath as could be found in a New York hotel—and I am CLEAN.

I woke up this morning to hear some one singing Casey Jones—consequently I thought of former Christmases. My mind has been travelling back very much of late. Suddenly I see something here which reminds me of the time when E. and I were at Lisieux, or even of our Saturday excursions to Nelson when we were all together at the ranch.

Did I tell you that B., our officer who was wounded two months ago, has just returned to us. This morning he got news that his young brother has been killed in the place which we have left. I wonder when we shall grow tired of stabbing and shooting and killing. It seems to me that the war cannot end in less than two years.

I have made myself nice to the Brigade interpreter and he has found me a delightful room with electric light and a fire. It's in an old farmhouse with a brick terrace in front. My room is on the ground floor and tile-paved. The chairs are rush-bottomed and there are old quaint china plates on the shelves. There is also a quite charming mademoiselle. So you see, you don't need to pity me any more.

Just at present I'm busy getting up the Brigade Christmas Entertainment. The Colonel asked me to do it, otherwise I should have said *no,* as I want all the time I can get to myself. You can't think how jolly it is to sit again in a room which is temporarily yours after living in dug-outs, herded side by side with other men. I can be *me* now, and not a soldier of thousands when I write. You shall hear from me again soon. Hope you're having a ripping time in London.

Yours ever,

CON.

XXX

December 5th, 1916.

DEAREST M.:

I've just come in from my last tour of inspection as orderly officer, and it's close on midnight. I'm getting this line off to you to let

you know that I expect to get my nine days' leave about the beginning of January. How I wish it were possible to have you in London when I arrive, or, failing that, to spend my leave in New York!

To-morrow I make an early start on horseback for a market of the old-fashioned sort which is held at a town near by. Can you dimly picture me with my groom, followed by a mess-cart, going from stall to stall and bartering with the peasants? It'll be rather good fun and something quite out of my experience.

Christmas will be over by the time you get this, and I do hope that you had a good one. I paused to talk to the other officers; they say that they are sure that you are very beautiful and have a warm heart, and would like to send them a five-storey layer cake, half a dozen bottles of port and one Paris chef. At present I am the Dives of the mess and dole out luxuries to these Lazaruses.

Good-bye for the present.

Yours ever lovingly,

CON.

XXXI

December 6th, 1916.

DEAREST M.:

I've just undone your Christmas parcels, and already I am wearing the waistcoat and socks, and my mouth is hot with the ginger.

I expect to get leave for England on January 10th. I do wish it might be possible for some of you to cross the ocean and be in London with me—and I don't see what there is to prevent you. Unless the war ends sooner than any of us expect, it is not likely that I shall get another leave in less than nine months. So, if you want to come and if there's time when you receive this letter, just hop on a boat and let's see what London looks like together.

I wonder what kind of a Christmas you'll have. I shall picture it all. You may hear me tiptoeing up the stairs if you listen very hard. Where does the soul go in sleep? Surely mine flies back to where all of you dear people are.

I came back to my farm yesterday to find a bouquet of paper flowers at the head of my bed with a note pinned on it. Over my fire-place was hung a pathetic pair of farm-girls' heavy Sunday boots, all brightly polished, with two other notes pinned on them. The Feast of St. Nicholas

on December 7th is an opportunity for unmarried men to be reminded that there are unmarried girls in the world—wherefore the flowers. I enclose the notes. Keep them,—they may be useful for a book some day.

I'm having a pretty good rest, and am still in my old farmhouse.

Love to all,

CON.

XXXII

December 15th, 1916.

DEAREST ALL:

At the present I'm just where mother hoped I'd be—in a deep dug-out about twenty feet down—we're trying to get a fire lighted, and consequently the place is smoked out. Where I'll be for Christmas I don't know, but I hope by then to be in billets. I've just come back from the trenches, where I've been observing. The mud is not nearly so bad where I am now, and with a few days' more work, we should be quite comfortable. You'll have received my cable about my getting leave soon—I'm wondering whether the Atlantic is sufficiently quiet for any of you to risk a crossing.

Poor Basil! Your letter was the first news I got of his death. I must have watched the at-

tack in which he lost his life. One wonders now how it was that some instinct did not warn me that one of those khaki dots jumping out of the trenches was the cousin who stayed with us in London.

I'm wondering what this mystery of the German Chancellor is all about—some peace proposals, I suppose—which are sure to prove bombastic and unacceptable. It seems to us out here as though the war must go on forever. Like a boy's dream of the far-off freedom of manhood, the day appears when we shall step out into the old liberty of owning our own lives. What a celebration we'll have when I come home! I can't quite grasp the joy of it.

I've got to get this letter off quite soon if it's to go to-day. It ought to reach you by January 12th or thereabouts. You may be sure my thoughts will have been with you on Christmas day. I shall look back and remember all the bygone good times and then plan for Christmas, 1917. God keep us all.

Ever yours,

CON.

XXXIII

December 18th, 1916.

My Dearest M.:

I always feel when I write a joint letter to the family that I'm cheating each one of you, but it's so very difficult to get time to write as often as I'd like. It's a week to Christmas and I picture the beginnings of the preparations. I can look back and remember so many such preparations, especially when we were kiddies in London. What good times one has in a life! I've been sitting with my groom by the fire to-night while he dried my clothes. I've mentioned him to you before as having lived in Nelson, and worked at the Silver King mine. We both grew ecstatic over British Columbia.

I am hoping all the time that the boys may be in England at the time I get my leave—I hardly dare hope that any of you will be there. But it would be grand if you could manage it—I long very much to see you all again. I can just imagine my first month home again. I shan't let any of you work. I shall be the incurable boy. I've spent the best part of to-day out in No Man's Land, within seventy yards of the Huns. Quite an experience, I assure you, and one that I wouldn't have missed for worlds. I'll

have heaps to write into novels one day—the vividest kind of local colour. Just at present I have nothing to read but the Christmas number of the *Strand*. It makes me remember the time when we children raced for the latest development of *The Hound of the Baskervilles,* and so many occasions when I had one of "those sniffy colds" and sat by the Highbury fire with a book. Good days, those!

I'm just off to bed now, and will finish this to-morrow. Bed is my greatest luxury nowadays.

December 19th.

The book and chocolate just came, and a bunch of New York papers. All were most welcome. I was longing for something to read. To-morrow I have to go forward to observe. Two of our officers are on leave, so it makes the rest of us work pretty hard. What do you think of the Kaiser's absurd peace proposals? The man must be mad.

The best of love,

CON.

XXXIV

December 20th, 1916.

DEAR MR. T.:

Just back from a successful argument with Fritz, to find your kind good wishes. It's rather

a lark out here, though a lark which may turn against you any time. I laugh a good deal more than I mope. Anything really horrible has a ludicrous side—it's like Mark Twain's humour—a gross exaggeration. The maddest thing of all to me is that a person so willing to be amiable as I am should be out here killing people for principle's sake. There's no rhyme or reason—it can't be argued. Dimly one thinks he sees what is right and leaves father and mother and home, as though it were for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. Perhaps it is. If one didn't pin his faith to that "perhaps"——. One can't explain.

A merry Christmas to you.

Yours very sincerely,

CONINGSBY DAWSON.

XXXV

December 20th, 1916.

DEAR MR. A. D.:

I've just come in from an argument with Fritz when your chocolate formed my meal. You were very kind to think of me and to send it, and you were extraordinarily understanding in the letter that you sent me. One's life out here is like a pollarded tree—all the lower branches

are gone—one gazes on great nobilities, on the fascinating horror of Eternity sometimes—I said horror, but it's often fine in its spaciousness—one gazes on many inverted splendours of Titans, but it's giddy work being so high and rarefied, and all the gentle past seems gone. That's why it is pleasant in this grimy anonymity of death and courage to get reminders, such as your letter, that one was once localised and had a familiar history. If I come back, I shall be like Rip Van Winkle, or a Robinson Crusoe—like any and all of the creatures of legend and history to whom abnormality has grown to seem normal. If you can imagine yourself living in a world in which every day is a demonstration of a Puritan's conception of what happens when the last trump sounds, then you have some idea of my queer situation. One has come to a point when death seems very inconsiderable and only failure to do one's duty is an utter loss. Love and the future, and all the sweet and tender dreams of bygone days are like a house in which the blinds are lowered and from which the sight has gone. Landscapes have lost their beauty, everything God-made and man-made is destroyed except man's power to endure with a smile the things he once most dreaded, because he believes that only so may he be righteous in his own eyes.

How one has longed for that sure confidence in the petty failings of little living—the confidence to believe that he can stand up and suffer for principle! God has given all men who are out here that opportunity—the supremest that can be hoped for—so, in spite of exile, Christmas for most of us will be a happy day. Does one see more truly life's worth on a battlefield? I often ask myself that question. Is the contempt that is hourly shown for life the real standard of life's worth? I shrug my shoulders at my own unanswerable questions—all I know is that I move daily with men who have everything to live for who, nevertheless, are urged by an unconscious magnanimity to die. I don't think any of our dead pity themselves—but they would have done so if they had faltered in their choice. One lives only from sunrise to sunrise, but there's a more real happiness in this brief living than I ever knew before, because it is so exactingly worth while.

Thank you again for your kindness.

Very sincerely yours,

C. D.

The suggestion that we might all meet in London in January, 1917, was a hope rather than an expectation. We received a cable from

France on Sunday, December 17th, 1916, and left New York on December 30th. We were met in London by the two sailor-sons, who were expecting appointments at any moment, and Coningsby arrived late in the evening of January 13th. He was unwell when he arrived, having had a near touch of pneumonia. The day before he left the front he had been in action, with a temperature of 104. There were difficulties about getting his leave at the exact time appointed, but these he overcame by exchanging leave with a brother-officer. He travelled from the Front all night in a windowless train, and at Calais was delayed by a draft of infantry which he had to take over to England. The consequence of this delay was that the meeting at the railway station, of which he had so long dreamed, did not come off. We spent a long day, going from station to station, misled by imperfect information as to the arrival of troop trains. At Victoria Station we saw two thousand troops arrive on leave, men caked with trench-mud, but he was not among them. We reluctantly returned to our hotel in the late afternoon and gave up expecting him. There was all the time a telegram at the hotel from him, giving the exact place and time of his arrival, but it was not delivered until it was too late to meet

him. He arrived at ten o'clock, and at the same time his two brothers, who had been summoned in the morning to Southampton, entered the hotel, having been granted special leave to return to London. A night's rest did wonders for Coningsby, and the next day his spirits were as high as in the old days of joyous holiday. During the next eight days we lived at a tense pitch of excitement. We went to theatres, dined in restaurants, met friends, and heard from his lips a hundred details of his life which could not be communicated in letters. We were all thrilled by the darkened heroic London through which we moved, the London which bore its sorrows so proudly, and went about its daily life with such silent courage. We visited old friends to whom the war had brought irreparable bereavements, but never once heard the voice of self-pity, of murmur or complaint. To me it was an incredible England; an England purged of all weakness, stripped of flabbiness, regenerated by sacrifice. I had dreamed of no such transformation by anything I had read in American newspapers and magazines. I think no one can imagine the completeness of this rebirth of the soul of England who has not dwelt, if only for a few days, among its people.

Coningsby's brief leave expired all too soon.

We saw him off from Folkestone, and while we were saying good-bye to him, his two brothers were on their way to their distant appointments with the Royal Naval Motor Patrol in the North of Scotland. We left Liverpool for New York on January 27th, and while at sea heard of the diplomatic break between America and Germany. The news was received on board the *S. S. St. Paul* with rejoicing. It was Sunday, and the religious service on board concluded with the Star-Spangled Banner.

XXXVI

December 28th, 1916.

DEAREST ALL:

I'm writing you this letter because I expect to-night is a busy-packing one with you. The picture is in my mind of you all. How splendid it is of you to come! I never thought you would really, not even in my wildest dream of optimism. There have been so many times when I scarcely thought that I would ever see you again—now the unexpected and hoped-for happens. It's ripping!

I've put in an application for special leave in case the ordinary leave should be cut off. I think I'm almost certain to arrive by the 11th. Won't we have a time? I wonder what we'll want to

do most—sit quiet or go to theatres? The nine days of freedom—the wonderful nine days—will pass with most tragic quickness. But they'll be days to remember as long as life lasts.

Shall I see you standing on the station when I puff into London—or will it be Folkestone where we meet—or shall I arrive before you? I somehow think it will be you who will meet me at the barrier at Charing Cross, and we'll taxi through the darkened streets down the Strand, and back to our privacy. How impossible it sounds—like a vision of heart's desire in the night.

Far, far away I see the fine home-coming, like a lamp burning in a dark night. I expect we shall all go off our heads with joy and be madder than ever. Who in the old London days would have imagined such a nine days of happiness in the old places as we are to have together.

God bless you, till we meet,

CON.

XXXVII

January 4th, 1917.
10.30 p.m.

MY DEAREST ONES:

This letter is written to welcome you to England, but I may be with you when it is opened.

It was glorious news to hear that you were coming—I was only playing a forlorn bluff when I sent those cables. You're on the sea at present and should be half way over. Our last trip over together you marvelled at the apparent indifference of the soldiers on board, and now you're coming to meet one of your own fresh from the Front. A change!

O what a nine days we're going to have together—the most wonderful that were ever spent. I dream of them, tell myself tales about them, live them over many times in imagination before they are realised. Sometimes I'm going to have no end of sleep, sometimes I'm going to keep awake every second, sometimes I'm going to sit quietly by a fire, and sometimes I'm going to taxi all the time. I can't fit your faces into the picture—it seems too unbelievable that we are to be together once again. To-day I've been staging our meeting—if you arrive first, and then if I arrive before you, and lastly if we both hit London on the same day. You mustn't expect me to be a sane person. You're three rippers to do this—and I hope you'll have an easy journey. The only ghost is the last day, when the leave train pulls out of Charing Cross. But we'll do that smiling, too; C'est la guerre.

Yours always and ever, CON.

XXXVIII

January 6th, 1917.

My Dear Ones:

I have just seen a brother officer aboard the ex-London bus en route for Blighty. How I wished I could have stepped on board that ex-London perambulator to-night! "Pickerdilly Cirkuss, 'Ighbury, 'Ighgate, Welsh 'Arp—all the wye." O my, what a time I'll have when I meet you! I shall feel as though if anything happens to me after my return you'll be able to understand so much more bravely. These blinkered letters, with only writing and no touch of live hands, convey so little. When we've had a good time together and sat round the fire and talked interminably you'll be able to read so much more between the lines of my future letters. To-morrow you ought to land in England, and to-morrow night you should sleep in London. I am trying to swop my leave with another man, otherwise it won't come till the 15th. I am looking forward every hour to those miraculous nine days which we are to have together. You can't imagine with your vividest imagination the contrast between nine days with you in London and my days where I am now. A battalion went by yesterday, marching into action, and its band was

playing I've a Sneakin' Feelin' in My Heart That I Want to Settle Down. We all have that sneaking feeling from time to time. I tell myself wonderful stories in the early dark mornings and become the architect of the most wonderful futures.

I'm coming to join you just as soon as I know how—at the worst I'll be in London on the 16th of this month.

Ever yours,

CON.

The following letters were written after Coningsby had met his family in London.

XXXIX

January 24th, 1917.

MY DEAR ONES:

I have had a chance to write you sooner than I expected, as I stopped the night where I disembarked, and am catching my train to-day.

It's strange to be back and under orders after nine days' freedom. Directly I landed I was detailed to march a party—it was that that made me lose my train—not that I objected, for I got one more sleep between sheets. I picked up on the boat in the casual way one does, with three other

officers, so on landing we made a party to dine together, and had a very decent evening. I wasn't wanting to remember too much then, so that was why I didn't write letters.

What good times we have to look back on and how much to be thankful for, that we met altogether. Now we must look forward to the summer and, perhaps, the end of the war. What a mad joy will sweep across the world on the day that peace is declared!

This visit will have made you feel that you have a share in all that's happening over here and are as real a part of it as any of us. I'm awfully proud of you for your courage.

Yours lovingly,

CON.

XL

January 26th, 1917.

MY VERY DEAR ONES:

Here I am back—my nine days' leave a dream. I got into our wagon-lines last night after midnight, having had a cold ride along frozen roads through white wintry country. I was only half-expected, so my sleeping-bag hadn't been unpacked. I had to wake my batman and tramp about a mile to the billet; by the time I got there every one was asleep, so I spread out

my sleeping-sack and crept in very quietly. For the few minutes before my eyes closed I pictured London, the taxis, the gay parties, the mystery of lights. I was roused this morning with the news that I had to go up to the gun-position at once. I stole just sufficient time to pick up a part of my accumulated mail, then got on my horse and set out. At the guns, I found that I was due to report as liaison officer, so here I am in the trenches again writing to you by candle-light. How wonderfully we have bridged the distance in spending those nine whole days together. And now it is over, and I am back in the trenches, and to-morrow you're sailing for New York.

I can't tell you what the respite has meant to me. There have been times when my whole past life has seemed a myth and the future an endless prospect of carrying on. Now I can distantly hope that the old days will return.

When I was in London half my mind was at the Front; now that I'm back in the trenches half my mind is in London. I re-live our gay times together; I go to cosy little dinners; I sit with you in the stalls, listening to the music; then I tumble off to sleep, and dream, and wake up to find the dream a delusion. It's a fine and

manly contrast, however, between the game one plays out here and the fretful trivialities of civilian life.

XLI

January 27th.

I got as far as this and then "something" happened. Twenty-four hours have gone by and once more it's nearly midnight and I write to you by candle-light. Since last night I've been with these infantry boy-officers who are doing such great work in such a careless spirit of jolliness. Any softness which had crept into me during my nine days of happiness has gone. I'm glad to be out here and wouldn't wish to be anywhere else till the war is ended.

It's a week to-day since we were at *Charlie's Aunt*—such a cheerful little party! I expect the boys are doing their share of remembering too somewhere on the sea at present. I know you are, as you round the coast of Ireland and set out for the Atlantic.

I've not been out of my clothes for three days and I've another day to go yet. I brought my haversack into the trenches with me; on opening it I found that some kind hands had slipped into it some clean socks and a bottle of Horlick's Malted Milk tablets.

The signallers in a near-by dug-out are singing Keep the Home-Fires Burning Till the Boys Come Home. That's what we're all doing, isn't it—you at your end and we at ours? The brief few days of possessing myself are over and once more stern duty lies ahead. But I thank God for the chance I've had to see again those whom I love, and to be able to tell them with my own lips some of the bigness of our life at the Front. No personal aims count beside the great privilege which is ours to carry on until the war is over.

All my thoughts are with you—so many memories of kindness. I keep on picturing things I ought to have done—things I ought to have told you. Always I can see, Oh, so vividly, the two sailor brothers waving good-bye as the train moved off through the London dusk, and then that other and forlorner group of three, standing outside the dock gates with the sentry like the angel in Eden, turning them back from happiness. With an extraordinary aloofness I watched myself moving like a puppet away from you whom I love most dearly in all the world—going away as if going were a thing so usual.

I'm asking myself again if there isn't some new fineness of spirit which will develop from this war and survive it. In London, at a dis-

tance from all this tragedy of courage, I felt that I had slipped back to a lower plane; a kind of flabbiness was creeping into my blood—the old selfish fear of life and love of comfort. It's odd that out here, where the fear of death should supplant the fear of life, one somehow rises into a contempt for everything which is not bravest. There's no doubt that the call for sacrifice, and perhaps the supreme sacrifice, can transform men into a nobility of which they themselves are unconscious. That's the most splendid thing of all, that they themselves are unaware of their fineness.

I'm now waiting to be relieved and am hurrying to finish this so that I may mail it as soon as I get back to the battery. There's a whole sack of letters and parcels waiting for me there, and I'm as eager to get to them as a kiddy to inspect his Christmas stocking. I always undo the string and wrappings with a kind of reverence, trying to picture the dear kneeling figures who did them up. In London I didn't dare to let myself go with you—I couldn't say all that was in my heart—it wouldn't have been wise. Don't ever doubt that the tenderness was there. Even though one is only a civilian in khaki, some of the soldier's sternness becomes second nature.

All the country is covered with snow—it's bril-

liant clear weather, more like America than Europe. I'm feeling strong as a horse, ever so much better than I felt when on leave. Life is really tremendously worth living, in spite of the war.

XLII

January 28th.

I'm back at the battery, sitting by a cosy fire. I might be up at Kootenay by the look of my surroundings. I'm in a shack with a really truly floor, and a window looking out on moonlit whiteness. If it wasn't for the tapping of the distant machine guns—tapping that always sounds to me like the nailing up of coffins—I might be here for pleasure. In imagination I can see your great ship, with all its portholes aglare, ploughing across the darkness to America. The dear sailor brothers I can't quite visualise; I can only see them looking so upright and pale when we said good-bye. It's getting late and the fire's dying. I'm half asleep; I've not been out of my clothes for three nights. I shall tell myself a story of the end of the war and our next meeting—it'll last from the time that I creep into my sack until I close my eyes. It's a glorious life.

Yours very lovingly,

Con

XLIII

January 31st, 1917.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. M.:

It was extremely good of you to remember me. I got back from leave in London on the 26th and found the cigarettes waiting for me. One hasn't got an awful lot of pleasures left, but smoking is one of them. I feel particularly doggy when I open my case and find my initials on them.

I expect you'll have heard all the news of my leave long before this reaches you. We had a splendid time and the greatest of luck. My sailor brothers were with me all but two days, and my people were in England only a few days before I arrived.

This is a queer adventure for a peaceable person like myself—it blots out all the past and reduces the future to a speck. One hardly hopes that things will ever be different, but looks forward to interminable years of carrying on. My leave rather corrected that frame of mind; it came as a surprise to be forced to realise that not all the world was living under orders on womanless, childless battlefields. But we don't need any pity—we manage our good times, and are sorry for the men who aren't here, for it's a

wonderful thing to have been chosen to sacrifice and perhaps to die that the world of the future may be happier and kinder.

This letter is rather disjointed; I'm in charge of the battery for the time, and messages keep on coming in, and one has to rush out to give the order to fire.

It's an American night—snow-white and piercing, with a frigid moon sailing quietly. I think the quiet beauty of the sky is about the only thing in Nature that we do not scar and destroy with our fighting.

Good-bye, and thank you ever so much.

Yours very sincerely,

CONINGSBY DAWSON.

XLIV

February 1st, 1917.
11 p.m.

DEAR FATHER:

Your picture of the black days when no letter comes from me sets me off scribbling to you at this late hour. All to-day I've been having a cold but amusing time at the O. P. (Forward Observation Post). It seems brutal to say it, but taking potshots at the enemy when they present themselves is rather fun. When you

watch them scattering like ants before the shell whose direction you have ordered, you somehow forget to think of them as individuals, any more than the bear-hunter thinks of the cubs that will be left motherless. You watch your victims through your glasses as God might watch his mad universe. Your skill in directing fire makes you what in peace times would be called a murderer. Curious! You're glad, and yet at close quarters only in hot blood would you hurt a man.

I'd been back for a little over an hour when I had to go forward again to guide in some guns. The country was dazzlingly white in the moonlight. As far as eye could see every yard was an old battlefield; beneath the soft white fleece of snow lay countless unburied bodies. Like frantic fingers tearing at the sky, all along the horizon, Hun lights were shooting up and drifting across our front. Tap-tap-tappity went the machine-guns; whoo-oo went the heavies, and they always stamp like angry bulls. I had to come back by myself across the heroic corruption which the snow had covered. All the way I asked myself why was I not frightened. What has happened to me? Ghosts should walk here if anywhere. Moreover, I know that I shall be frightened again when the war is ended. Do you remember how you once offered me money to walk

through the Forest of Dean after dark, and I wouldn't? I wouldn't if you offered it to me now. You remember Meredith's lines in "The Woods of Westermain":

> "All the eyeballs under hoods
> Shroud you in their glare;
> Enter these enchanted woods
> You who dare."

Maybe what re-creates one for the moment is the British officer's uniform, and even more the fact that you are not asked, but expected, to do your duty. So I came back quite unruffled across battered trenches and silent mounds to write this letter to you.

My dear father, I'm over thirty, and yet just as much a little boy as ever. I still feel overwhelmingly dependent on your good opinion and love. I'm glad that they are black days when you have no letters from me. I love to think of the rush to the door when the postman rings and the excited shouting up the stairs, "Quick, one from Con."

February 2nd.

You see by the writing how tired I was when I reached this point. It's nearly twenty-four hours later and again night. The gramophone is playing an air from *La Tosca* to which the guns

beat out a bass accompaniment. I close my eyes and picture the many times I have heard the (probably) German orchestras of Broadway Joy Palaces play that same music. How incongruous that I should be listening to it here and under these circumstances! It must have been listened to so often by gay crowds in the beauty places of the world. A romantic picture grows up in my mind of a blue night, the laughter of youth in evening dress, lamps twinkling through trees, far off the velvety shadow of water and mountains, and as a voice to it all, that air from *La Tosca*. I can believe that the silent people near by raise themselves up in their snow-beds to listen, each one recalling some ecstatic moment before the dream of life was shattered.

There's a picture in the Pantheon at Paris, I remember; I believe it's called *To Glory*. One sees all the armies of the ages charging out of the middle distance with Death riding at their head. The only glory that I have discovered in this war is in men's hearts—it's not external. Were one to paint the spirit of this war he would depict a mud landscape, blasted trees, an iron sky; wading through the slush and shell-holes would come a file of bowed figures, more like outcasts from the Embankment than soldiers. They're loaded down like pack animals, their shoulders

are rounded, they're wearied to death, but they go on and go on. There's no "To Glory" about what we're doing out here; there's no flash of swords or splendour of uniforms. There are only very tired men determined to carry on. The war will be won by tired men who could never again pass an insurance test, a mob of broken counter-jumpers, ragged ex-plumbers and quite unheroic persons. We're civilians in khaki, but because of the ideals for which we fight we've managed to acquire soldiers' hearts.

My flow of thought was interrupted by a burst of song in which I was compelled to join. We're all writing letters around one candle; suddenly the O. C. looked up and began, God Be With You Till We Meet Again. We sang it in parts. It was in Southport, when I was about nine years old, that I first heard that sung. You had gone for your first trip to America, leaving a very lonely family behind you. We children were scared to death that you'd be drowned. One evening, coming back from a walk on the sand-hills, we heard voices singing in a garden, God Be With You Till We Meet Again. The words and the soft dusk, and the vague figures in the English summer garden, seemed to typify the terror of all partings. We've said good-bye so often since, and God has been with us. I don't think any

parting was more hard than our last at the prosaic dock-gates with the cold wind of duty blowing, and the sentry barring your entrance, and your path leading back to America while mine led on to France. But you three were regular soldiers—just as much soldiers as we chaps who were embarking. One talks of our armies in the field, but there are the other armies, millions strong, of mothers and fathers and sisters, who keep their eyes dry, treasure muddy letters beneath their pillows, offer up prayers and wait, wait, wait so eternally for God to open another door.

To-morrow I again go forward, which means rising early and taking a long plod through the snows; that's one reason for not writing any more, and another is that our one poor candle is literally on its last legs.

Your poem, written years ago when the poor were marching in London, is often in my mind:

> "Yesterday and to-day
> Have been heavy with labour and sorrow;
> I should faint if I did not see
> The day that is after to-morrow."

And there's that last verse which prophesied utterly the spirit in which we men at the Front are fighting to-day:

"And for me, with spirit elate
The mire and the fog I press thorough,
For Heaven shines under the cloud
Of the day that is after to-morrow."

We civilians who have been taught so long to love our enemies and do good to them who hate us—much too long ever to make professional soldiers—are watching with our hearts in our eyes for that day which comes after to-morrow. Meanwhile we plod on determinedly, hoping for the hidden glory.

Yours very lovingly,

CON.

XLV

February 3rd, 1917.

DEAR MISSES W.:

You were very kind to remember me at Christmas. *Seventeen* was read with all kinds of gusto by all my brother officers. It's still being borrowed.

I've been back from leave a few days now and am settling back to business again. It was a trifle hard after over-eating and undersleeping myself for nine days, and riding everywhere with my feet up in taxis. I was the wildest little boy. Here it's snowy and bitter. We wear scarves round our ears to keep the frost away and dream

of fires a mile high. All I ask, when the war is ended, is to be allowed to sit asleep in a big arm-chair and to be left there absolutely quiet. Sleep, which we crave so much at times, is only death done up in sample bottles. Perhaps some of these very weary men who strew our battlefields are glad to lie at last at endless leisure.

Good-bye, and thank you.

Yours very sincerely,

CON.

XLVI

February 4th, 1917.

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

Somewhere in the distance I can hear a piano going and men's voices singing A Perfect Day. It's queer how music creates a world for you in which you are not, and makes you dreamy. I've been sitting by a fire and thinking of all the happy times when the total of desire seemed almost within one's grasp. It never is—one always, always misses it and has to rub the dust from the eyes, recover one's breath and set out on the search afresh. I suppose when you grow very old you learn the lesson of sitting quiet, and the heart stops beating and the total of desire comes to you. And yet I can remember so many happy days, when I was a child in

the summer and later at Kootenay. One almost thought he had caught the secret of carrying heaven in his heart.

By the time this reaches you I'll be in the line again, but for the present I'm undergoing a special course of training. You can't hear the most distant sound of guns, and if it wasn't for the pressure of study, similar to that at *Kingston,* one would be very rested.

Sunday of all days is the one when I remember you most. You're just sitting down to midday dinner,—I've made the calculation for difference of time. You're probably saying how less than a month ago we were in London. That doesn't sound true even when I write it. I wonder how your old familiar surroundings strike you. It's terrible to come down from the mountain heights of a great elation like our ten days in London. I often think of that with regard to myself when the war is ended. There'll be a sense of dissatisfaction when the old lost comforts are regained. There'll be a sense of lowered manhood. The stupendous terrors of Armageddon demand less courage than the uneventful terror of the daily commonplace. There's something splendid and exhilarating in going forward among bursting shells—we, who have done all that, know that when the guns have ceased to

roar our blood will grow more sluggish and we'll never be such men again. Instead of getting up in the morning and hearing your O. C. say, "You'll run a line into trench so-and-so to-day and shoot up such-and-such Hun wire," you'll hear necessity saying, "You'll work from breakfast to dinner and earn your daily bread. And you'll do it to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow world without end. Amen." They never put that forever and forever part into their commands out here, because the Amen for any one of us may be only a few hours away. But the big immediate thing is so much easier to do than the prosaic carrying on without anxiety—which is your game. I begin to understand what you have had to suffer now that R. and E. are really at war too. I get awfully anxious about them. I never knew before that either of them owned so much of my heart. I get furious when I remember that they might get hurt. I've heard of a Canadian who joined when he learnt that his best friend had been murdered by Hun bayonets. He came to get his own back and was the most reckless man in his battalion. I can understand his temper now. We're all of us in danger of slipping back into the worship of Thor.

I'll write as often as I can while here, but I

don't get much time—so you'll understand. It's the long nights when one sits up to take the firing in action that give one the chance to be a decent correspondent.

My birthday comes round soon, doesn't it? Good heavens, how ancient I'm getting and without any "grow old along with me" consolation. Well, to grow old is all in the job of living.

Good-bye, and God bless you all.

Yours ever,

CON.

XLVII

February 4th, 1917.

DEAR MR. B.:

I have been intending to write to you for a very long time, but as most of one's writing is done when one ought to be asleep, and sleep next to eating is one of our few remaining pleasures, my intended letter has remained in my head up to now. On returning from a nine days' leave to London the other day, however, I found two letters from you awaiting me and was reproached into effort.

War's a queer game—not at all what one's civilian mind imagined; it's far more horrible and less exciting. The horrors which the civilian mind dreads most are mutilation and death. Out

here we rarely think about them; the thing which wears on one most and calls out his gravest courage is the endless sequence of physical discomfort. Not to be able to wash, not to be able to sleep, to have to be wet and cold for long periods at a stretch, to find mud on your person, in your food, to have to stand in mud, see mud, sleep in mud and to continue to smile—that's what tests courage. Our chaps are splendid. They're not the hair-brained idiots that some war-correspondents depict from day to day. They're perfectly sane people who know to a fraction what they're up against, but who carry on with a grim good-nature and a determination to win with a smile. I never before appreciated as I do to-day the latent capacity for big-hearted endurance that is in the heart of every man. Here are apparently quite ordinary chaps—chaps who washed, liked theatres, loved kiddies and sweethearts, had a zest for life—they're bankrupt of all pleasures except the supreme pleasure of knowing that they're doing the ordinary and finest thing of which they are capable. There are millions to whom the mere consciousness of doing their duty has brought an heretofore unexperienced peace of mind. For myself I was never happier than I am at present; there's a novel zip added to life by the daily risks and the knowledge that at last

you're doing something into which no trace of selfishness enters. One can only die once; the chief concern that matters is *how* and not *when* you die. I don't pity the weary men who have attained eternal leisure in the corruption of our shell-furrowed battles; they "went West" in their supreme moment. The men I pity are those who could not hear the call of duty and whose consciences will grow more flabby every day. With the brutal roar of the first Prussian gun the cry came to the civilised world, "Follow thou me," just as truly as it did in Palestine. Men went to their Calvary singing Tipperary, rubbish, rhymed doggerel, but their spirit was equal to that of any Christian martyr in a Roman amphitheatre. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." Our chaps are doing that consciously, willingly, almost without bitterness towards their enemies; for the rest it doesn't matter whether they sing hymns or ragtime. They've followed their ideal—freedom—and died for it. A former age expressed itself in Gregorian chants; ours, no less sincerely, disguises its feelings in ragtime.

Since September I have been less than a month out of action. The game doesn't pall as time goes on—it fascinates. We've got to win so that men may never again be tortured by the ingenious

inquisition of modern warfare. The winning of the war becomes a personal affair to the chaps who are fighting. The world which sits behind the lines, buys extra specials of the daily papers and eats three square meals a day, will never know what this other world has endured for its safety, for no man of this other world will have the vocabulary in which to tell. But don't for a moment mistake me—we're grimly happy.

What a serial I'll write for you if I emerge from this turmoil! Thank God, my outlook is all altered. I don't want to live any longer—only to live well.

Good-bye and good luck.

Yours,

CONINGSBY DAWSON.

XLVIII

February 5th, 1917.

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

Aren't the papers good reading now-a-days with nothing to record but success? It gives us hope that at last, anyway before the year is out, the war must end. As you know, I am at the artillery school back of the lines for a month, taking an extra course. I have been meeting a great many young officers from all over the world

and have listened to them discussing their program for when peace is declared. Very few of them have any plans or prospects. Most of them had just started on some course of professional training to which they won't have the energy to go back after a two years' interruption. The question one asks is how will all these men be reabsorbed into civilian life. I'm afraid the result will be a vast host of men with promising pasts and highly uncertain futures. We shall be a holiday world without an income. I'm afraid the hero-worship attitude will soon change to impatience when the soldiers beat their swords into ploughshares and then confess that they have never been taught to plough. That's where I shall score—by beating my sword into a pen. But what to write about——! Everything will seem so little and inconsequential after seeing armies marching to mud and death, and people will soon get tired of hearing about that. It seems as though war does to the individual what it does to the landscapes it attacks—obliterates everything personal and characteristic. A valley, when a battle has done with it, is nothing but earth—exactly what it was when God said, "Let there be Light;" a man just something with a mind purged of the past and ready to observe afresh. I question whether a return to old en-

vironments will ever restore to us the whole of our old tastes and affections. War is, I think, utterly destructive. It doesn't even create courage—it only finds it in the soul of a man. And yet there is one quality which will survive the war and help us to face the temptations of peace—that same courage which most of us have unconsciously discovered out here.

Well, my dear, I have little news—at least, none that I can tell. I'm just about recovered from an attack of "flu." I want to get thoroughly rid of it before I go back to my battery. I hope you all keep well. God bless you all.

Yours ever,

CON.

XLIX

February 6th, 1917.

MY VERY DEAR M.:

I read in to-day's paper that U. S. A. threatens to come over and help us. I wish she would. The very thought of the possibility fills me with joy. I've been light-headed all day. It would be so ripping to live among people, when the war is ended, of whom you need not be ashamed. Somewhere deep down in my heart I've felt a sadness ever since I've been out here, at America's lack of gallantry—it's so easy to

find excuses for not climbing to Calvary; sacrifice was always too noble to be sensible. I would like to see the country of our adoption become splendidly irrational even at this eleventh hour in the game; it would redeem her in the world's eyes. She doesn't know what she's losing. From these carcase-strewn fields of khaki there's a cleansing wind blowing for the nations that have died. Though there was only one Englishman left to carry on the race when this war is victoriously ended, I would give more for the future of England than for the future of America with her ninety millions whose sluggish blood was not stirred by the call of duty. It's bigness of soul that makes nations great and not population. Money, comfort, limousines and ragtime are not the requisites of men when heroes are dying. I hate the thought of Fifth Avenue, with its pretty faces, its fashions, its smiling frivolity. America as a great nation will die, as all coward civilisations have died, unless she accepts the stigmata of sacrifice, which a divine opportunity again offers her.

If it were but possible to show those ninety millions one battlefield with its sprawling dead, its pity, its marvellous forgetfulness of self, I think then—no, they wouldn't be afraid. Fear isn't the emotion one feels—they would ex-

perience the shame of living when so many have shed their youth freely. This war is a prolonged moment of exultation for most of us—we are redeeming ourselves in our own eyes. To lay down one's life for one's friend once seemed impossible. All that is altered. We lay down our lives that the future generations may be good and kind, and so we can contemplate oblivion with quiet eyes. Nothing that is noblest that the Greeks taught is unpractised by the simplest men out here to-day. They may die childless, but their example will father the imagination of all the coming ages. These men, in the noble indignation of a great ideal, face a worse hell than the most ingenious of fanatics ever planned or plotted. Men die scorched like moths in a furnace, blown to atoms, gassed, tortured. And again other men step forward to take their places well knowing what will be their fate. Bodies may die, but the spirit of England grows greater as each new soul speeds upon its way. The battened souls of America will die and be buried. I believe the decision of the next few days will prove to be the crisis in America's nationhood. If she refuses the pain which will save her, the cancer of self-despising will rob her of her life.

This feeling is strong with us. It's past midnight, but I could write of nothing else to-night

God bless you.

Yours ever,

Con.

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Epilogue

Following his travels across the Plains to Oregon in 1852 James Akin Jr. lived a quiet life in the Portland area. He first married Mary Jane Kelly and had a daughter named Flora Adeline. Following his first wife's death in 1864 he married her cousin Samantha Kelly. They had a son in 1868. Samantha died in September 1872 and James passed away in September 1880 at the age of 47. He was buried at the Lone Fir Pioneer Cemetery in Portland. His daughter married in 1881 and died in July 1942 in California. His son Louis Benton Akin became a well-known painter and passed away in January 1913 at 44. Over the years the 1852 journal kept by James changed hands several times and was officially published in 1919 in an edited version. An unedited version of his journal was published in 1989 in a special edition.

Following the death of Kateri Tekakwitha in 1680, many people, including Claude Chauchetiere, claimed to have been visited by her. As the centuries went by her legacy endured as individuals from around the United States and the world stated they had prayed to her and were healed. Attempts to make Kateri Tekakwitha a saint began in 1885, leading to her beatification in 1980. More stories emerged about people with

fatal illnesses praying to the long-dead Native American girl continued—which led to the most notable case in 2006. A boy from the State of Washington was near death from a flash-eating bacteria issue—but after his parents prayed to her—he was completely healed without a medical explanation. His doctors had no answer for his recovery other than the fact it seemed like a miracle. In 2011, after another verified miracle, following prayers, the Catholic Church once again began the process to make her a saint. She was canonized in 2012, becoming the first Native American to be declared a saint by the Catholic Church. In the years since, her final resting place has been visited by people from around the world, seeking answers to their prayers.

Bethany Johnson Fickland Veney was assumed to have been of black and Blackfoot Indian heritage. However, this accepted info on Veney is somewhat erroneous as Blackfoot Indians never lived in the East Coast of the United States before or after Veney's birth. How Veney could have had Native American ancestry remains unexplained. It is possible she had Cherokee ancestry instead of Blackfoot. It is more likely given her appearance she was of white ancestry on her mother's or father's side. It is also possible that her real father was a white man named James Fletcher who owned the farm where Veney was born. It is a known fact many white plantation owners fathered children with enslaved females. Veney published her memoir in 1889 with the help of an unknown white woman who helped put her words to paper. Though I tried to find out the white woman's identity I was unable to. I assume she was a friend—possibly a relative of George Adams—the man who gave Veney her freedom. Bethany Veney died in November 1915 at the age of 103. She was buried at Hope Cemetery in Massachusetts.

Robert Louis Stevenson's death in December 1894 left a void in literary circles that was noticed immediately. His unique talent to create fantastical stories out of one simple idea made his works unforgettable. Though he always enjoyed writing as a

child he planned for a different career as an adult to appease his parents. Close friends inspired him to follow his dream of being a writer and it was there young Stevenson found his true love though the power of imagination. His most notable novels were *Treasure Island*, *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Kidnapped* and *Master of Ballantrae*—but he wrote many travel accounts and dabbled in poetry also. He is considered today to be one of the most beloved writers of fiction of which he has no equal when it comes to what he achieved during his short life.

A few of his novels were made into movies that today are considered achievements. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* from 1941 was an above average adaptation of his famous novel that starred film greats Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman and Lana Turner. *The Master of Ballantrae* from 1984 was excellently acted by Michael York and Richard Thomas. It was quite close to the original version of the beloved novel with only minor changes to the plot. But *Treasure Island* from 1990 with Christian Bale and Charlton Heston is considered the best filmed version of Stevenson's novels. The film was faithful to the original novel—using actual dialogue from the 1883 story throughout much of the film. There have been other adaptations of his novels throughout the twentieth century but most were just average or forgettable. Many were cheaply made for home video and are unwatchable. Repeat sequels to *Treasure Island* over the years (either as books or limited-run TV shows) are better left unread and unwatched.

Stevenson's stepchildren made their home in California following his death and achieved success on their own merits over the following decades. Isobel Osbourne Strong Field was very close to her stepfather and was the person who put most of his writings to print. She first married Joseph Dwight Strong in 1879 and divorced in 1892. Strong was a talented artist but he had a drinking problem. Isobel had a son Joseph Austin Strong in 1881 who later achieved fame as a playwright. In 1886 Isobel designed the Royal Order of the Star of Oceania for King David Kalakaua of Hawaii. Following her stepfather's death in 1894 she and her brother returned to California with her mother. Her mother later

became romantically attached to Edward Salisbury Field, a man not much older than Isobel's son. Following her mother's death in 1914 Isobel married Field. They remained married until his death in 1936. Edward Field was initially trained as a journalist but later became a playwright and poet. By all accounts it was a happy marriage. Isobel Field died at the age of 94 in June 1953. Her son Austin Strong died in September 1952 at 71 in Massachusetts.

Lloyd Osbourne led a very colorful life but never seemed to find the happiness he seemed to want out of life. Though he was born in San Francisco he spent a considerable part of his childhood in Europe as his mother pursued her dream of being an artist. It was during that time his mother met Robert Louis Stevenson—and of which Stevenson became an important figure in young Osbourne's life. Stevenson encouraged Lloyd's dream to be a writer and was more of a father to Lloyd than his real father had ever been. Stevenson traveled to the Pacific with his wife and stepchildren where he fell in love with Samoa. It was there Lloyd pursued his dream of being a writer and once he returned to the United States after Stevenson's death he continued his career. In 1896 he married Katherine Durham in Honolulu and had two children. They divorced in 1914 and remarried in 1916 before divorcing again. Osbourne had a long-term relationship with a French woman and spent many years in the South of France before returning to the US alone. His girlfriend and son (born in 1936) arrived in the US in 1947 the same day that Osbourne died in California. Osbourne was 79. Osbourne's eldest son Alan Osbourne (Stevenson's step-grandson) served in WWI. He died in 1985 in Maryland. Alan's younger brother Louis spent much of his adult life in Mexico and died there in 1959. His daughter Isobel Osbourne Schieferle (Stevenson's step-great granddaughter) lived in the Santa Barbara area and died in 2001. Lloyd's other son with his girlfriend died in 2006. Apparently Samuel Osbourne died homeless in the Boyle Heights area of Los Angeles. Details about his life after he arrived in the US in 1947 are unknown. How he became homeless remains a mystery. It can be assumed he wasn't close to his family on either his father's or aunt's side.

Samuel Richards maintained a low profile during his life following his experiences in the Revolutionary War. He was unknown to the general public until his diary was edited and published in a limited edition in 1909 by his great grandson. Though Samuel Richards didn't live to see his diary edited and published by his great grandson George Stanley Woodward—he would have been proud. Richards initially recounted his story in diary-form some years after his military service in the American Revolution and though not a skilled writer he painted a compelling vision of what he personally witnessed of war. In his memoir Richards mentioned numerous famous people in his writings whom he met or knew in passing, including Nathan Hale, whose tragic story defined the ultimate sacrifice for one's country. Once the war ended he settled upon an ordinary life as a father and husband. Woodward's son, Henry Howard Houston Woodward, (the great-great grandson of Richards) served in World War I. He was killed in action in April 1918 at 22.

Coningsby Dawson survived the horrors of seeing war firsthand and returned to his family in the United States safely. He continued his writing career by reporting on the areas of Eastern and Central Europe at the request of future US President Herbert Hoover—detailing what he saw personally amid postwar reconstruction throughout Europe in several reports. He married Helen Campbell in 1918 and lived in the New Jersey area before moving to California during the early 1940s. Dawson stopped writing professionally on a regular basis during the 1920s and this continued throughout the 1930s and 1940s. It can be assumed he wanted to focus on his life with his wife and children. He later lived in the Santa Monica area of Los Angeles where he died in August 1959 at the age of 76. Dawson's writings continued to be reprinted over the decades following his death but with arrival of the Internet in the 1990s his works once again were available to a wider audience in a digital format as well as printed editions.

About the Authors

After their journey ended in October of 1852 Stuart Richey took the surviving Akin children to live with him and his family in Pleasant Valley since their mother was dead and their father died upon his arrival in Oregon. James Akin Jr. married Mary Jane Kelly in the early 1860s and had a daughter. He died in 1880 at 47. His journal was published in 1919 in a limited edition and in 1989 in an unedited special edition. His son was a famous artist who was well-known for his landscape paintings. He died in 1913.

John Joseph Wynne was an American Jesuit priest and a leader in the Catholic intellectual movement. He died in 1948.

Bethany Johnson Fickland Veney was born a slave in 1812. Veney published her memoir in 1889 and died in November 1915. She was buried at Hope Cemetery in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Isobel Osbourne Strong Field was the stepdaughter of Robert Louis Stevenson and sister of writer Lloyd Osbourne. She was very close to Stevenson and transcribed many of his writings prior to publication. She was first married to artist Joseph Dwight Strong and later writer Edward Salisbury Field. Her son by her

first husband was a playwright. He died in 1952. Field died in June 1953 in Santa Barbara at 94 and left no descendants. She was buried at Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Glendale, California.

(Captain) Samuel Richards served in the American Revolution and witnessed the battles of Bunker Hill and Fort Ticonderoga. His great grandson later edited and published his diary in 1909.

Coningsby Dawson was a well-known British-Canadian-American writer of such popular novels as *House of the Weeping Women*, *Murder Point*, *Test of Scarlet* and *Vanishing Point* among many. However, his war memoirs are what he was best known for. Among them *Carry On: Letters in Wartime 1916-1917*, *Glory of the Trenches, Out to Win: Story of America in France* and *Living Bayonets: A Record of the Last Push 1917-1918*. He also dabbled in script writing briefly. He died in Los Angeles in August 1959.

Additional info about the end years for all biographical subjects as well as the authors of previously published material in this book was provided by Gary Brin. All included info was researched from credible sources and checked for accuracy before publication.

About the Series Editor

Gary Brin was born in 1965 and has lived in the United States Virgin Islands, Hawaii and California. He has edited numerous original literary works over the years—both new and revised. In 2019 he established Standish Press to bring forth interesting fictional and historical material usually ignored by mainstream publishers because of specific views or content. In addition to publishing books, he also created the Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library (named after the mother of Abraham Lincoln) in 2014 to make available hard-to-find books to a worldwide audience.

Production Notes

Journal of James Akin Jr. by James
Akin Jr. and edited by Edward Everett Dale
Published in 1919 by the University of Oklahoma Bulletin
Kateri: Lily of the Mohawks by John J. Wynne
Published in 1922 for the author
Narrative of Bethany Veney by Bethany
Veney and an anonymous editor
Published in 1889 in a limited edition
Robert Louis Stevenson by Isobel Strong Field
Published in 1911 by Charles Scribner's Sons
Diary of Samuel Richards by Samuel
Richards and edited by George Stanley Woodward
Published in 1909 in a limited edition
Carry On: Letters in Wartime by Coningsby Dawson
Published in 1917 by John Lane Company

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Marie Laplace
February 13, 1892
August 16, 1981

Robert J. Questel
June 22, 1911
August 4, 1990

Marie Anicia Berry Questel
January 13, 1912
April 9, 1997

Eugene Albery Brin
March 21, 1932
May 26, 1977

Lucille Questel Brin
February 21, 1940
December 10, 2000

They never got to have the dreams they wanted or expected but their lives were important nevertheless.

Standish Press

FIRST TIME IN ONE VOLUME
Biographical Accounts of Six Extraordinary Lives

Using digitally restored page images of six books of which were first published in 1919, 1922, 1889, 1911, 1909 and 1917 based on the adventures of *James Akin Jr.* written by himself during his travels across the Plains by covered wagon. *Kateri Tekakwitha* from a biographical account based on research by John Joseph Wynne. Account by *Bethany Veney* about her life as a slave in Virginia during the years before the American Civil War and eventual freedom. A memoir written by the stepdaughter of *Robert Louis Stevenson* about the family life of the beloved Scottish novelist. Wartime experiences of *Samuel Richards* as a soldier during the Revolutionary War and personal letters from *Coningsby Dawson* to his family during World War I are presented complete and uncut from the original published versions. Included in this edition also are digitally restored photographs that have rarely been published as well as additional biographical material.

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Gary Brin was born in 1965 and has lived in the United States Virgin Islands, Hawaii and California. He has edited numerous original literary works over the years—both new and revised. In 2019 he established Standish Press to bring forth interesting fictional and historical material usually ignored by mainstream publishers because of specific views or content. In addition to publishing books, he also created the Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library (named after the mother of Abraham Lincoln) in 2014 to make available hard-to-find books to a worldwide audience.

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